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August 31, 1929

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Prince's Darling

A new novel by

George R. Preedy

[Author of General Crack]

EDMUND DAVENPORT

AUG. 31, 1929

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MEN and women who hold the spirit and stamina of thoroughbred lineage in high esteem, both in pack and mount, can be trusted to evaluate accurately these same admirable qualities in motor cars . . . The preference for Studebaker, holder of *every* official stock car record for sustained high speed and endurance, is apparent in a glance at the motorpark. Here, beside the finest motors the world affords, one finds Studebaker's great champion cars undimmed by close comparison. Proof of the popularity enjoyed by Studebaker motor cars among those who buy with discernment, may be seen in the fact that Studebaker builds and sells more eight-cylinder cars than any other maker in the world. The model illustrated is the President Straight Eight Victoria . . . $1895 at the factory, including six wire wheels and luggage grid. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

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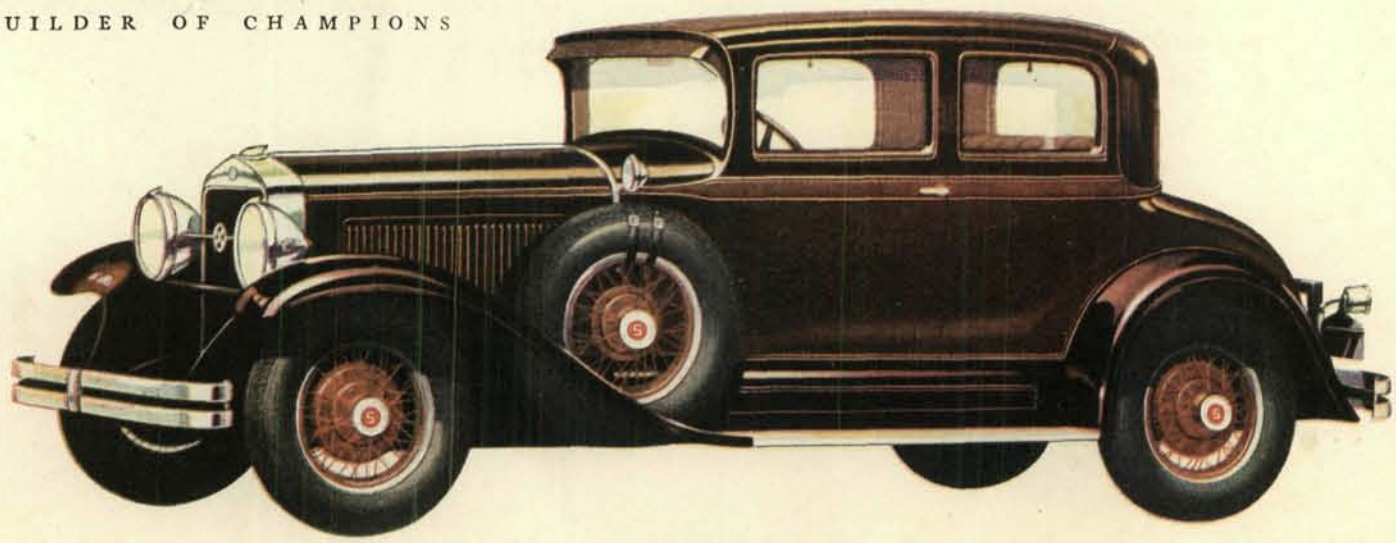

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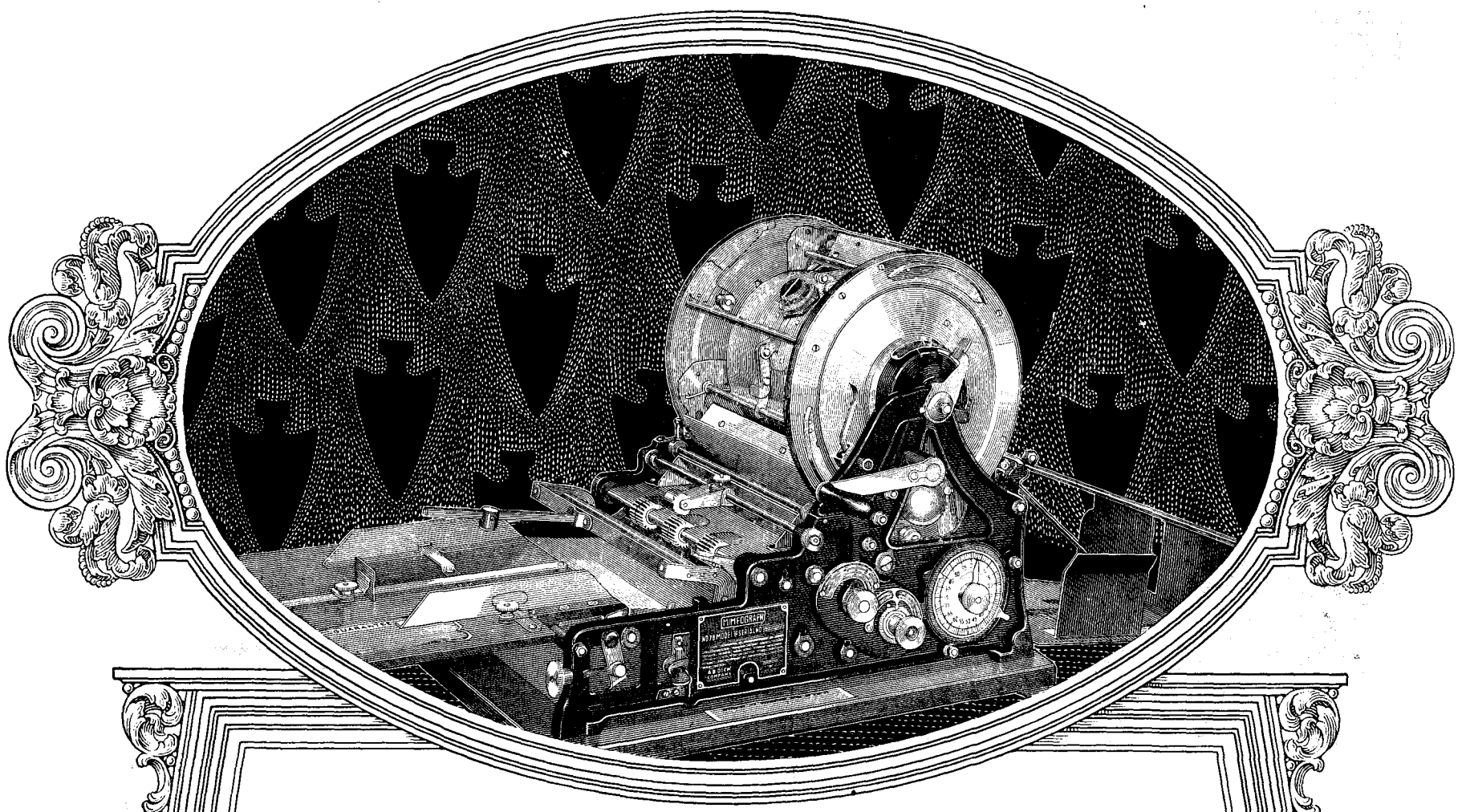

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The Prince's Darling

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Piqued by his sullenness, she said: "You will admit that I have taught her something?" Neitschütz replied: "Take care that you don't teach her too much"

Beginning a story of wild love and intrigue at a glittering court in days less restrained than our own

By George R. Preedy

THE children were sporting round the fountain, trailing their hands in the water that completely filled but never overbrimmed the basin of greenish stone, throwing bright balls through the tall jets that overturned in veils of spray, and floating small paper craft on the confined tides. Behind the fountain was a hornbeam hedge, thrice the height of a man, behind that a level row of elms, three times the height of a man, each pruned, clipped with nice topiary art; this double screen of green kept the descending September sun from the group of children; they frolicked in a mellow shade. From a stone bench before the hedge a youth watched them; the four boys did not appear to know that he was there; but the one girl looked at him now and then with kindly candor, and he smiled in response.

It was the close of her birthday festival; she was garlanded, over the knot of fine muslin that formed her cap, with a wreath of buds and blooms in seed pearls and silver; her tight-laced gown was, instead of the usual brown or gray, a pale azure satin; her little shoes were new and fastened with ribbons with gilt tags, her tiny neck was encircled by the heavy glitter of her dead mother's diamonds, a slight string, but too sparkling for her; she was twelve years old; she ruled her four companions, directing their games, exacting her own desires, insisting on her own pleasures, but gently, with caresses and soft appeals.

When she glanced towards the young spectator, idling with his fingers in a book, she seemed to seek his applause of the skill with which she managed her

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little empire, and even to invite him to become of the company of her slaves.

But he was eight years her senior, and grave; he paid no tribute to the charms and graces of the child who appeared on the verge of becoming a grown maiden, who was so delicious, so soft, delicate and fine, whose ribbons were already knotted with such coquetry, whose apron was tied to show off her waist, whose gala skirts gleamed over prettily chosen laces, whose every pose and look and action revealed uncommon beauties and the most sedulous training.

TWO of the boys, eagerly watching the wreck of their paper boats in the splashing spray, were her brothers; handsome, noisy lads over whom she had an easy mastery; her tender arts were directed to her guests, one of her own age, one younger, who jealously competed for her esteem.

She sat on the edge of the fountain and trailed the tips of her fingers in the water; she was wet with the spray, crystals of water hung on her attire, on her rosy face, brighter than the little diamonds round her neck; she was very fair; her head showed a glimpse of silver-gold from piled up curls through the meshes of her cap; her eyes were a clear light brown, that her lovers, with an easy conscience, would be able to call gold; she was neat, as exact, as charming, as some little doll on whom a great lady had bestowed all the luxury and elegance of her rich leisure.

The governess came round the hornbeam hedge; the young man rose from his bench and looked at her with distaste; he thought that her presence darkened this hour of delicious sunshine, of laughing play, of careless idleness.

Bowing, he acknowledged the presence of Madame de Rosny, who curtsied formally, saying slowly:

"It is rather chilly, is it not, M. de Haverbeck? And I think the children have played long enough with the water."

She was a woman of a notable deportment; it was easy to see where the little girl had learned her air of breeding and decorum, who had trained her to wear her fragments of frocks with an air, to step lightly, to allow no shrill note in her voice, to be at once proud and affable, dignified and caressing. Madame de Rosny was extremely competent in all these matters; a widow of forty-five, her studied elegance neither disclaimed poverty nor assumed riches; her discretion was unfailing, her tact perfect; she knew her place and her value. Though, in this household of a widower, her authority was supreme she had never vexed the most truculent by the exercise of it; her well-featured face was composed to a refined negation of all the passions, but her figure, not illdisplayed by her simple russet taffeta, was voluptuous; Delphicus de Haverbeck had always detested her; he was surprised that she lingered to speak to him, surveying him from cool eyes, choosing her words with precision.

"I HAVE scarcely seen you since you returned from Paris. You were diverted, instructed?"

"Both, madame."

"You find Saxony dull?"

"No, madame."

"You are entering the army?" She continued to study him with a gaze of chilly experience, for he was extremely handsome.

"Yes, I have my fortune to make." He was as cold as she; though he was twenty years of age he had none of the hesitancies, crudenesses, or discomposures of youth.

"Ah, yes." Her smile was thin, her scrutiny more persistent. "You are changed, eh? It's five years since you were playing with these little ones. They, too, have changed—Clement, Casimir—they, too, begin to talk of the army, of making their fortunes"—her sneer vanquished her smile. "A pity, mon Dieu, that the House of Neitschütz has not more money!"

Delphicus de Haverbeck turned away; he realized that she suggested he had heard much to her discredit in Paris; she would not be greatly concerned at that, he thought, for she was independent of her reputation, but it could make her cynical, indifferent to her usual disguises of propriety and prudery; she spoke again, to his averted face, for he was gazing at the children by the fountain:

"And the little Madelon, do you not find her changed too? Very pretty, very accomplished; I can claim some credit there—observe her now with the little Princes, they are quite her subjects. Johann Georg adores her, eh?"

"I have been watching that," said Delphicus de Haverbeck indifferently. "They have been much together?"

He faced Madame de Rosny as he spoke and she resumed her gaze; he was certainly extremely handsome.

"A great deal—here and in Dresden. He was very shy, timid, *gauche*, eh? And my little Madelon has done more than all his tutors to improve him—the Elector is very grateful."

De Haverbeck returned her challenge so steadily, with such assurance, opposed so disdainful a silence to her mocking words, that she was reduced to vexed laughter.

"You have certainly learned something at Versailles," she said, detesting him; then walked meekly to her charges, with curtsies for the little Princes, with gentle commands for the others, with the softest of rebukes for wet ruffles and damp ribbons.

When she had joined that gay and innocent company, de Haverbeck found no pleasure in contemplating it; he walked slowly across the small well-kept gardens to the small well-kept château. Everything was slightly pretentious. De Haverbeck knew that a considerable effort was behind this restricted display of pride, parterres, terraces, statues, ornate gateways, massive coats of arms in stone above doorways and windows; and, to the young man returned from the wide magnificence of Paris, of Marli, St. Germain and Fontainebleau, it was all provincial, rather mean; yet dear and familiar, for he had passed a not unhappy childhood on this estate with those three companions much younger than himself, now sporting by the fountain. He was their second cousin, better born, early orphaned, possessed of the most meager of fortunes and the most steadfast of ambitions; his handsome bearing and his cool assurance had gained him five years in the family of another relative in France, but his poverty and his foreign birth had closed channels of advancement in Paris and he had returned to Saxony and a lieutenancy in the army of the Elector; he was not perturbed by the thought of the future, nor, indeed, by anything whatever.

As he reached the château he saw Major-General von Neitschütz on the terrace with the Elector—in close, obsequious attendance on His Highness, who was stupid, easy, gross, the father of the two blond boys playing with little Madelon von Neitschütz, and one of the highest princes in the empire.

Haverbeck pitied the proud, hard, grasping man forced to supplicate the favor of one in everything but rank his inferior; von Neitschütz must consider this visit as the greatest honor, must demean himself with grateful humility because his daughter's festival was thus graced; and Haverbeck knew that he really despised the Elector and bitterly considered himself vilely used by him, because he had saved his life at Seneffe and had never been rewarded; Haverbeck, who was as intelligent as he was handsome, also knew that this neglect was owing to the influence of Count Stürm, who completely governed the Elector and hated von Neitschütz.

WHEN Haverbeck had been an inmate of Château Arnsdorf his youthful shrewdness had noted the tenacious struggle, stern, bitter, exasperated, of von Neitschütz to maintain his influence with the Elector, to oppugn the cold hostility of the minister, Count Stürm, who would tolerate no rival or colleague in the cabinet at Dresden. Neitschütz, harsh, soured, unattractive, aggressive and passionate, trained in the camp and harassed by poverty, hampered by a family, with no merits beyond his high birth and the energy of his tormenting ambition, had never been able successfully to combat Stürm—subtle, amiable, pleasing, artful, schooled in diplomacy, wealthy and childless; with no responsibilities to harry him, with no embittered passions to torture him, a cool, able, experienced man who had made himself indispensable to his Prince and who, without difficulty, thwarted the pretensions of von Neitschütz. If at this moment the Elector honored Château Arnsdorf it was, no doubt, because of the lovely charms of little Madelon, who had fascinated his dull and awkward Electoral Highness into a more manly temper. Haverbeck wondered what Count Stürm thought of this development.

The September sunshine gave an air of sweet laziness to the prospect, to the formal gardens where the more delicate trees were thinning in their foliage, to the solid gray façade of the château, to the empty walks and seats. The air was soft, still, the sky veiled with radiance. Haverbeck found some enchantment in this jocund peace; he lingered on the narrow terrace, evading Neitschütz and the Elector who were discussing glasshouses and the merits of the yellow diamond or jargonelle pear. Neitschütz was tall, of a grand, imposing presence, overbearing and severe in his stiff uniform, a man of fifty with heavy features and eyes still golden bright beneath scowling brows, subdued and bent to complaisance and flattery, servile and forcedly courteous to the Elector, whose clumsy person only came to his shoulder, whose wide, flat, red face, with snub nose and loose mouth, clouded eyes and narrow forehead, expressed only stupidity, obstinacy, vanity and a vague good humor.

"I," said Haverbeck to himself, "will not rise by any such means as that—how disgusting to cringe for favor!"

He heard the laughing, quarreling protests of children coming across the garden; he entered the mansion and, in a vestibule crowded with sham Roman busts, paused and reflected:

"Where is there one simple honest soul who will tell me the truth?"

He recalled Agostino Steffani, the overworked, insolently treated tutor, an

From a stone bench a youth watched them; the four boys did not appear to know that he was there; but the girl seemed to seek his applause of the skill with which she managed her little empire

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ill-paid, timid man—patient, industrious, ingenuous, from whom Haverbeck had learned much. He had made a hesitant appearance at the beginning of the festival when he had handed Madelon a little gift of books; since then no one had seen him or missed him. Haverbeck went to the library where he had studied all his own early lessons and there discovered Signor Steffani feeding some caged linnets with millet seed.

This room, where Madame de Rosny never came, that was occupied only by the gentle pedant and the children, had a far more genial air than the other apartments, formal and gaudy, of the château. Haverbeck was pleased to return to this chamber where in five years nothing had altered save to become more shabby, and of which he had warmly affectionate memories; the youth had only loved two people in Château Arnsdorf, and one of them was Maestro Steffani.

THE little Italian trembled with gratification at the gracious visit and the gracious greeting of the splendid young man; modestly as Agostino rated himself, he was treated even beneath his own valuation; he had an enemy in Madame de Rosny and knew that Neitschütz only tolerated him because his services were both excellent and cheap; his mild, gentle, sensitive soul took refuge in music, in books, in birds . . . not in cages, however. The linnets were prisoners of necessity, because little Casimir had snared them and cut their wings.

Haverbeck sauntered round the familiar room; there was the old map of the world, yellow, crinkled; there were the thumbed Latin and Greek volumes snug on the deep shelves; he took one from its place, opened it and read his name on the flyleaf. Oh, the pride with which he had written that—ten years ago!

"Delphicus Secundus Hyacinthus Luneburg de Haverbeck 1674."

He laughed, and Steffani, regarding him with humble delighted admiration, laughed in sympathy; the rich honey-yellow sunshine filled the dark room, showed up the dusty, worn chairs and tables, the rubbed books, the blackened portraits of members of the House of Neitschütz that frowned above the shelves, and the spruce slenderness and glowing beauty of the young man who had yet all the bloom of the very May of life. He was tall, healthy, dark, alert yet composed; serene, not placid; self-assured, not vain. His features were of a notable exactitude, and the long, fashionable, carefully-dressed curls, black save when in the sunlight, that hung to his shoulders, added to his modish elegance. The Maestro thought him marvelously delightful to behold—always had Haverbeck been his favorite pupil. Casimir and Clement were willful and stupid, and Madelon was disconcerting; she impinged on his studious quiet, she involved him in a world from which he had long since withdrawn.

Haverbeck glanced again at the flyleaf of the Germanicus of Tacitus. A name was scrawled in an uncertain, childish hand beneath his own:

"Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz —Madelon."

Steffani, peering over his arm, said:

"She writes better than that now; she writes very well; she does everything very well."

"She has been precisely trained," answered Haverbeck. "She was always intelligent."

The meek pedant extolled Magdalena Sibylla—her quickness, her energy, her aptitude for all manner of learning, her eagerness for Greek and Latin, her gift for music, her deftness at the embroidery frame, in the dance, her superiority to her brothers.

"There," put in Haverbeck, "is the sting for my uncle. The boys give no great promise."

Steffani shrugged and grimaced.

"But, Madelon, eh?"

"Madelon is Madame de Rosny's special charge, she has taught her a great deal."

"Not too much, I hope."

Steffani was silent.

"I heard," added Haverbeck, "something of Madame de Rosny in Paris—her reputation is as decayed as her family."

"She is well-bred. She offends no one."

"Has she great influence with my uncle?"

"Eh, well, she has been with him since his wife died—ten years."

Haverbeck looked at him. "What shall we think of a man who allows his mistress to educate his daughter? A corrupt woman when he found her (*Continued on page 48*)

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

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Hired Hands

Ewing Galloway

Kodak, Ltd., in Kingsway, London

"Tariff bars do not a prison make" is the paraphrase our business men sing. Ability and determination are pushing American products everywhere. By the same means foreign holdings in America are growing. Interlocking empires of business which ignore national boundaries are spreading over the earth, and in the future the tie that binds will be forged of stock certificates and bills of lading

THE American tourist is not long in London before he observes with an amused smile the apothecary shop bearing the legend "Boots the Cash Chemist." What an old-fashioned English name, he thinks. But he soon observes that there is nothing old-fashioned about Mr. Boots; that, in fact, Mr. Boots is a very modern gentleman indeed, with drug stores all over London. If the tourist goes bus-riding he begins to wonder about this Boots person and his wonder takes the form of an amazed suspicion that this ubiquitous chemist has more drug stores in England than Liggett has in America. And this is true, for he has 800 of them, almost twice as many as Liggett. But the tourist's astonishment is even more voluble when he learns that this Boots the Cash Chemist belongs to the same American corporation that owns Liggett's and which also supplies through a kind of voluntary chain the Rexall drug stores. This is the United Drug Company.

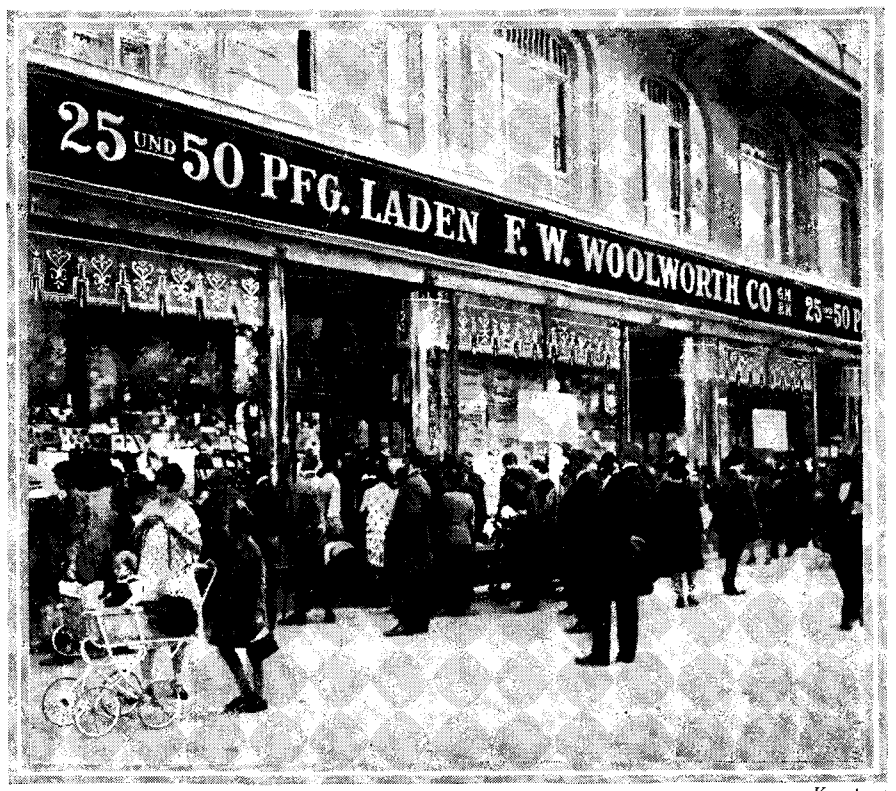
If he is disposed to look for the signs of American business enterprise in Europe he will see much besides American bars, American movies and American jazz bands. But there is also much—and perhaps the most important part—which he will never perceive without the services of a well-informed guide. He will hardly guess that the business bearing the sign Compagnie Industrielle des Pétroles is none other than our old friend Mr. Harry Sinclair; that the Compagnie Internationale des Machines Agricoles is the International Harvester or that the Twoarystavs Noftowe Olejskolny Spolka Akcyna is the Standard Oil. Everywhere he will see Gesellschafts and Sociétés Anonymes and Aktiengesellschafts which mark but do not disclose the working quarters of Americans in Europe.

And this is the sign of a movement of immense importance to our national and business life—this growing up in Europe of a great industrial machine owned by Americans, managed by Americans, financed by Americans, but employing European labor and using to a growing degree European materials. "Substantial portions of our highly developed and most profitable industries," says Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, who recently came back from Europe, "are actually migrating to foreign countries, carrying with them not only American organizations and methods but also American talent."

Much has been written about our huge loans to Europe. We have sent over billions of dollars. But little is known about the extent to which we have moved our machinery and our plants there or have taken over their plants and transferred to them manufacturing operations which we formerly performed at home. Out of this are growing all sorts of consequences—political, national, economic, social, financial. We are aiding Europe in the upbuilding of a great industrial machine; we are establishing trade relations of extreme delicacy; we are inspiring a series of trade reprisals out of which some perplexing problems are growing; but in the end we are merely doing our share in weaving around the nations of Europe a network of industrial interests so that if the war spirit should lift its head and look about and beckon Europe to slaughter again, she may find herself, as we may find ourselves, hopelessly trapped in peace.

The Peaceful Needs of Business

"This business of direct investments in Europe is full of the most important complications," said Senator Borah to me recently. "Such investments in South America have shaped our foreign policy there. It is conceivable that the same kind of investments in Europe will result in the reshaping of our foreign policy there." Our direct investments in Cuba, Dr. Klein suggests, really forced us into war with Spain there.

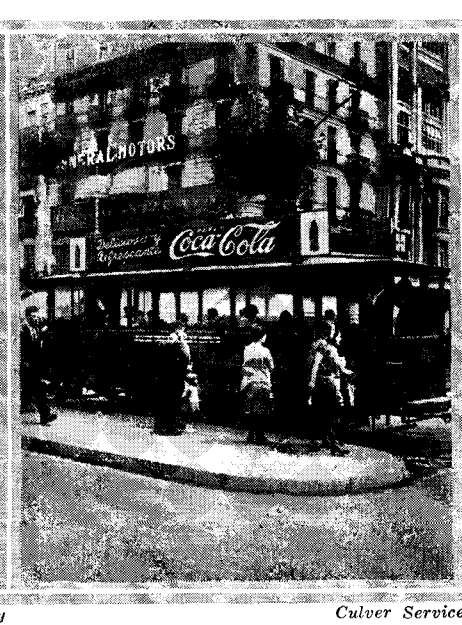


Keystone

Berlin's five-and-ten—only here it has become twenty-five and fifty pfennig

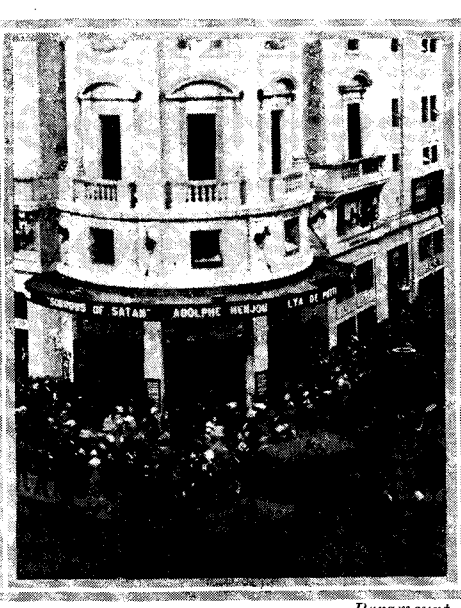
Ewing Galloway

Berlin's Phœbus Palast with Harold Lloyd doing the entertaining



Culver Service

Barcelona bullfight throngs are urged to buy Coca-Cola made in a Spanish factory



Paramount

The Plaza in London, one of Paramount's prospering foreign possessions

By Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway

Richard Hudnut's Paris branch meets French competition on its own ground

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across the Sea By John T. Flynn

It may be that our direct investments in Europe may, for the same reasons operating differently, force us, as well as Europe, into peace with each other.

Foremost among the great American interests which have established their plants in Europe is the automobile industry. In 1923 our motor makers had six assembly plants abroad. Now we have twenty-nine, with more in course of construction and even more pretentious operations planned. Thus Henry Ford is building at Dagenham, not far from London, a giant plant which will be ready next year and which will cost $25,000,000. There automobiles will be turned out as they are at Dearborn. It will also supply parts to numerous Ford plants elsewhere in Europe and the East.

What this means to the English motor industry can hardly be conceived. The American may think of this as a branch of Mr. Ford's vast business here. But in effect it becomes part of the British motor industry. This new plant will have a capacity of 200,000 cars a year. This is twice as many as are made by all the other sixty-eight English motor makers put together. The stock is held by Ford and numerous American shareholders, but the factories and sales offices are in England. And the industry will give employment to thousands of Englishmen.

The Stock that Wouldn't Stay Put

Two years ago the most virulent and effective feeling against any American product I found in Europe was the sentiment which had been created in England against Ford cars. Englishmen asked me with unconcealed satisfaction if I had noticed how few Fords were to be seen in London.

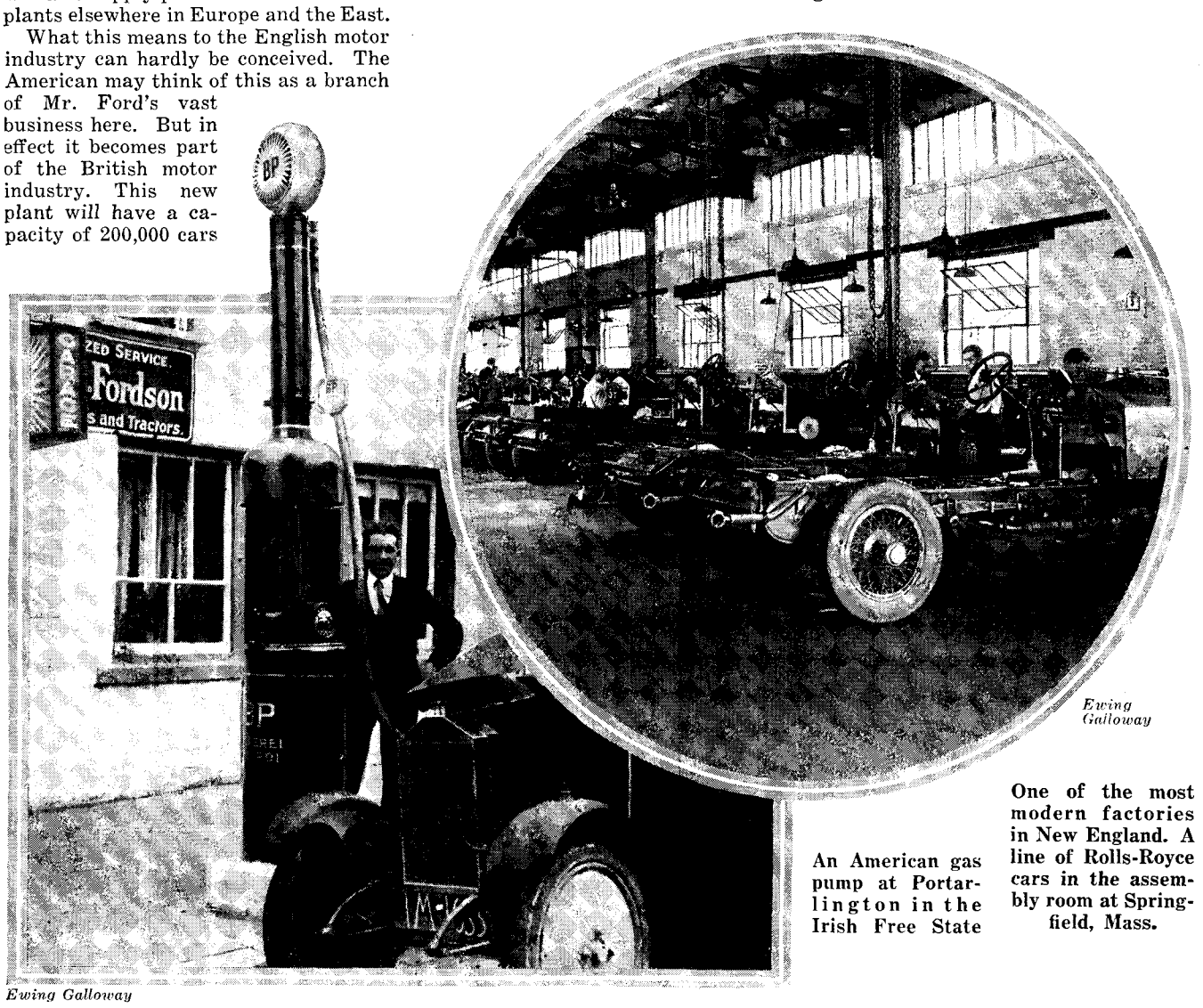
The motor makers at Birmingham and at Coventry, where, near the old home of Shakespeare, the British are trying to build their Detroit, had put over a tremendously effective propaganda campaign against American and for English cars. But in spite of this, when Mr. Ford formed his company there this year and offered two fifths of its stock to Englishmen—2,800,000 shares at a pound a share—the issue was oversubscribed twenty times. Ford wanted the English to have a large stock interest in the company to give it at least a British tint and to neutralize the feeling against its American background. But somehow the shares drifted over to America, were gobbled up here, and went in less than a month to $25 on the New York curb.

When he organized his new companies in Germany, France, Belgium, Holland and Italy, where great plants are to be built, Ford took measures to guard against shares getting out of the hands of native investors. And now, the New York Times prints a dispatch that the whole of the German issue, representing forty per cent of the capital, has been purchased by the great German dye trust—the famous I. G. This reveals a powerful alliance between the Fords and the German chemical trust. And we see repercussions of it in this country where recently the I. G. formed an American company to manufacture nitrates from natural gas, with a capital of $30,000,000, and Edsel Ford on its board of directors.

Four Bicycle Makers

There is something imposing, even imperial, about these motor makers. Mr. Ford's representative—his minister of foreign affairs—receives at Dearborn Mr. Valery U. Meshlauk, vice chairman of the Supreme Council of National Economy of Russia—commercial ambassador plenipotentiary of the Soviet—and signs a treaty under which the Soviet is to build a huge plant for making automobiles at Nizhni Novgorod with an annual capacity of 100,000 cars, and Mr. Ford is to furnish technical assistance and supervision and some $30,000,000 of products during the next nine years. This is similar to an agreement between the Soviets and the General Electric under which the American company is to furnish engineers to guide the Electrotechnical Trust and is to supply $26,000,000 in products during seven years.

The General Motors Company has not been behind Ford in these vast moves upon the European field. General Motors has had assembly plants abroad for years—it has twenty-one such plants now. But it, too, is embarking upon an ambitious program of European manufacture and that in a way to identify its operations with the industrial life of the countries where it works. It has just taken over the great business of Adam Opel at Rüdesheim in Germany. Germany made 85,000 cars last year—not so many according to American standards—but Adam Opel made half of them. (*Continued on page 32*)



Ewing Galloway

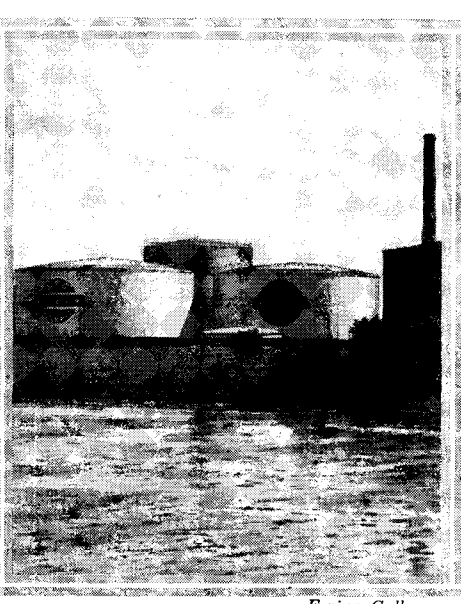
An American gas pump at Portarlington in the Irish Free State

Ewing Galloway

One of the most modern factories in New England. A line of Rolls-Royce cars in the assembly room at Springfield, Mass.

By Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway

The popularity of Hollywood movies abroad strikes the visitor to Dublin



Ewing Galloway

A rival of Royal Dutch Shell. Tanks of the American Petroleum Company on the North Sea Canal

© Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway

Doug Fairbanks invades Morocco and the native sheiks desert the sands for the cinema

Ewing Galloway

French cars and American motor oils are offered the tourist trade in Algeria

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Jantie wants a Plumber

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

Since George was so intelligent about the trouble in Jantie's bathroom, he might have been a little smarter about the trouble in Jantie's heart

Illustrated by John Holmgren

Jantie, a vision in green and gold, was in the library, just pouring tea. George entered boldly

IT IS always bad enough to fall in love. But if one has had the misfortune to fall in love with the boss' niece, Jantie Shields; and if Jantie Shields is reported engaged to the famous Carlon Drew; and if the boss' butler has just pushed you down the Shieldses' doorstep—why, then things are about as bad as they can get.

George Plummer stood clutching the gatepost and watched Jantie Shields go by. He was dimly aware of Carlon Drew beside her, of the long green Drew car at the curb, but he really saw only Jantie Shields herself—just a flash of slim gold coat and high gold heels that yet were less shining and golden than her high, gold head. There was a flash of fragrance, too, strangely upsetting.

Then she was gone. But as the green car slid away, something white flickered over the side and came to rest at George's feet; it was too fragile a thing to be a handkerchief—more like one of the gossamers that you find on the grass at dawn of a dewy morning—but it was a handkerchief all the same, with an upsetting fragrance.

George Plummer picked it up carefully for fear it might break, and put it in the pocket where the glove was. Of course she had not dropped it on purpose. Jantie Shields did not even know that he was there. She never did know. That was the worst of it.

THERE were other things too, though, that were pretty bad, and one of those was connected with the Erasmus B. Shields Advertising Agency. George Plummer had worked there two years and he had not been fired yet—which was by way of being an accomplishment. Erasmus B. Shields was famous for firing people; the only really awfully nice thing you could say about him was that he was Jantie Shields' great-uncle.

George had planned the Better Box Campaign and the campaign for Save-a-Tooth Dentifrice and had handled the publicity for the Hingham Rustless Bustless Hinge. That these exploits had not already brought him honor and fame was perhaps because he never suggested that they should. George Plummer had a rare, rare failing: he was too modest. It is always hard to make others believe better of you than you believe of yourself. And now he was in danger of severing his connection with the Shields Agency altogether over the Parkaway Brass Piping account.

Ordinarily, of course, even Erasmus B. Shields himself would not have fired a promising young employee for failure to please a single customer. But the Parkaway Brass Piping Corporation was different. They had been advertising with the Shields Agency for twenty years. It was a good account.

It was a good account, that is, until Mr. Parkaway, Jr., succeeded to the presidency; and he made more trouble in fifteen minutes than old Parkaway had made in fifteen years. He said that Parkaway Piping had been going off in favor of Mastodon—which was nothing but galvanized tin. He said that he was going to have a campaign and it was going to be a campaign that was a campaign, and if the Shields Agency couldn't produce it, then he would find someone who could.

Mr. Shields put Banks on the account first. Banks planned a conservative campaign. Mr. Parkaway, Jr., tore the copy up and stamped on it, and Mr. Shields fired Banks just as an example. After that Dobbs planned a peppy campaign illustrated by funny little men made out of jointed brass pipe. Mr. Parkaway burned the copy and Mr. Shields fired Dobbs just to show that everything possible was being done.

After that Mr. Shields put George Plummer on the Parkaway account—which was at once a compliment and a threat. He called George into his solid mahogany office and outlined the situation tersely:

"What Parkaway wants is something snappy, but not too snappy. See?"

"Yes, sir," said George.

"Conservative but not too conservative. Progressive but not radical. Clever but not arty." He looked up at George across his desk—a desk oddly like himself: large and square and opulent. "The goods or the gate," he summed it up. "Get that?"

"Yes, sir," said George again moodily.

IT WAS just the way things happen in this world that as he was going down the stairs he should have met a young person coming up. That young person, coming up those stairs, was the most completely beautiful, upsetting thing that George had ever seen.

"Where is Mr. Shields' office?" the young person inquired.

George Plummer came down one more step, which was about as far as he could get without crowding; and since at the same instant the young person came up one step on her way to pass him, it happened that they were rather close together. Her arm just lightly touched his; it is queer how upsetting the touch of a bit of gray silk can be, with a bit of warm arm beneath it.

"I—I'll show you," George blurted.

"Thanks," she said. She spoke pleasantly, but George told himself that she regarded him with as much personal interest as she would have shown for a telephone book in which she had looked up a number.

Back in his own office, George found Larabee, who occupied the desk next to his, looped over the window sill examining something in the street below. "Some car," he murmured. He jerked his head upward toward Mr. Shields' office. "Some looker, too."

"Who?" said George shortly.

"That girl. Jantie Shields. She's just home from gay Paree to stay with Uncle 'Rasmus till the wedding."

George Plummer started, not merely as if he had been shot, but as if he had

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been wounded in some vital part. Perhaps he had. "Who?" he repeated sharply. "Uncle *which? What* wedding?"

"Didn't you know who she was?" inquired Larabee pityingly. "Didn't you even see her pictures in the papers?" He finished the death sentence calmly. "That's Carlon Drew down in the car. He's the man she's going to marry."

George Plummer sat down suddenly. The office was swinging round him in large, uneven circles.

George Plummer did not believe much in love. Particularly he did not believe in love at first sight.

Nevertheless, George knew then, although he did not admit it until sometime afterwards, that unless he were very, very, very, very careful, he should be in love with Jantie Shields.

AFTER that George was very, very, very, very careful.

All day every day he sat behind his desk and worked on Parkaway Brass Piping. But no scheme for the Parkaway campaign, conservative, progressive, clever, sprang to his mind. Nothing sprang to his mind at all except the vision of a certain small person in gray.

Every night George sat at a large bare table in his room, under a morbid-looking green lamp, and spread the Parkaway material before him. He worked late. Then he got up at four o'clock and worked some more. In between times George thought of Jantie Shields. And sometimes he looked at himself severely in the mirror and said to himself that he was a fool. He didn't mean quite that, of course. What he really meant was that he did not have a dozen millions like Carlon Drew.

And then he ran into her that day in the corridor.

Afterwards George could not imagine how it had happened. He had seen the Drew car outside, and knew Jantie must have come in to visit her uncle; she was a very dutiful niece and called on her uncle every day. Now it happened that at just that moment George Plummer was seized by an uncontrollable thirst, and it was necessary for him to hurry out to the drinking fountain which was near the entrance. He was very thirsty indeed, and had to stay and drink for quite a while. Jantie Shields was not in the entrance hall; she was not on the stairs. When George's thirst was allayed, he started back again.

Now the queer part of it was this: The twisting corridor down which George was walking when the thing happened did not lead to Mr. Shields' office at all. Jantie Shields had on shoes with high heels that clicked on the tiled floor. But George did not hear her. Only suddenly he plunged full tilt round a corner . . . and there she was.

He threw out his hands to save her from being knocked right over. And the net result was that George took Jantie Shields suddenly, unexpectedly, but very thoroughly, into his arms.

Jantie Shields was even smaller than he had thought her—smaller and warmer and more quivering. She must have been very angry to have trembled like that. He let her go at once.

"I'm sorry," he blundered. "I mean I'm glad. I mean . . ."

"Oh, that's all right," said Jantie Shields, with much too much composure. "I'm sure you didn't mean to."

"No," said George.

A blue bag with a white jade top had fallen from her hands, and this bag came wide open and spread an amazing array of things at George's feet. There were some little shining cases, with J. S. on them in blue enamel and sapphires, the uses of which George could only dimly guess at; there was a handkerchief and a purse with a jeweled top and a pair of gloves—one of which George succeeded in retaining—and a strange upsetting fragrance that he could not locate.

Jantie was in blue today—bright blue, the color of the sapphires; a pair of white woven shoes with blue straps twinkled in front of George's nose as he groped for her possessions.

"Is that all?" He hoped her other glove would not fall out of his cuff.

"It looks that way," said Jantie.

"I hope . . . I wish . . ." George began—and did not finish. What he hoped and wished very ardently was that he might take Jantie Shields again, all warm and trembling, in his arms.

"Don't give it another thought," she was saying, very offhand.

"I suppose *you* won't?" said George—and tried not to let his voice sound wistful.

"Dear no," said Jantie. And she made a little gesture as if she tossed the very idea right into limbo.

It was then that George glanced up and saw Carlon Drew. They stood staring at each other with Jantie Shields between them.

In many ways the two were not unlike. They were both tall. Carlon Drew had a brown skin and brownish hair and gray eyes and a wide mouth. George had a brown skin too—perhaps not quite so brown after a winter in the city as it would have been after one on the Riviera; and brownish hair, a little franker in its tendency to red; and gray eyes that were clearer and deeper though not so bright and agile. George's mouth was just as wide and straight, but there was rather more resolution and rather less derision tucked into the corners.

Yet in spite of their likenesses, no two could have been more different. The difference lay deeper than surfaces; it was something inside that you could not put a name to. The look in George's gray eyes was the look of a man who has done things for himself; things had always come to Carlon Drew. When you looked at him you thought of motion; swift motion; money. When you looked at George . . . "office desk and forty dollars a week," said George bitterly to himself. . . .

"Come on, Carl," Jantie Shields was saying. "We may as well go."

"I thought you wanted to see your uncle."

"He's busy," said Jantie.

This was queer, too, because if Jantie Shields had been to her uncle's office, why then she must have flown. She made a little gesture of farewell or dismissal, call it what you like, and moved away. George saw that she was as keenly aware of him personally as if he were a post that she had run into.

IT WAS when he returned to his desk that George learned from Larabee that there was to be a dance that night at the Lansdowne Country Club. Jantie Shields would be there. So would Larabee. Larabee caused it to be understood that he should dance with her quite a lot.

George only half listened. He saw that it was going to be harder than he had thought to keep from falling in love with Jantie Shields. It is always harder once you have felt a person warm and trembling in your arms.

It was Thursday. The next day would be Friday, and the day after that would be Saturday and George's last chance at Parkaway.

It was eight o'clock. George settled himself at the table in his room, rolled up his sleeves, and emptied the Parkaway folders out of his bag.

Parkaway Brass Piping, George said to himself, would not rust. It would not clog. It would not break. It would not wear out. Other things wore out; gloves, now. He took a glove from his pocket and laid it against his face to catch that faint, disquieting fragrance. . . . He drew himself up sharply.

Parkaway Brass Piping, George said to himself with more than customary severity, was best for public buildings. Take clubhouses. He wondered if it were used at the (*Continued on page 36*)

Her bag had fallen from her hands and George groped for her possessions. He hoped her other glove would not fall out of his cuff

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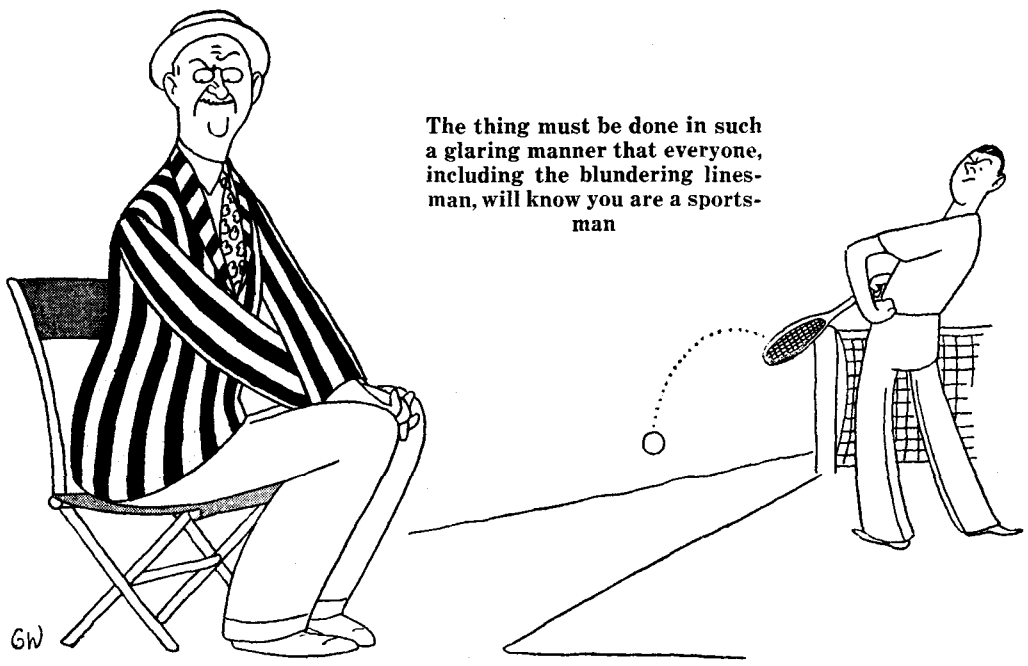


The thing must be done in such a glaring manner that everyone, including the blundering linesman, will know you are a sportsman

A Nice Quiet Racket

By Ring Lardner

Ever since William T. Tilden, 2nd (the former Rube Marquard), lost his license for reckless writing, thousands of us have been afraid to play tennis. The result is we can't even find the Davis Cup, much less fetch it back. Mr. Lardner, finding this situation intolerable, decided to write about tennis himself. You will find it somewhere in this article

THE most difficult and most important thing to learn about tennis, whether you are player or fan, is the game's quaint ethical code. In baseball, when the umpire calls a perfect strike a ball, it is very seldom you see the batsman deliberately swing and miss the next pitch so he will not be taking an unfair advantage. In football, it is almost unheard of for an end or tackle who has blocked a kick to go to the referee and volunteer the information that he was offside. But in tennis, if a linesman gives you a point you don't deserve, you must intentionally lose the following point to prove your true sportsmanship.

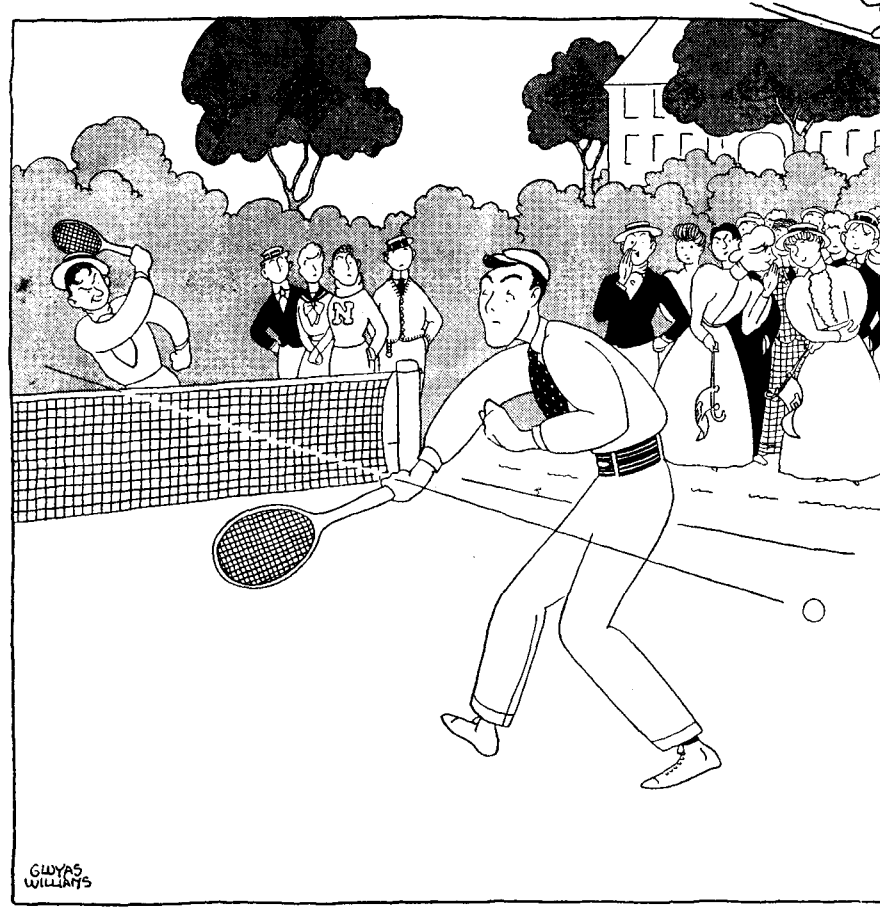
And it seems that proving your sportsmanship to yourself is not enough. The thing must be done in such a glaring manner that everyone, including the blundering linesman, will know you are a true sportsman, and everyone, excepting the blundering linesman, will applaud.

The linesman receives no pay and is probably officiating against his will, as a favor to the Tennis Trust. Nevertheless the true sportsman makes him look like a lout instead of throwing the point so artistically that it seems accidental.

A Thorough Sportsman

Players may argue that it is hard to do this. Teacher knows better. When I played for Niles High School against Decatur in 1901, I threw nearly every point there was, and the fans acted as if they thought I couldn't help it. My opponent on that occasion didn't know how to spell sportsmanship. I warned him before the "match" that I had no backhand, but he pretended to think I had one and that it was weak.

Perhaps the most flagrant true sportsman in modern tennis is Jean Borotra (the former Mrs. Bundy). When Jean is given a point on a bad decision, he gives it back with the reticence of Lew Fields telling a gag, and the result is that the Pyrénées Woodchopper is known far and wide as the noli me tangere of punctilio.

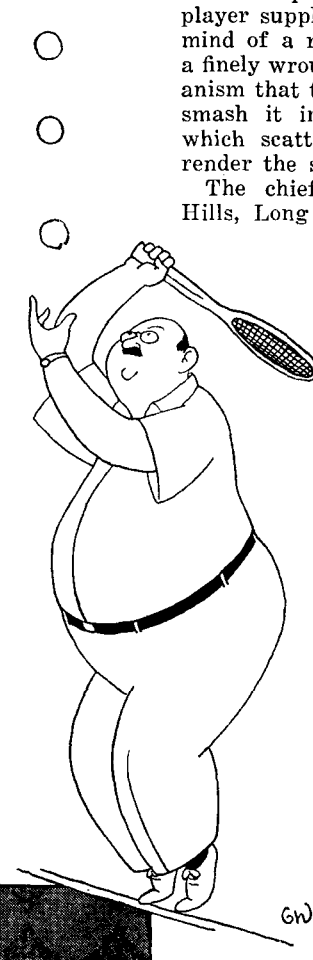


I threw nearly every point and the fans acted as though I couldn't help it

However, he is likely to be dethroned when some of my pupils become internationalists, for I am instructing them not only to imitate Jean's subtle technique in "evening up," but to go the Bouncing Bisque one better by sticking out their tongues at the linesman or showering him with confetti.

The code for spectators demands that they make no noise during a "rally," but wait until it is over. Can you imagine the attention that would be paid to a football referee or a baseball umpire if he asked the boys to shut up until a runner was tackled or a batsman had either got on or out? Personally I have sat through whole afternoons of championship tennis without wishing to emit any sound other than a snore. There are tennis fans, however, who like to show their enthusiasm at the instant it is aroused and resent the existence of a statute that balks this impulse. They can't understand why, if they paid to get in, they are not at liberty to behave as they would at a ball game or a football game or a fight, making all the noise they please, when they please.

The explanation is not that each player supplies his own racket, but the mind of a ranking tennis star is such a finely wrought, delicate piece of mechanism that the slightest jar is likely to smash it into a thousand fragments which scatter all over the court and render the surface pimply.



The chief groundkeeper at Forest Hills, Long Island (his name escapes me for the moment), is said to have collected and saved enough bits of brain, blasted from the heads of leading players by unseemly applause or laughter, to equip one and a half elevator starters with adequate equipment for thinking.

It would be folly at this time to instruct my pupils in the rudiments of tennis as played today, for I have it on good authority that as soon as the present season is ended, the game is in for a complete overhauling and remodeling with a view to speeding it up.

Football has been enlivened by shortening the field, permitting circular passes and allowing the players to huddle between downs and exchange wanton anecdotes. Baseball has increased its pace by the adoption of a ball with a greyhound's glands. In golf, besides supplanting the old pill with one that won't burrow or hide, they intend to replace the cups with manholes and build high walls along the sides of the course so slices and hooks will carom onto the fairway. The Polo Tong expects to substitute mules for ponies to weaken the defense. And in contract bridge, which now consists almost exclusively of goulashes, the practice of dealing every player thirteen cards will be done away with and instead, each one will receive an entirely new pack, almost insuring four grand-slam bids per hand.

Why Neglect Tennis?

The tennis people's innovations promise to be even more radical, and until they are agreed on and formally put into effect, there is no use attempting to teach the actual technique of the game. However, enthusiasts are doubtless curious as to the nature of the prospective changes and I will list some of the suggestions that are under serious consideration:

1. The server to serve from just behind the service line instead of the base line and serve two balls at once. If both are good, both must be returned or the score is fifteen-love. If only one is good and the receiver successfully returns it, the score is love-seven and a half. In this case, the next service is made with three balls at once.

2. In doubles, the two players not immediately engaged in serving or receiving shall quietly read, sew or crack nuts until a shout from the umpire warns them that a ball is coming in their direction.

3. In women's doubles, if both members of a team (*Continued on page 51*)

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Rough Passage

By Octavus Roy Cohen

A Short Short Story complete on this page

He became friendly with a vivacious young widow and suffered the agony of watching her at a progressive bridge in the lounge

Illustrated by Fred Anderson

THE siren of the great ship moaned into the clear, midday air. Somewhere for'ard a bugle sounded. There was a frantic scurrying toward the gangplanks as the lobby doors gave forth a stream of those who had come to bid their friends bon voyage.

Passengers flocked to the rail for a last word with their families and friends. There was an air of gayety coupled with the uncertain sadness inevitably attendant upon the departure of a great transatlantic liner. Handkerchiefs did double duty: as flags and as mere bits of linen with which to dab at teary eyes. Four impertinent little tugs attached themselves to the monster ship as the first of the hawsers was cast off. The steel hull vibrated slightly and moved imperceptibly. There was a last, frenzied clamor of good-bys and godspeeds. . . .

Dan Fulton paced the broad reaches of the promenade deck and surveyed his fellow passengers. His interest was focused upon them and not upon the pier which was slowly fading. Sailings were common things in his nomadic existence; he was interested, not in the voyage, but in those who were making it.

Dan Fulton looked like a wealthy, retired broker. He was tall, slender and immaculate. His features were refined to the point of sharpness. His hair had an iron-gray tinge which proclaimed dignity and respectability. His keen gray eyes missed no detail of the persons jammed against the rail. He had learned to capitalize the emotional moments of departure. It was then that he could best mark out his victims.

Mr. Fulton was a professional traveler; a gentleman whose livelihood was extracted from other travelers seeking diversion during the long, somnolent days at sea. At the moment, bridge was his racket.

Had he been addicted to honesty, it is possible that Mr. Fulton would have played hands for millions of radio fans once a week, and probably have authored books on the subject. He was an expert . . . but, being thorough, he did not permit his chances of victory to end with mere expertness in playing. Once every round of the bridge table Dan Fulton was assured of a winning hand —even a trick hand in which his opponents could be induced to overbid their weakness into a devastating double. Dan could do things with cards —things which, while neither nice nor gentlemanly, were certainly profitable.

The great ship nosed through the Narrows, dropped her pilot, and picked up the gentle rhythmic roll of a tolerably placid ocean. Dan drifted back to the smoking-room where a group of thirsty voyagers were impatiently checking off the first twelve miles. The dignified gentleman dropped into an easy chair and watched.

DURING the afternoon, Mr. Fulton made himself approachable and became acquainted with a few gentlemen. Before dinner he crossed the palm of the second steward with a ten-dollar bill and was assigned to a table occupied by three men of unlimited wealth and sportive proclivities. While dinner was being served bridge was mentioned, and a suggestion was made that a foursome be arranged for the voyage. Dan said that he was willing to try, though he was rather a poor player. Stakes? He smiled. "The money really doesn't make any difference," he said engagingly, "but I don't usually play for much."

The other three liked Mr. Fulton: he was different, distinguished and unmistakably cosmopolitan. Mr. Fulton liked the other three because, in his professional parlance, they looked like suckers.

At nine-fifteen they adjourned to the smoking-room and selected a corner table. Mr. Fulton was positively benign as he settled himself for the preliminaries which would lead—before the end of the voyage—to a thorough slaughter. But while they were waiting for the smoking-room steward to bring cards, pencil and score pad, someone touched Dan on the shoulder.

"May I speak with you a moment, Mr. Fulton?"

Dan nodded pleasant agreement, but as he followed the stranger into the corridor he was smitten with a premonition that all was not as it should be. Just outside the door the stranger turned. His eyes were level and his voice positive.

"You are Mr. Daniel N. Fulton?"

"Yes."

"I am employed by this steamship company, Mr. Fulton. I am here to protect our passengers. I would suggest that it might be unwise for you to play bridge just now."

Fulton blinked; but answered suavely.

"I understand," he said, and walked back into the smoking-room where he informed his new-made friends that he was a mite under the weather, thanks to the ship's roll. He suggested that they unearth a fourth to take his place, and averred that he wasn't so keen about bridge anyway.

Out on deck, Mr. Fulton pondered. So they had him spotted, eh? Too bad! So many fish aboard. But better to have been warned in advance than to have that lynx-eyed ship's detective scrutinizing his play too closely.

Through all the rest of that voyage Dan Fulton tried to enjoy himself normally; but everything that happened made his fingers itch more violently.

He became friendly with a vivacious young widow and suffered the agony of watching her at a progressive bridge held in the lounge one afternoon. He passed hours in the smoking-room at night and witnessed the bridge foursome, of which he might have been a member, build up their game to fifty cents a point—with no apparent worry about the enormous sums won and lost at each session.

BUT Dan Fulton was wise. He had a profound respect for detectives, and so—though the temptation was at times almost irresistible—he did not touch a card. It was torture. He figured that his idleness in the midst of such a passenger list meant a loss of at least ten thousand dollars to him. Never in his entire career had he seen such a glorious opportunity. And he dared not play because he had been marked from the moment of sailing.

On the morning of the sixth day the ship passed inside the breakwater at Cherbourg. Mr. Fulton, tipping lavishly, saw the ship's detective. He accosted the man dryly.

"You see," he said, "I didn't play once."

"You were quite fortunate, Mr. Fulton."

"I guess so. But tell me"—and Dan's eyes narrowed a trifle—"just why did you take such particular pains to warn me?"

"Because," answered the ship's detective with disarming candor—"because I heard you say that you were a poor bridge player and I wanted to protect you from the card sharpers usually found on board."

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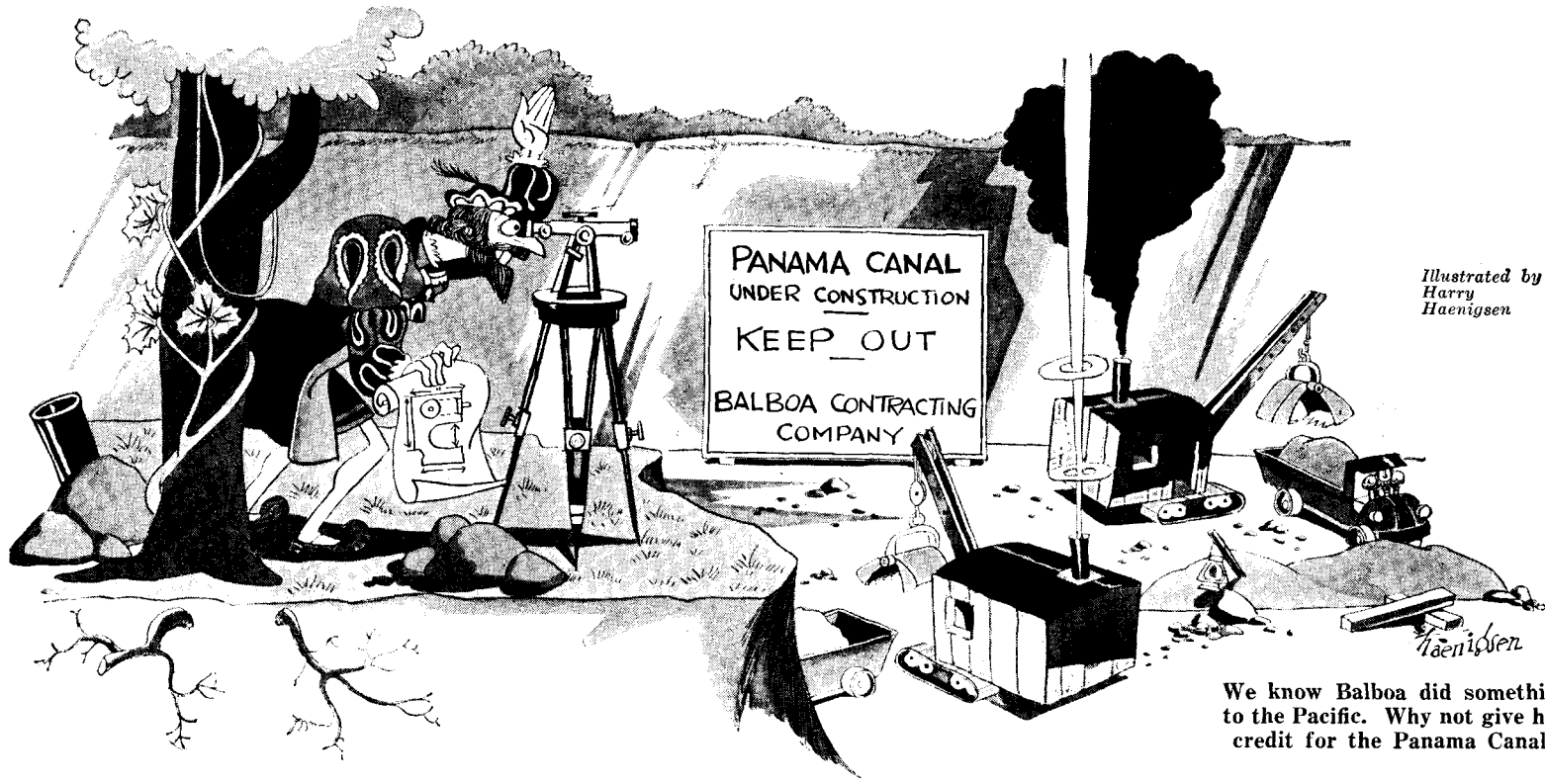


Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

We know Balboa did something to the Pacific. Why not give him credit for the Panama Canal?

In One Ear

Little items that come to the ears of Collier's writers as they travel across this interesting land seeking weightier facts. We serve them up here so they won't be lost—it would be plain selfishness to keep them all to ourselves

TRAVEL, beyond a doubt, broadens one, as witness these scraps of conversation overheard by one of our women writers during a recent visit to the manicurist:

The client: Yes, my husband and I travel a good deal. We've been to Europe four times. But last year my husband said, "Let's go some place different. Off the beaten track." So we went through the Panama Canal.

The manicurist: It must be grand to take trips like that.

The client: Well, it was. You know, that Panama Canal was a wonderful engineering feat. And it took us Americans to put it over. You know, a lot of other nationalities tried it and failed—the English and the French and the Germans—we saw the machinery they had left behind them, when they had to give it up, because it was too hard for them. But then there was an American—now, let's see, what *was* his name—it's right on the tip of my tongue.

The manicurist: I know, it's on the tip of my tongue, too. I saw it in the Sunday papers, years ago when he did it. Now, let's see, what *could* it be—?

The client: Isn't that aggravating? When a name is right on the tip of your tongue and you can't— Oh, I remember, Balboa!

The manicurist: Sure, Balboa. That's it. Funny how a thing like that can slip your mind for a minute. Do you like liquid polish on your nails?

But Not Forgotten

The advent of the new administration released a raft of now-it-can-be-told Coolidge stories. One of them relates how, when he was summering in Swampscott, Mass., he was shown over an elaborate stock farm, with the usual chaperonage of the press. The proud owner trotted out a prize bull for which he had paid $50,000. Mr. Coolidge made no comment but Russell Young, now of the Washington Star, when he filed his story couldn't resist making the President remark, "Some bull!"

Young took it for granted that his facetious nonsense would be eliminated by the copy editors. However, it was allowed to stand and appeared in the paper. Accordingly it was with some misgivings that Young appeared at the next press conference with the President. But Mr. Coolidge made no reference to the impertinent story.

Some months later when Young was at his typewriter in the newspaper room of the White House, the President strolled in.

"May I read your copy?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the correspondent.

Mr. Coolidge read through a typewritten page.

"Some bull," he remarked with a smile and walked away.

A Trick of the Trade

Plus-fours by any other name would be just as becoming on some men and just as devastating on others, no doubt, but it is rather interesting to trace the origin of the name which applies to the overhanging pantaloons. It seems it all started in the cutting-rooms of tailoring establishments, where the cutters referred to the garments as plus-fours, because of allowing material to the knee, plus four inches overhang. Gradually the phrase worked its way into the retail establishments and before long to the wearers themselves.

'Possum and Yams

Some time ago Robert Quillen, syndicate writer, sent to the editorial staff of the Baltimore Sun (including such high literary and journalistic lights as Henry L. Mencken, Frank Kent and Paul Patterson) one of his South Carolina delicacies—a fat 'possum surrounded with yams.

The animal was detained in transit and the weather was not furnishing a cold-storage temperature, so the shipment arrived much the worse for wear.

The recipients started to open the box but desisted, for good reasons, and indignantly wired the generous donor:

"Skunk has arrived stop God will punish you."

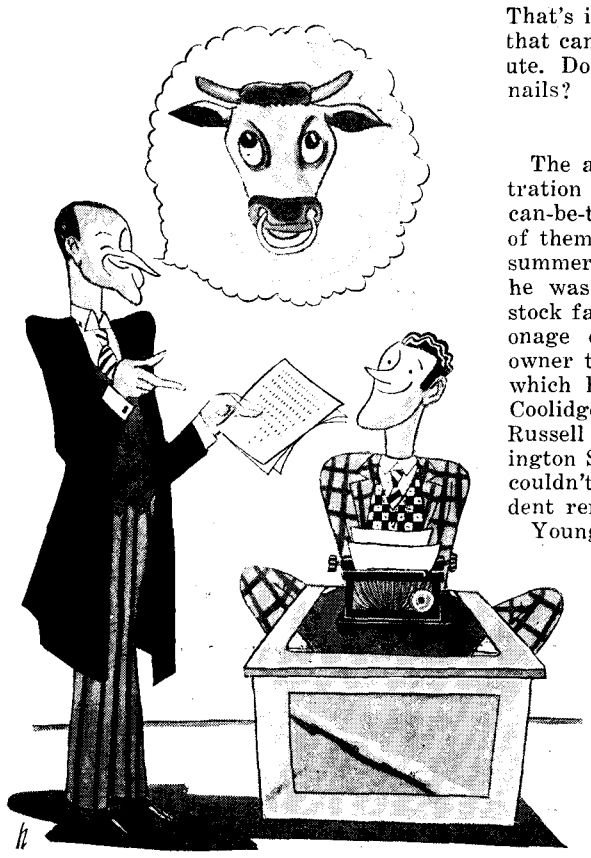
A Dark Outlook

Robert, the best-known waiter in the National Press Club at Washington, was serving Strickland Gillilan's breakfast.

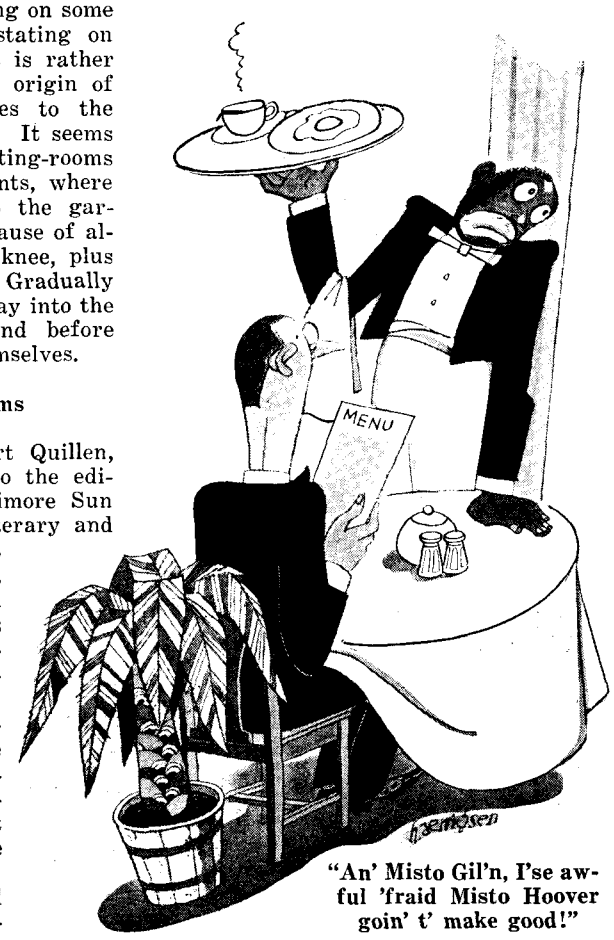
"Excuse me, Misto Gil'n," he said. "I heerd somebody say that maybe Misto Ludlow in fo' years would be run fo' vice-president of the United States."

"Well, he's a good man," said Strick, "but if Mr. Hoover makes good I guess even a Democratic ticket with Louis Ludlow on it wouldn't have much of a chance."

"Nossuh, nossuh. An' Misto Gil'n, I'se awful 'fraid Misto Hoover goin' t' make good!"



"May I read your copy?" Mr. Coolidge asked. He read through a page. "Some bull," he remarked with a smile



"An' Misto Gil'n, I'se awful 'fraid Misto Hoover goin' t' make good!"

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Lessons between the Acts

That little girl who swings by her teeth from a trapeze for your nightly amusement probably did her "home work" before leaving the dressing-room. And you may depend upon it that the accomplished kids you see on the stage, in the movies and in the circus can tell you where the Mississippi River rises and read as many of the hard words in the programs as the children who do not work for a living. Here's how they get their schooling

By Alexander Woollcott

Two young actresses off to school between engagements

Culver Service

At the stage door of the Longacre Theater just after Commencement

WHEN I was by way of being a tot—an eight-year-old with a sweet face and a singularly repulsive moral character—I attended a little old red hillside schoolhouse, of the kind that is supposed to turn out future Presidents in batches. In midwinter, when the snow lay deep in the fields, and half of recess time was given over to toting wood for the stove around which we huddled at our studies, the enrollment ran as high as sixteen pupils.

But when April came over the hill, the harried teacher used to redouble her pace, for she knew that on the first day of spring plowing she would find half the notched and ink-stained benches empty, with no chance of her imparting any more geography and arithmetic to the larger boys, at least, until after the harvest was garnered in the fall.

Her distraction at ruling a school where lessons were considered a luxury to be indulged in only in spare time was nothing, however, to the storm-tossed life of Mrs. Hugh Nesbitt, the extraordinary woman who presides over a teeming, scholastically successful and endlessly entertaining school which the curious will find like a gleaming needle in the haystack called New York—an academy which occupies two floors of an office building just above Columbus Circle, in a stretch of Broadway largely given over to automobile showrooms.

It is the Professional Children's School, a precariously endowed institution avidly attended by the small boys and girls who support themselves (and often their folks) by playing in the theater, the music halls, the movies and the circus. There is, I think, no school quite like it anywhere in the world, and none, certainly, which I visit with so much pleasure and amusement.

When you see a small girl pirouetting on a dizzy tight-rope at the circus, or when in some vaudeville act you see a small boy being tossed about the stage by his jocular parents, much as the now famous Buster Keaton used to be bounced twice a day against the scenery at Koster & Bial's by Papa and Mamma Keaton, it may occasionally occur to you to wonder what the home life, if any, of such a child is like.

But on one point you may feel reassured. Not even your own Junior and Sister are more scrupulously supplied with the orthodox information about the principal exports of Bolivia, the exact height of Mt. Everest, and the thought concealed from the unhappy illiterate by Cæsar's division of "Omnis Gallia" into "partes tres."

You may ask me what such information will avail them in their already chosen profession, and there you have me. But learn such fascinating facts they must, for our statute books abound in laws guaranteeing every child a standard minimum education, and in every town the Gerry Society is vigilant against those parents who find in the Scriptural injunction to fill up and replenish the earth a key to the solution of their personal difficulty with hired help.

You may picture the aforesaid little girl on the tight wire as sometimes accosted from the ground by one of these lynx-eyed vigilantes, and can imagine the satisfied switch she gives to her ballerina skirt when, after first leaping to the ground beside him, she foils him by telling him how high Mt. Everest is, and telling him right.

Needless Solicitude

Which fancied colloquy is not so extravagant a caricature as you might think. For the plays and music-hall acts on tour have to run an endless gauntlet of distrustful souls who, in the name of the Gerry Society, pounce on the children of show folks and haul them before the local magistrates. It is a matter of great pride at the Professional Children's School that its pupils, when thus dragged into court, invariably answer correctly the judge's wily questions about the source of the Blue Danube and the cube root of 27, and, indeed, so dazzle His Honor with their unexpected show of book-learning that he throws the case out of court, and thus suffers them to continue with the nefarious business of earning their own keep.

Of course the laws against child labor were designed to rescue small boys and girls from sweatshop toil and the cruel grind of the mills, and I think that what really lies behind the occasional raids on the theater, carried out under the ægis of these laws, is the ancient, inherited, puritanical suspicion that the theater is a sink of iniquity, from which the young and innocent should be rescued on any pretext. It might, I think, be assumed that a child of eight or ten who is earning a hundred dollars a week or more would never be abused or neglected by even the most benighted guardians. The state need not worry about the proper parental solicitude for a Jackie Coogan or a Yehudi Menuhin. It might as reasonably take fright for fear that the owner of the Kohinoor Diamond would leave it lying about.

But there the laws are, and repeatedly the raids are made. Such raids must be fended off in the interest of the individual children, who, thanks to the theater, are able to finance a care and a schooling they would not otherwise receive, and in the interest of the theater itself, which must look to its own youngsters for the eternal miracle of its rebirth.

Most of the great people of the stage have started on it as children, and in the career of Mrs. Fiske, who was cradled in a costume hamper, and who toddled the boards before she could tread them; of Maude Adams, who made her first appearance at the age of nine months, when she was carried on, supine upon a platter, at the old stock company theater in Salt Lake City; and of Duse, the greatest actress of them all, who, born on tour, was holding the family prompt book when she was seven, there is evidence aplenty that the art of acting—like swimming, chess and Chinese juggling—is something you (*Continued on page 30*)

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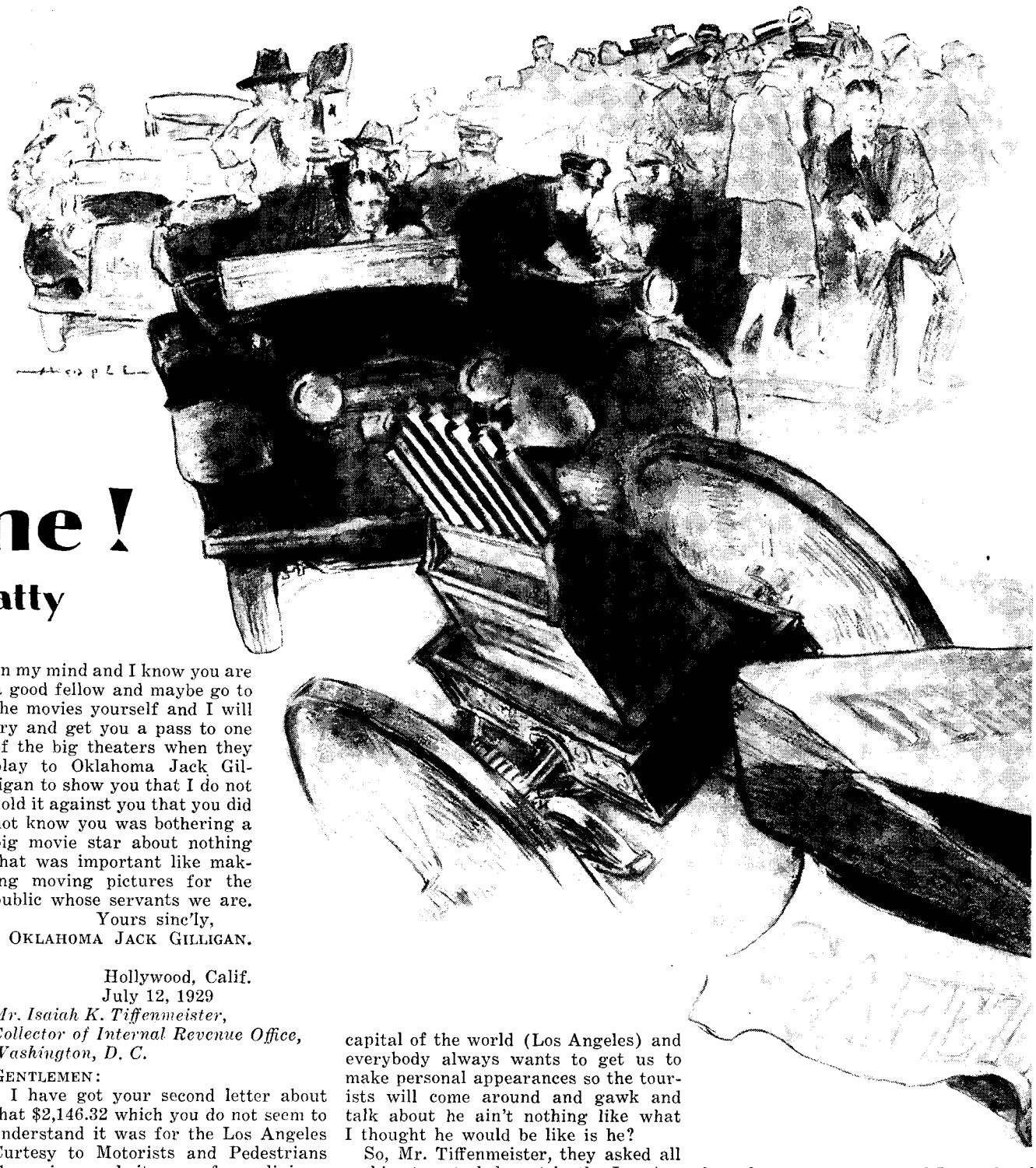
Starring Oklahoma Jack Gilligan, Hollywood hero, in a drama with teeth in it



Take Your Time!

By Jerome Beatty

Hollywood, Calif.
June 4, 1929

Mr. Isaiah K. Tiffenmeister,
Collector of Internal Revenue Office,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:

I just got your letter a few days ago where you want to know how can I explain why I exemsioned $2,146.32 out of my income tax as being give under Item 15. I will answer and say that if you would have read the paper I signed you could see it was for Los Angeles Curtesy to Motorists and Pedestrians Campaign.

You say you would like to know how come that I give so much and how it is for religious, charitable, scientific, literary or educational purposes or for prevention of cruelty to children or animals.

I must say that if the income-tax business is run that way it is no wonder, for it is there on the paper just as clear as how much wages was paid me by Amalgamated Pictures. I do not see anything in your letter saying maybe I made a mistake and reported too much wages. Fat chance, hey, Mr. Tiffenmeister?

Maybe when you saw my name wrote all out John James Gilligan you did not know you was reading the name of Oklahoma Jack Gilligan the noted and handsome motion picture success known as the Jack of Hearts and winner of twenty-eight rodeo medals and cups and amazing and daring automobile driver highly praised by press and public.

You probably did not so I say let's be friends and let by-gones be by-gones and forget all about it and I will send you my autograph photograph even if you did not enclose ten cents in stamps.

US BIG stars in the motion picture game that is trying daily with no thought of ourselves to spread joy through the cinema palaces of the world (and the exhibitors the dirty crooks do not pay half enough film rental which you will see if you try to get in a theater that is showing Oklahoma Jack Gilligan who stands them up even at the supper show) is servants of the public and ought not to be bothered and you might tell Mr. Hoover them very words some day when he comes nosing around and saying where should we get more dough to build a battleship which never does the farmers no good.

So I will close Mr. Tiffenmeister because I have had a great deal of trouble on my mind and I know you are a good fellow and maybe go to the movies yourself and I will try and get you a pass to one of the big theaters when they play to Oklahoma Jack Gilligan to show you that I do not hold it against you that you did not know you was bothering a big movie star about nothing that was important like making moving pictures for the public whose servants we are.

Yours sinc'ly,
OKLAHOMA JACK GILLIGAN.

Hollywood, Calif.
July 12, 1929

Mr. Isaiah K. Tiffenmeister,
Collector of Internal Revenue Office,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:

I have got your second letter about that $2,146.32 which you do not seem to understand it was for the Los Angeles Curtesy to Motorists and Pedestrians Campaign and it was for religious, charitable, scientific, musical, literary and educational purposes and for prevention of cruelty to animals and children.

You say you knew all the time that I was Oklahoma Jack Gilligan but that it makes no difference to the United States Collector of Internal Revenue. Well, Mr. Tiffenmeister I will say that if that is the way things stand, the United States Collector of Internal Revenue is different from most people that writes to me of which there is hundreds every day besides.

I cannot understand why you always want to bother a big movie star that has had a lot of things to worry about such as when the company said that they had decided not to renew his contract because exhibitors would not pay any good prices for Westerns no more and why did you send back my autograph picture folded and broke so I can not use it again?

My little wife that I call just my little Wonder Girl and who is another very good movie actress says I might as well tell you about the Los Angeles Curtesy to Motorists and Pedestrians Campaign and get it over with or you will be bothering me some more and maybe get on my nerves so that I can not be at my best in my big scenes.

Well, Mr. Tiffenmeister, you know how it is with we big stars in the cinema capital of the world (Los Angeles) and everybody always wants to get us to make personal appearances so the tourists will come around and gawk and talk about he ain't nothing like what I thought he would be like is he?

So, Mr. Tiffenmeister, they asked all us big stars to help out in the Los Angeles Curtesy to Motorists and Pedestrians Campaign which was held in Los Angeles in Los Angeles Curtesy to Motorists and Pedestrians Week. A week of curtesy was about all they figured any town would stand for.

THESE weeks is the bunk, Mr. Tiffenmeister, and I do not see why they do not think up weeks that would amount to a hill of beans like Never Mind Paying Your Rent Week or if the Collector of Internal Revenue would hold a Stop Bothering Busy People Week.

This Curtesy Week was about like all of them nobody being any more curteus than usual which in Los Angeles is something fierce.

They had a big seven-passenger Cedric sedan all painted white with flags and ribbons on it and gold words painted on the sides and back saying mottos like Take Your Time, Safety First, Follow The Example of the Curteus Driver, I Am No Road Hog, No Policeman Has To Worry About Me, Drive As I Drive And Make Friends, and a lot of things that was like prohibition a very fine thing for somebody else.

They went to all the big movie stars and got us to promise to drive it for a day all around Los Angeles to be a fine example. Jack Gilbert took it Monday morning and Richard Dix took it Monday afternoon, etc. etc. and I was dated up to drive it Friday morning.

I noticed through the week that the Los Angeles papers was not all hopped up over the story they not feeling that it was any tremendous event like a hurricane in Miami, Fla., but I did not want to duck out since I had promised and the mayor was on hand to start every star out.

I was at Curtesy headquarters at 9 A. M. dressed up in my best cowboy outfit and looking fine even though I was feeling very discouraged for several reasons some of which come in later and one of which I will say now was that the day before Charley Stone the boss at Amalgamated had told me that Westerns was flopping on account of talking pictures and my contract was about up.

Well, Mr. Tiffenmeister, they had everything ready for me. The Curtesy Car was set and on top running from front to back was a big sign telling Demonstration of Curtesy and Careful Driving by Oklahoma Jack Gilligan. They had a trailer hooked on behind. It was a calliope that played itself like a player piano and it was geared to the wheels of the trailer and played Jeannine I Dream of Lilac Time. The faster you went the faster Jeannine dreamed and louder too but if you kept down to twenty mile an hour it was very beautiful and sure made everybody look.

Just as I was about to start they said

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there was an important call and I answered it and it was Charley Stone.

"I think everything is going to come out all right, Jack," he says. "I got a big part in a super-special that you can have if your voice is all right."

"What kind of a part?" I asks.

"A comedy cowboy. It's a story of New York and you will ride a horse down Fifth Avenue and Broadway and you have a lot of big scenes in night clubs where you rescue the heroine from the bootlegger. You have a chance to steal the picture if you can talk O. K."

WELL, that was not just my line, being more a romantic type and better for handsome leading-man jobs, but it looked like a life saver.

"Be here this afternoon at two sharp for a voice test," Charley Stone said. "We have to know for sure about you this afternoon because we start shooting Monday morning."

"Yes, sir!" I said and as I heard myself say "Yes, sir!" Mr. Tiffenmeister, I like to curled up and died because the words come out like a traffic cop's whistle and I remembered what a fix I was in.

I went out and told the Mayor and the committee that I had to go and I could not drive the car because it was a matter of life and death and they said my God do not do that Mr. Gilligan it will roon things.

So the first thing I knew they had pushed me in the car and away I went with the trailer behind gradually getting going on Jeannine.

It was an easy job driving the Curtesy Car because all you had to do was to crawl along about fifteen twenty mile an hour up and down the main streets and keep to the right and let everybody go first.

It blocked up traffic like the very devil, Mr. Tiffenmeister, because for one thing everybody wanted to see Oklahoma Jack Gilligan the great movie star and the cars crowded around and every time I stopped the pedestrians stampeded up against my car like it was Lindbergh's wedding and of course I had to be curteus which did not help none.

It took me so long to get started after I stopped for a traffic light that most of the time I had cars blocked behind me for a quarter of a mile with all of them honking their horns and cussing. With the calliope and the horns and the jammed-up traffic they knew I was in town all right.

I had all morning to spend at it and could not get out of it so I kept calm but I reckon it would be tough to be curteus if you wanted to get anywhere the same day.

But I was worrying a good deal and believe me, Mr. Tiffenmeister, I had a right. I got cheered about 11 a. m. however when my little Wonder Girl that had said she never would speak to me again because of some talk we had about an actor named Van Dyke, come through the crowd and opened the door and jumped in beside me.

"I did you wrong, Jack," she says, throwing her arms around me and kissing me, which drew even more crowd, "Van Dyke is a dirty dog. He is telling all over town what a boob you are and how he framed you."

Well, Mr. Tiffenmeister, you will never know what that did to me.

"Framed me, did he? I will kill the blankety blank," I said. I told her about the voice test. We are going pretty soon and the calliope was playing Jeannine I Dream of Lilac Time and for a minute I would feel good because my little Wonder Girl loved me again and the beautiful music and then I would remember Van Dyke and say I would throttle him with my bear hands.

We come down a street to Hollywood Boulevard and was stopped by a red light. Another Cedric car, but not painted up, with the windshield out and a camera mounted alongside the driver, came up to shoot some newsreel stuff.

Suddenly my little Wonder Girl grabs my arm and yells, "There he goes now! Get him, quick!"

"Where?" I shouts.

"In that yellow car!"

The cross traffic on Hollywood Boulevard was as thick as beans in a can. I spied Van Dyke's yellow coup going across to my left down Hollywood Boulevard just clearing the crossing. He was looking over across the street at us and he leaned out and grinned and waved his hand and gave me the ha ha.

The lights was against me and the traffic cop was standing with his arms spread out and there was no left turn allowed at that corner but I forgot about curtesy and everything and let in my clutch and stepped on the gas and yelled "Get out of my way you dumb cattle" at the pedestrians and let her go knocking over a preacher and some other folks.

As I swung inside the cop he jumped and the trailer with the calliope skidded around and hit a bakery wagon and knocked it over on its side with a crash that did not sound like loaves of bread knocking together.

I hit it up to forty in no time after that yellow coup and the trailer played Jeannine so fast that all you could hear was a terrible shriek.

You probably would like to know, Mr. Tiffenmeister, about the mugg in the yellow coup.

It was a dirty bum named Walter Van Dyke that was a movie leading man and he had stole my best teeth and I could not make a voice test without them because when I tried to talk with my spare plate I whistled on every s.

I WILL now go back a couple of days and tell you how he was playing in a picture with my wife that I call just my little Wonder Girl over to Amalgamated where I work. I happened to stop on the stage and they did not see me and they was rehearsing a love scene and he was kissing my wife hot and heavy in rehearsals and they was laughing like it was good sport and the director was laughing too and said no good try it again, although it looked plenty good to me.

That night I says, "You seem to be stuck on that Van Dyke."

"What do you mean?" she says.

"All that hot love stuff. You sure liked it."

She acted (*Continued on page 40*)

Illustrated by William Hoople

I hit it up to forty in no time after that yellow coup and the trailer played Jeannine so fast that all you could hear was a terrible shriek

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April Escapade

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

CHRISTOPHER STEYNES, a wealthy young bachelor, offers Mary Kate O'Hara, a lovely San Francisco girl, a large sum of money if she will pose as his wife for twenty-four hours. He explains that he must produce a "bride" in order to evade a matrimonial pitfall set by a Russian countess and her avaricious daughter.

Mary Kate is shocked. But her family is poor, and Martin, her older brother, needs money in order to study medicine in Germany with old Dr. van Antwerp, of Burlingame, whose chauffeur he is. . . . Reluctantly, fearfully, she accepts.

Telling her family and her fiancé, Cass Keating, she is being sent to Sacramento on business by Gordon Rountree, her employer, she journeys to Burlingame, to El Hogar—the estate Steynes is occupying; dresses in finery he has purchased for the occasion; and dines with her "husband" at Rountree's palatial home.

Mary Kate acquits herself perfectly at the party, where she meets the scheming Russians and blasts their hope. She and Steynes return to El Hogar and retire very late. Presently, Mary Kate hears a noise. A man raises her window and enters the room! She rushes to Steynes' room. They warn the servants and call the police.

Steynes encounters the intruder and shoots him. The victim is carried away, wounded. Mary Kate is forced to reveal her true name and address to the officers.

The burglar (one Moody, according to the police) does not die. In the morning, after telling her story to Browning, a constable, Mary Kate returns home safely. Martin is away, driving Dr. van Antwerp to Portland. She has told Steynes she can never see him again. And the one person on earth she longs for is—Christopher Steynes!

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

Mary Kate had snatched the receiver from the hook. "Hello!" Then her voice changed. "Oh, yes?" "It isn't Mart, it's business," she said in a reassuring aside to her mother

VII

SUNDAY was a long nightmare to Mary Kate. She went through the usual routine of rushing to early Mass, returning to leisurely breakfast, a minute inspection of the voluminous morning paper, and a comfortable, luxurious, formal toilet, like a woman under a spell.

In the first place, there was the horror of fear lest her name be connected with the story of the Steynes burglary. The evening papers had had mere outlines of the story. This morning's, to her infinite relief, had little more. A young housebreaker had been shot, in the Bersinger hacienda at Burlingame, by Christopher Steynes, of New York, who had rented it for two months. Mr. Steynes was not held; the thief, one Tony Moody, was in the City and County Hospital, not expected to live. He was supposedly one of a gang that had been ravaging the Peninsula homes during the past three months. Steynes, whose original plan had been to sail on the Maru on the eleventh, might be delayed until a later steamer. That was all.

In another part of the paper Mary Kate found a social item. Countess Katya Yarnowska, and her daughter, Countess Marka, were leaving for New York and Paris today. The two Russian noblewomen, distant cousins of the late Czar, had been much entertained during their short stay in San Francisco.

She asked Tom, when he came home from "ten," to bring her the other morning paper. In it she found practically the same account, and the sick fear in her heart abated a little. But in this second paper was a picture of Chris, in polo regalia, with a pony's head looking over his shoulder, and the agony of her feeling for him, her jealousy, her longing, her hunger to see him and hear him, rushed over her in a deluge. A trembling restlessness seized her, not to leave her for the entire day.

Cass came, and was wonderful, and they walked in spring sunshine again, and again looked at empty apartments.

Sometimes she wanted to hurry Cass along. They ought to get home; someone might telephone. At other times she lagged languidly beside him, hoping that every man whose figure came into view, up or down some quiet vista of Sunday streets, might be Chris. Oh, to meet him—

SUPPER was a dream, the evening only vague shadows. But during another long night Mary Kate was wide awake, tossed and tortured by a pouring river of thoughts, half finished, half assimilated, crossing and recrossing each other like thoughts in delirium.

She could not touch her breakfast; the morning in the office was one long expectation. Chris did not come in.

Gordon Rountree did, that afternoon, at about two o'clock.

"Everything all right?" he asked, ignoring the senior Delaney, who was painstakingly making entries in a ledger.

"Oh, yes, thank you!" Mary Kate answered, in a subdued voice. Her face had flushed a deep red.

"Mr. Steynes hasn't heard anything more of the affair," her employer said, significantly. "Won't, probably. He sails next Sunday."

Next Sunday. Six days. The whole world went black. Her heart began to hammer painfully. Chris would be gone forever in six little days, and she was powerless to hold him.

When four o'clock came, and five o'clock, Mary Kate thought she would die of sheer loneliness and heartsickness.

She dragged home. Dinner was ashes, plaster of Paris and sawdust, again. Voices were vague in her ears. Her heart beat hard, her senses hummed, she was restless, impatient, wanting to break her cup frantically, instead of placing it gently in the saucer, wanting to get up and scream, instead of answering the family questions in her usual tone.

AFTER dinner she stepped out into the backyard, and looked up at the early stars. Her two hands she pressed frantically against her heart.

She imagined herself at the telephone.

"Hello. Is Mr. Steynes there?"

"This is he, speaking."

"Oh. Chris, this is Mary."

Then what would he say? What else could he say except, "Did you want to see me?"

And what else could she say but "No?" It would be dangerous to see him. Mother, Mart, Cass, would all be puzzled by her following up any such friendship.

She quivered from head to foot. She put her hands over her face, and bowed her body backward and forward, under the soft spring night sky, her breath whistling as it came and went. Her mouth was dry, and her hands cold.

"I can't stand this!" said Mary Kate. She had a longing to tell her big brother, to be "said by Mart," as the family always was.

But a telegram from Mart, received that day, had said "Having fine time, home Wednesday or Thursday." No hope there.

And Chris would sail on Saturday!

Cass came out, laughing, to find her among the empty barrels and clotheslines, and put his arm about her.

"Hello, sweet! Whatcha doing out here all alone?"

"L-l-looking up at the stars, Cass. It's so lovely out."

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Her heart was suffocating her. Not being Chris, he was nothing, he was nobody. His kiss meant nothing; she was out of his arms restlessly, before she was fairly in them.

The huge bulk of the apartment houses behind the O'Hara home was marked into rising tiers of lighted windows now; little blocks and angles of gold rose fairy-castlewise in the young darkness. The air was sweet and languid and tired tonight; windows everywhere were open, and voices and snatches of laughter, and the whining of phonographs pierced the night.

Cass and Mary Kate followed the wooden path to the side fence, and hung there, staring at the side street. The great cigarette sign loomed and flashed and faded, loomed and flashed and faded, off to the north, and the footsteps and the chatter of passers-by were sharp in the mottled glare and shadow.

Mary Kate could remember leaning on this old fence ever since she could remember anything: tonight Cass put his arm about her. She stirred uneasily under his embrace.

"Something the matter tonight, dear?"

SHE was frantic. Suddenly everything fell to pieces: she couldn't help it, it had to come.

"Oh, Cass—I have to tell you. We can't—I don't want to be married, dear! Listen. I like you—terribly. But I don't want to get married—"

She spaced the last words, giving them emphasis. She had turned to face him now, and had put an imploring hand on his shoulder.

They could not see each other's faces: they stood so for perhaps a full minute. Then Cass said:

"Well, that's all right, dear. You don't have to marry me."

Mary Kate laughed excitedly.

"You do understand, don't you?"

"Why, of course I understand," Cass' kind, big-brotherly voice said. "I kind of rushed you, last week. And I knew that what you had wasn't ptomaine; I knew that something was worrying you!"

"And you understand?" she repeated feverishly, in the pause.

"Of course I understand. You don't want to be rushed."

"No; that's it. I don't want to be rushed. And you see—" Her voice dwindled away inconsequently. She fingered his coat lapel. "I like this suit—" she began again, swallowing tears.

"It's my old brown suit."

"I know." Her words gathered perilous momentum. "But I like it—I think I like it better than the blue!"

"Mary Kate!" he said. "Ah, darling, don't!"

For she was crying bitterly, in his arms.

"I d-d-don't know why I'm boo-hoo-ooooing this way, like a ba-ba-baby!"

"You're all upset," Cass murmured, kissing the top of her head, that smelled deliciously of youth and freshness and the odd delightful fragrance that always clung to Mary Kate's blazing hair.

"I don't know why—" she gulped, trying to laugh, clinging to him.

She never had done this before. Cass tightened his arms.

"Maybe you missed your good-for-nothing beau, while you were away?"

"Yes, I did." She withdrew from his arms, and fumbled for her handkerchief, straightening herself up, shaking herself into composure and order. "I'm crazy!" she confessed, on a wet, shaken note.

"You're tired. Let's not go anywhere tonight, Mary Kate? Let's go into the front room, and talk."

This would keep Tom out of his bed, in the adjoining dining-room. But she was so tired! And with the children doing home work, and Mother setting raisin rolls, they could not sit in the kitchen.

"No; that's it. I don't want to be rushed. And you see—" Her voice dwindled away inconsequently

They slipped quietly through the dining-room, and Mary Kate lighted a bead of gas in the front room. It smelled very close in there, and Cass opened the windows. The room was revealed as shabby and small, with an upright piano backed against one wall, and a parlor furniture set, consisting of a deep davenport, two old armchairs, and a table, almost completing the furniture. A photograph of the late Thomas O'Hara was on a mock mantel, a great bunch of limp purple ribbons decorating one corner of the frame.

"CASS, have you got two quarters for four bits?" Mrs. O'Hara called from the kitchen.

"I think so!" the boy shouted back, his hand in his pocket.

"I'm going to run upstairs, Cass, and wash my face!" Mary Kate went by him in the dimness, and Cass went into the kitchen.

She came back to the dim parlor fifteen minutes later, cool and refreshed. But she was still very quiet. She had changed to a soft old house dress, and had assumed comfortable slippers; her hair was damp, brushed childishly off her face, which was quite free of artifice.

THEY sat down close together on the davenport, and Cass pulled her head to his shoulder, and they both rested far back, their feet touching, stretched out before them on the rug.

"Now, let's talk it over," Cass said comfortably. "How about not marrying me?"

Suddenly she was in rebellion again. Her tears, and the application of fresh cold water and soap to her hot face, had rested her. But once again the fever seized her.

"It can wait—" she said deliberately, a tiny edge to her voice.

There was an alarmed note in his, a hurt, reproachful note.

"How do you mean it can wait?"

"Oh, I only think I'm tired," Mary Kate breathed wearily, closing her eyes, tightening her fingers on his.

"But honey, don't you want me when you're tired? Seems to me—"

"It's only," she interrupted, "that I don't like to think of myself as engaged."

"Well, as long as you'll marry me next month—" he conceded, in good-natured daring.

She was still for a while. Then the tears began to run rapidly down her face, and she whispered, without stirring.

"Oh, Cass, I'm so unhappy!"

"Ah, dearie, I'm sorry. I've never seen you like this before."

"I've never been like this before."

Smells of dust, upholstery and shabbiness came out of the furniture, and the sweet night breezes through the open windows moved them about, and blew them away.

"Cass—" the girl said suddenly. "I have to tell you. I may get over it, but—something's the matter with me. It's making me almost crazy, I haven't ever felt like this. I think—" she resumed, with a desperate little laugh, after a moment's pause, "that I'm in love."

"What are you talking about?" Cass' arm jumbled and shook her alarmedly. "You're engaged to me," he said good-naturedly.

"It may pass," she said stubbornly. "But—but I tell you it's terrible.

"I met a man," Mary Kate went on steadily, "who is leaving town in a few days, I'll never see him again. But—but it wouldn't be fair to you—"

"Oh, yes, it would," Cass murmured contentedly, tightening his arm.

"Listen, Cass—"

"Oh, listen yourself, darling! Don't be a fool. Who was it, Locke Lorimer?"

MARY KATE was very still. After a while she said, in a chilled voice:

"I wasn't trying to tell you that I had a crush on a movie star!"

"Well—it was probably just as bad," Cass said. But as the girl resumed her hurt silence, he added, in a slightly more concerned and sympathetic tone, "Tell me about it."

"It makes everything wonderful—the streets and the bakeries and the fog, and going to bed and getting up," Mary Kate presently said, in a dreaming voice. "It makes me want to think—over and over again, of everything he ever said to me, or I to him. Everything—trembles, Cass. Everything—shines. It makes me sick with misery, and yet I wouldn't give it up—"

"What are (*Continued on page 44*)

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One of the Best

By Samuel McCoy

A story of a man who could not win until there was nothing left to lose

On the broad stairway Ribberson heard a whisper in his ear: "Go roun' da corn'. Take da black car." He did not turn

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

CREWS, the city editor, beckoned to Ribberson, as he came in. He went over to the desk. In his hands Crews held a sheaf of clippings.

"Read the paper?" said the editor. "This diamond-smuggling story?"

"Sure," said Ribberson.

"Well," said Crews, "take a slant at these and hand 'em back to me. All I want you to do is to go over to see Milmaroff—"

He stopped suddenly and looked up. "Say," he demanded, "you been drinkin', Ribberson? You smell like a distillery."

Ribberson flushed. "I had one, just before I came in. What about it?"

"Just this about it," said Crews. "You know the rules. One more break and you're done. Now get me. Lay off it."

Ribberson was silent.

"Go over and see Milmaroff," Crews resumed. "He's president of this Amalgamated Jewelry Importers' League. Ask him all about this smuggling business. We'll give it a play along with the news story. Got me?"

Ribberson took the clippings held out to him, walked to his desk, and glanced through them, raging inwardly. A deck hand from one of the big passenger liners in port had been trailed by Customs men until they had seen him met by another man. They had arrested the two and taken from them a package of diamonds. The clippings hinted hopefully that the arrests would lead to the discovery and breaking-up of a gigantic diamond-smuggling syndicate. Ribberson skimmed through them with eyes suffused with rage. He didn't have to take any lip from that squirt, Crews. Why should he have to run around like a trained dog, at the whim of that fellow? Bawling him out in front of the whole office, when he was stone sober! The clippings danced before his eyes.

He found the building in which were Milmaroff's offices to be a vast temple on the Avenue, whose street floor was occupied by Delaney's. A stout woman in furs squeezed herself pantingly from the doors of a limousine at the curb as Ribberson reached the spot, and, escorted by her own servant and the doorman at Delaney's, wheezed across the pavement and into the great bronze-doored shop. Ribberson looked, fingered the ten cents in his pocket, and spat.

Milmaroff's offices were on the eighteenth floor. Milmaroff greeted him affably. Ribberson hated him. He looked too prosperous. But he smothered his inward rage and began to ask questions. The jeweler entered into an explanation of the various steps in the diamond industry. Two or three times a year, he said, he visited Antwerp and Amsterdam, to buy.

"After I've made my selections," he was saying, "at the diamond broker's offices, the stones are usually repapered. Next—"

"Excuse me," said Ribberson, "what do you mean by 'repapering' a diamond?"

"Putting fresh papers on the lot," said Milmaroff.

Ribberson was still puzzled. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I don't get you. Why do you have to put papers on diamonds? What sort of papers?"

THE jeweler looked at him in surprise. "Why," he said, "haven't you ever seen a diamond paper?"

"No," said Ribberson. He felt angry. Perhaps everyone else in the world—everyone with money; lucky people, people who owned cars and had servants, and who thought nothing of going into a shop and buying a diamond bracelet or a pearl necklace—might know what a diamond paper was; but he didn't; he had never had enough money in his life to dream of entering a jewelry shop. The jeweler's surprised question infuriated him. Why should he, Ribberson, know what a diamond paper was?

"No," he said, flushing.

"Wait a moment," said the jeweler. He got up and went into the adjoining room. Ribberson was left alone in the little private office. He waited.

In a moment, tne jeweler returned. In his hands he carried a large leather wallet. He sat down. He pulled out the extension leaf above the top drawer of his roll-top desk.

"Here," he said.

He placed the wallet on the leaf between him and Ribberson. The wallet was about ten inches long, four inches wide, three inches thick. Its leather was thin, soft from much handling, somewhat shabby. The jeweler untied its strings and folded its leather flaps carefully back.

There was revealed a long row of little white paper packages, each about four inches wide, two or three inches high. They seemed almost flat. The jeweler ran his finger swiftly over them and selected one at random. He pushed the wallet to one side and opened the little paper package.

It had looked, to Ribberson, like a small envelope; but now he saw that it was not an envelope. It was merely a double sheet of white oilskin paper, folded to a rectangle. Its flaps were not gummed.

"There," said the jeweler. "That's a diamond paper."

He unfolded it. In a crease of its folds were a number of very small and very brightly glittering objects. They looked, to Ribberson, like bits of glass.

"Those are small stones," said the jeweler. "About fifty to the carat."

He folded up the paper again, replaced it carefully, selected and opened another. In this, the glittering stones were considerably larger, and fewer in number. He picked one up deftly and held it toward Ribberson.

"That's a three-carat stone," said Milmaroff. "Worth about eight hundred dollars."

HE UNFOLDED one after another of the little papers. In each one danced the little stones, glittering with flashes of blue and red. Ribberson, watching with fascinated eyes, felt a curious faintness.

"What's the total value of all those diamonds in those papers?" he managed to say.

"Oh," said the jeweler casually, "two or three hundred thousand dollars."

He folded the wallet up again, tied up its flaps, and took it back to its safe in the outer room.

"Diamonds don't take up much room," he added, as he returned. "Three pounds of diamonds, you know, average value, would be worth approximately a million dollars. That's why they're so tempting an article to smuggle. You can put a three-pound package into your coat and nobody would ever know that you were carrying a million dollars, or even that you were carrying anything at all."

Ribberson felt a new rush of unreasoning rage. The fingers of his left hand, in his trousers pocket, clenched upon the only coin they found there—the dime. His eyes rested upon the frayed cuff of his right sleeve.

"Could I?" he said.

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His voice was level; but he felt that he might easily scream out curses. He gripped himself. He smiled.

"Now, about this smuggling game, Mr. Milmaroff," he said. "You say they actually get away with a good deal of it?"

AN HOUR later, having had all his questions answered, he stuffed his penciled notes into his pocket and stood up.

"Thanks, Mr. Milmaroff," he said, "I've got plenty for the story."

The traffic stream held him as he started back across the Avenue. He stepped back just in time to escape an arrogantly flashing limousine and fancied he caught a smile of contempt upon the granite face of its liveried driver. The stream of haughty motors, endless, crawled past him slowly; and as he waited furiously, his hatred of all that was rich grew with every moment.

A drink would go good. Yes, but where was he going to get it? You can't get a drink with a dime. No, you certainly can't.

Wait a minute—how about Big Nick Vitali? Big Nick certainly owed him a drink. Wouldn't he have been in awful bad if he hadn't been tipped off that time? Sure, Nick ought to come across. If a bird that handles a couple of million gallons of alcohol a year can't come across with one drink for a friend—why sure!

RIBBERSON walked rapidly across town to a ramshackle building in the West Forties. Big Nick's trucking offices were on the ground floor; his own offices, Ribberson knew, were on the floor above. He climbed up the creaking wooden stairs.

In the dingy anteroom lounged two heavy-set men. Ribberson knew who they were—Big Nick's regular bodyguard.

"Hello, Louis," said Ribberson. "Hello, Salvatore."

The two men nodded, without smiling.

"The big boss in?" inquired Ribberson.

"Sure," said one of the men. "Go on in."

Ribberson laid his hand on the half-opened door of the inner room and went in. Big Nick was seated as usual at his battered desk.

"Hello, Joe," he said. "How you was, huh?"

Ribberson attempted an equal familiarity. "Where do you get that 'Joe' stuff?" he inquired. "That ain't my name." He grinned.

Vitali laughed. "Sure, that's all right, Joe," he said. "How's th' business?"

"Oh, all right," said Ribberson. "Say Nick, how about a little drink?"

"Sure," said Nick. He reached into a drawer of the desk and pulled out a bottle and a pair of glasses. "Sure, we own th' place! Help yourself, Joe."

Ribberson's relief was profound. He reached out a trembling hand and seized the bottle. They drank.

Footsteps sounded on the creaking stairs, and one of the men in the anteroom closed the door gently. Nick, with his glass in his hand, listened intently. Then he grinned. "Friend of mine," he explained, as he recognized the visitor's voice. "Excuse."

He went out, leaving the door ajar. Ribberson heard his jovial greeting. The newcomer's voice was low, but Ribberson caught an occasional word. The conversation went on, interminably. Ribberson eyed the bottle hungrily. His hand crept toward it.

The conversation in the outer room went on. Ribberson drank again. What was the visitor saying? Apparently he was trying to sell Big Nick something. Vitali was stubbornly, but pleasantly, refusing. "No," he kept repeating. "No. Nothin' doin', Joe."

"He calls everyone Joe," thought Ribberson bitterly. He reached again for the bottle. "Look at all I've done for him," he reflected. "And he calls me Joe." He drank.

THE visitor's guarded voice went on, persistent. Big Nick's own voice rose a little. "I ain't goin' to buy no more stock, I tell you," he said. "I got three hunner' grand to the good now, an' I ain't goin' to lose no more, see? Glass is differen', Joe. I'm puttin' it in glass, see?"

Ribberson looked at his own glass. It was empty.

Nick came back into the room. Ribberson grinned at him. Nick's eyes rested on the bottle, then on Ribberson. The eyes suddenly grew very narrow and very cold. Ribberson smiled uneasily. "What do you say we have a drink, Nick?" he said.

The man laughed. "Sure," he said. "Sure. Let's have a drink."

He beckoned to the two men in the outer room. One of them kept a hand under Ribberson's arm until he got down the stairs and into the street. Then he released his grip and Ribberson walked away.

Ribberson's fury against the world grew as he walked the five squares to the Planet office. It now included Big Nick Vitali. Where did that big bum think *he* got off? A nice way to treat a friend who had kept him out of the pen! He walked into the office muttering.

Crews saw him as he entered the room, saw him as he stood there swaying. Crews got up and went over to him.

"You're through," he said to Ribberson. "I warned you. Now get out."

Ribberson steadied himself against a desk. He breathed heavily. He wanted to hit Crews. But it seemed unwise to let go of the desk. "You're smart fella', ain't yuh?" he said.

Crews looked at him wearily. "Oh, go on home," he said. "Beat it. The cashier will have everything that's coming to you—whenever you're sober enough to come and get it."

For a long time Ribberson stood there swaying, the hatred choking him.

And in some way or other he got to his own room. How, he never knew. He found himself lying across his bed. It was afternoon. Without lifting his head he could see the alarm clock hanging on its nail against the tattered wallpaper. He groaned. He must get up and get to the office. Office? He didn't have any. Crews . . .

Slowly it came back to him. He looked at his clothing. It was muddy. Well, it didn't make any difference. He was through. No job. No money. Nothing. . . .

SHAKING, he got up and went out. There was only one place to go—Big Nick's. Every nerve in his body shrieked aloud for whisky. Big Nick must give it to him.

Big Nick pulled the bottle from the desk without a word, but did not extend it to him. Ribberson wanted to scream.

"For God's sake, Nick, let me have a drink, will you?" he said huskily.

But Vitali sat motionless and looked at him curiously. Finally he spoke.

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I'll give you a drink. But lissen, Joe—yuh get it when I'm through talkin'. Get me?"

Ribberson sat down suddenly and buried his face in his hands.

Vitali, still sitting sluggishly in his chair, pulled open another drawer in the desk. From it he took two objects. One was a black magazine pistol. He

"What do you suppose I got m' bag fixed this way for?" he demanded, angrily. He threw the light satchel on the desk, swaying unsteadily

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laid it on the desk. The other was a package. He opened it.

"Look here," he commanded.

Ribberson looked toward the man dully. He saw the gun. He saw the package beside it. Vitali lifted the contents of the package and fluttered them in his thick dirty fingers, under Ribberson's eyes. They were bank-notes, yellow-backs. Nick counted them, aloud.

"Fi'ty, one hunner', one-fi'ty, two hunner'—how you like 'em, Joe? I got fi' grand here, see, Joe? Fi' grand. You wan' 'em? Lemme tell yuh w'at you do, Joe—me, I'm goin' over to the old country, do a little business, see? I go on one ship, I pay for your ticket on anudder ship. I do my business, then we come back on same ship. W'en we get back here, you help me carry some little stuff up here to my office, see? An' then you gets dis fi' grand, see? That's all, Joe. Easy mon, huh? Sure! But, lissen, you lay off da booze all da time, see? Now, w'at you say?"

RIBBERSON was breathing heavily. Five thousand dollars! Why? Why was Vitali offering him money? Three hundred grand—three hundred thousand dollars. In glass. He struggled painfully to remember. In glass! Milmaroff. Little flashing bits of glass. Why, yes! What was it that Milmaroff had said? Twenty per cent—twenty per cent duty. Twenty per cent of three hundred thousand. That's sixty thousand. Big Nick will save sixty thousand dollars. Sixty thousand. Five thousand. Five thousand for Ribberson. But a drink. A drink. He felt deathly sick. He looked up at Big Nick, nodded, and collapsed.

Ribberson, with an effort, forced himself to remain standing quietly at the ship's rail.

He tried to swallow. His throat was dry. But he wouldn't have a drink. No, it wasn't time yet. And not now, anyway—not now, with Big Nick so close to him. Big Nick would smell it, and then the whole deal would be off. No, better wait till the stuff was delivered. There, there go the gangplanks.

Take your time, that's right, take your time. And watch your bag. Watch your bag! Good old bag—same old bag you started out with, when you sailed a month ago, nothing in it but a few dirty collars and those little things you bought in Antwerp. Same old bag that Nick gave you when you started. Nothing to pay duty on—no duty on personal effects. Well, here we go.

Here we go, down the gangplank. It won't be long now. Funny how heavy your feet feel. Like lead. God, what a lot of people crowding around the foot of this gangplank! A million eyes. Eyes. Who do they think they're looking at? Why don't they mind their own business? Well, let 'em look! See where *that* gets 'em.

But in that sea of eager faces Ribberson suddenly saw a face he knew. There, over on the right of the crowd. A gray face. An unsmiling face, in which glittered two eyes that were searching for him, Ribberson. The eyes rested on him. Ribberson knew those eyes; they were the eyes of Salvatore, Big Nick's bodyguard.

To the left, in the crowd below, he saw another pair of eyes watching him. Cold eyes, unwinking eyes. Big Nick's second spaniel. The man that croaked Greiner, when Greiner's mob tried to chisel Big Nick's racket. Ribberson shuddered.

So that was it, was it? So Big Nick had put both his spaniels on him, to make sure that he didn't get away from Nick. Well, what of it? He had no intention of getting away.

Ribberson watched both men out of the tail of his eye as he carried his bag over to the R-S-T section for examination. He started violently, at a touch on his elbow. Turning, he saw that an inspector had reached him.

"All right, mister," said the man pleasantly. "Where's your baggage?"

Ribberson indicated the bag at his feet.

"There it is, Chief," he smiled. "I'm no millionaire."

The inspector grinned, then fumbled through the bag.

"Hello, Ribberson!" said a cheerful voice. "What are *you* covering?"

RIBBERSON'S heart missed a beat. He turned quickly. It was Jim Thorley, a reporter for the Planet. Thorley was looking at him oddly.

"Oh!" said Ribberson. "Hello, Thorley."

"You're looking fine," said Thorley. "Where you working now?"

"I'm not working," said Ribberson. "Just got off this boat."

Thorley's eyes widened. "Yeah?" he inquired. "You must have come into money? Good trip? Say, whad'ye know about this tip on Big Nick Vitali? You musta met him, didn't you?"

"No," said Ribberson. "You mean the bootlegger? No, I didn't see him. Was he on this boat?"

"Sure. That's him over there, now. Look, they're leadin' him off for further examination! The tip is that he bought about a million dollars' worth of diamonds over in Antwerp and is tryin' to smuggle 'em in. They went over him at quarantine with a fine-tooth comb, and ripped up his whole cabin. Nothing anywhere! Didn't you hear it?"

"No," said Ribberson. "I came second cabin. Never even knew he was on board."

"Well," said Thorley, carelessly, "I've got to be going. So long, Ribberson."

"So long."

Thorley waved a hand and moved away through the crowd.

The inspector straightened up. "Okay," he said.

Ribberson picked up his bag and made his way through the confusion and the crowd. His knees felt strange. As he walked down the broad stairway to the street-level he heard a whisper at his ear: "Don't take no taxi here. Cross da street. Go roun' da corn'. Take da black car."

Ribberson did not turn. He walked on. He crossed the street.

Around the corner was a black car, drawn up at the curb. Ribberson got in. One of Nick's men was already sitting there. The second followed Ribberson and sat down opposite him.

THE car started. It went swiftly, darting forward whenever the traffic opened up; but to Ribberson it seemed as if the ride would never end. He didn't like this business. You didn't get what it was worth. A lousy little five grand—and what was five grand? Nothing at all!

The car stopped. "Get out," said one of the men. Ribberson got out.

They went up the steps of a dingy tenement house. The hallway was dark and smelled of garlic. One of the two men went ahead, opened the door, and motioned to Ribberson to enter. He went in.

It was a small room, with a bare and dusty floor, on which stood two or three chairs.

"Seddown," said the man. Ribberson sat down. The man went out. The door closed behind him. Ribberson heard the key turn in the lock.

At the end of two hours, Ribberson heard footsteps coming along the hallway. The key fumbled in the lock. The door swung open. Big Nick Vitali stepped in.

"Hello, Joe," he said, smiling. "Got the stuff, huh?"

Ribberson nodded, unable to speak.

"Well, get busy."

Ribberson staggered to his feet. He picked up the bag, weakly, and placed it on the rickety table, bottom up.

"Here," said Vitali, impatiently, "gimme ya knife."

He ripped the seams open. The leather bottom came off. Beneath it was a layer of soft white cotton batting. Vitali lifted it, disengaged it, and spread it gently flat upon the table. Gently he lifted the upper layer of cotton.

And even in the dull glow of the single electric bulb that dangled from its cord above the table, the sheet of cotton pulsated with a hundred flashes of red and green and blue.

FOR a long moment, Vitali gazed greedily at the flashing miracle. Then, rousing himself, he turned toward Ribberson. "Good keed," he said. "I give you da jack."

From an inner pocket he drew out a bundle of bank notes. He passed it to Ribberson.

"Fi' grand. Wanna count it?"

Ribberson managed to smile. "No," he said, "no, that's all right. Well—good-by, Nick. Much . . . obliged."

"Goo'-by."

Ribberson hesitated. "Nearly forgot my bag," he grinned. He picked it up.

"Well, good-by," he repeated.

"Goo'-by," said Vitali. A faint smile was in his eyes.

Ribberson went down the dark hall. The two men who had brought him there stood at the street door. One of them unlocked it and they drew aside to let him pass.

Ribberson went out.

As the door closed behind him, Vitali appeared at the end of the hall.

"All ri', boys," he called to the two men. "Everything's all ri'. Help yourselfs." He waved his hand toward the door.

The silent spaniels went out.

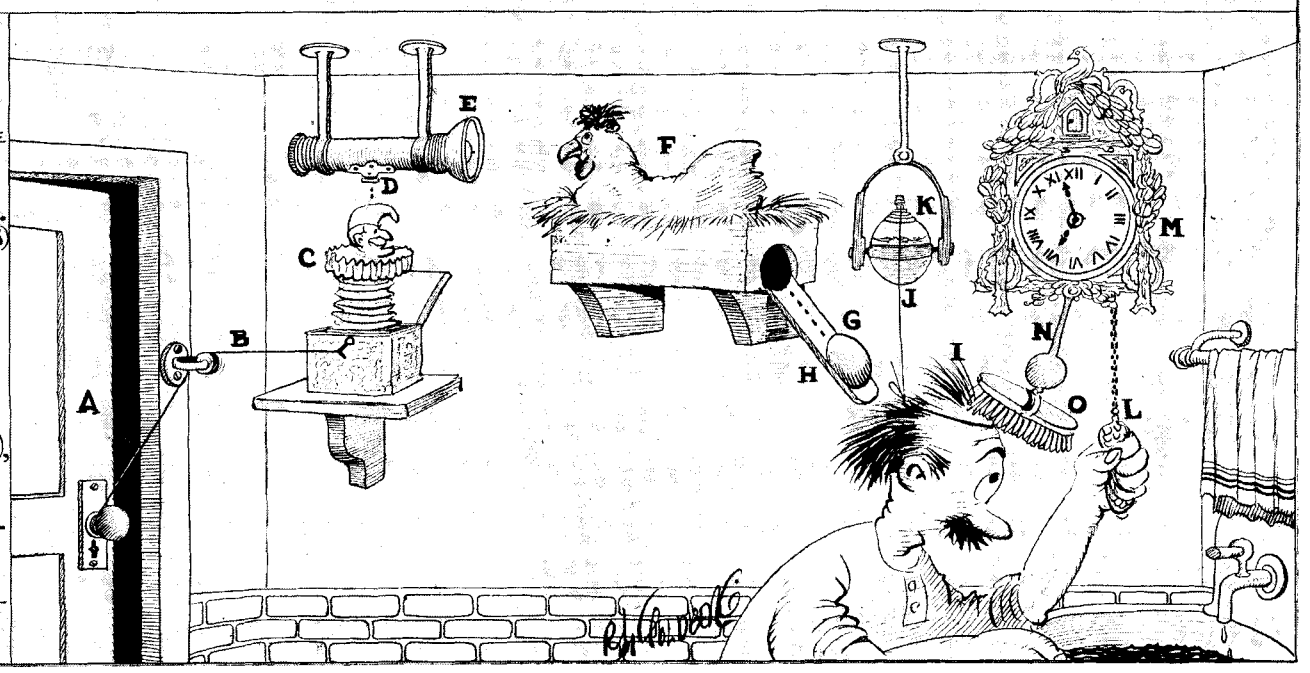
But Ribberson did not go home to his rooming-house. That could come later. He turned the corner, turned east, and began walking fast. He knew exactly where he was going. There was one place—if it hadn't been padlocked during his absence—that must be his first stop. One drink, and then he would go on to the room and get the bag stowed away where it would be safe. But, right now, he had to have one. A man can't stand *everything*. One would be enough.

But at nine o'clock he was still sitting at the (*Continued on page 42*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS SWEEPS THE DUST OUT OF HIS BRAIN AND UNCOVERS AN IDEA FOR A SIMPLIFIED EGG SHAMPOO. NEGLECT TO PAY YOUR BUTCHER BILL AND WHEN BUTCHER COMES AROUND FOR MONEY HE OPENS DOOR (A) WHICH PULLS CORD (B) RELEASING JACK-IN-THE-BOX (C) WHICH PRESSES HEAD AGAINST BUTTON (D), TURNING ON FLASHLIGHT (E). HEN (F) THINKS SUN HAS RISEN AND LAYS EGG (G) WHICH ROLLS DOWN TROUGH (H) AND BREAKS AGAINST YOUR HEAD (I). SUDDEN IMPACT OF EGG CAUSES YOU TO DUCK AND PULL STRING (J) WHICH TILTS SANITARY SOAP-CONTAINER (K) CAUSING SOAP TO SPLASH ON HEAD. YOU REACH FOR SOMETHING WITH WHICH TO STEADY YOURSELF AND GRAB WEIGHT (L) THAT STARTS CUCKOO CLOCK (M), CAUSING PENDULUM (N) TO RUB ATTACHED BRUSH (O) BACK AND FORTH ON HAIR. ON SECOND THOUGHT, IT MAY BE ADVISABLE TO GO TO THE BARBER SHOP FOR YOUR EGG SHAMPOO BECAUSE IF THE CLOCK GETS OUT OF ORDER IT WILL COST MUCH MORE TO HIRE A WATCHMAKER.



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"YOUR CAR DEALER SPEAKING"

"THERE are a few things we would like to say about the business of being a car dealer. Many changes have taken place in the last year or two. There was a time when we just sold automobiles—today we're in business to supply transportation and see that it gives satisfaction.

"In other words when we deliver a car our interest in that car does not end with the sale. As a matter of fact, as long as you own that car we feel obligated to see that it serves you faithfully and economically.

"In order to discharge this obligation we should see your car regularly and have the opportunity of making those minor adjustments that cost so little but mean so much. If we could do this with every car we sell, and if our advice on lubrication were followed by every customer, most common motoring troubles would be eliminated."

The emphasis placed on lubrication is significant, as is the increasing number of car-dealers who are supplying and recommending HYVIS Motor Oil to their customers. HYVIS, the Peer of Pure Pennsylvania lubricants, carries not only car-dealer endorsement, but the approval by name or specification of every leading motor car manufacturer. It offers you twice the mileage of ordinary oils and is available at car dealers, better garages and independent filling stations from coast to coast.

HYVIS MOTOR OIL
Super-refined Pure Pennsylvania
Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

The correct retail price is 35c per quart. Slightly higher in Far West and Canada.

HYVIS is refined at Warren, Pennsylvania by Fred G. Clark, Inc. Established 1882. Home Office at Cleveland. Branches at Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York and Seattle.

The Completely Super-Refined Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil

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Galloping Pete

By Thomas McMorrow

Illustrated by R. V. Culter

"Ten thousand dollars!" said Pete. "Honest?" Octavine's eyes were starry. Her hand shot out and covered Pete's

The Story Thus Far:

GALLOPING PETE PEMBERWICK, former college football star, is friendless and penniless in New York City, where he is picked up by Colonel Ernest Swetfager.

An art collection bequeathed to Pete by his great-aunt, which is valued at $85,000 and out of which Swetfager tried to swindle him, is partly destroyed.

The colonel persuades Pete to come back into the partnership they had formed, trying to collect the accounts of a defunct firm. When their joint bank account, gained by most remarkable methods, totals $39,550, the colonel tricks Pete into signing a blank check, and leaves for parts unknown, "giving" Pete an apartment house mortgaged for more than it is worth.

Pete and Octavine Milton, the colonel's beautiful niece, are very much in love with each other. He gives her a half interest in "his" apartment house, The Thorncliffe.

In The Thorncliffe is the real estate office of Mr. Peck, father of a former football chum of Pete's, now dead. The mortgages are being foreclosed and Peck is threatened with dispossession for non-payment of rent, but he and Pete form the firm of Peck & Pemberwick, pay the rent and refuse to leave unless their demands are met. Under a compromise they are to have the management for a year on trial of the new building to go on that site, and $20,000 in cash.

Pete blithely leases a $2,500 apartment in the building-to-be, and Octavine consents to marry him.

IV

"THE big difference that most people see between a pickpocket and a real estate broker," complained Mr. Ulysses G. Peck of the new real estate firm of Peck & Pemberwick, "is that the pickpocket can't sue for his money if he doesn't get it the first time. I don't see why people don't pay us what they owe. Look at that mail—nothing but bills."

"Well, that's all we send out, isn't it?" smiled Pete Pemberwick, tapping his elderly partner's shoulder. "We're getting an even break, Peck."

"Mr. Dilbetter," announced Miss Octavine Milton, who was the office girl.

"Take him, Pete," whispered Mr. Peck, withdrawing into his private cubby-hole on the other side of the partition.

"Mr. Pemberwick?" The caller's manner was chilly. "About our furniture."

"You mean our furniture?" Peter waved an inclusive hand.

"No, I mean our furniture," said Mr. Dilbetter, indicating the same objects. "You have it on conditional bill of sale only, and unless we get our money—"

"Exactly," agreed Pete. "You wish to speak to my partner. He'll be here on Tuesday next."

"Saturday," said Mr. Dilbetter with finality.

Pete followed Mr. Peck through the partition.

"Here's a flash, Pete," resumed Mr. Peck, leaning back. "Drop in at the county clerk's every morning and see what properties the lawyers have sunk their teeth in. They can probably be bought on a shoe string, and if you rush them right up to the operators—"

"Mr. Birnbaum," announced Octavine.

"Take him, Peck," said Pete, withdrawing coyly.

Mr. Peck rejoined him after some muffled talk behind the partition. "You have a date, Pete, to talk to the painter about his bill on Saturday morning. I see where we'll have to put in an icebox door if we want privacy for our conference."

The door at which he was looking flew open. A youngish man, attired in a perfectly fitting check suit and a wide-brimmed straw hat whose polychrome band matched his necktie and socks, waved to them from the threshold. "Peck and Pemberwick present in person!" he cried. "Hello, Ulysses, old boy. What do you know, Pete?"

The partners looked at their unbidden guest and then at each other. "Seems to be a friendly little fellow," muttered Pete.

THE intruder closed the door behind him, sauntered to a chair, sat down, and drew a sheaf of paper slips from his breast. "The name is Schwager, boys," he mumbled, rolling his morning cigar in his mouth. "Sam Schwager, real estate broker and red-hot. I want to do business with you boys. I've got a pick-up, a real pick-up—red-hot. Have you any jack that's not doing its stuff?"

"That does not concern you, sir," said Mr. Peck.

"First you want to hear my windstorm," said Sam Schwager knowingly. "Here goes, boys; pull up your chairs. A client of mine owns a flat on Third Avenue that she'll sell for $55,000, with only five thousand cash. Well, boys, I shopped it around cleverly, and this morning an operator offered me seventy thousand for it. Get the big idea? You boys put up five cash and buy the flat, and by noon today I'll have a contract from the operator to take it off you for seventy thousand. We cut up fifteen thousand profit, a big seven and a little five apiece. Ask me, Pete; ask me, Ulysses, old son. It's a sleeper. There's a boom down that way, and this client of mine never heard the whistle blow. Five turns it, boys. Do you declare in? Ask me all about it."

"Will you charge your client a brokerage for selling her flat for fifty-five thousand?" asked Mr. Peck.

"There's got to be a broker," said Sam Schwager firmly.

Mr. Peck opened the real estate manual on his desk.

"Mr. Schwager," he said then, holding the open book close to the visitor's Roman nose, "you call yourself a broker, but you seem unfamiliar with the rules of the Realty Board. Please note the authorized commission for selling in Manhattan—2½ per cent on the first forty thousand and one per cent on the surplus—making your commission on the proposed sale $1,150."

"That's what I'll charge her," protested Sam Schwager.

"You propose to charge her $15,000 in excess," said Mr. Peck, firmly but without rancor. "You're taking advantage of her ignorance of values. It's your duty to secure your client the greatest possible price, to work solely in her interest, and to act only as a broker. We are brokers, Mr. Schwager, and not gamblers, and we won't participate in any scheme to take advantage of the confidence a client reposes in us."

"No, no, Schwager," said Pete. "It's nice of you to give us the chance, but it really wouldn't be ethical."

"I swear," said Sam Schwager, gaping at them. He got up. "Do you know what I think?" he said loudly. "I think the matter with you two birds is simply that you haven't got the five grand to put up."

"What!" exclaimed the partners, bristling.

"You infernal rascal!" cried Mr. Peck.

"Choose your exit, Schwager, and run, you hear?" growled Pete, his big face flushed with indignation. "Or you'll go out the window!"

"We'll report you to the board and have your certificate taken," threatened Mr. Peck as Sam Schwager started. "We are just fishing you out, and you are an unethical scoundrel, sir."

He was still fuming when Octavine entered. As usual, her eyes of deep and brilliant blue turned first to Pete. She said then to Mr. Peck, in a low tone and excitedly, "Do you know who is waiting outside? One of the biggest—"

"Miss Milton," said Mr. Peck, "you have been with this firm now for exactly one month."

"Oh, bother that," she said lightly. "You're going to tell me for the fifth time that it's not convenient for the firm to pay me my salary. Do you know who is waiting to see you?"

"I was going to tell you, Miss Milton, that it's high time you learned the simple duties of your position. What's the idea of letting that fellow in here without announcing him?"

"Easy, Peck," advised Pete. "You're forgetting that Octavine is my fiancée."

"No, Pete, Mr. Peck is right. He wants to pay me my salary and let me go."

"We might do that too," blustered Mr. Peck.

"Some of it, anyway," said Pete, exaggerating his partner's tone of menace and making it farcical.

SHE walked slowly and swayingly to Mr. Peck, forcing him to look at her. She was a strongly and beautifully built girl, vital and energetic, confident in her femininity, and incapable of the silly affectation of masculinity which was then the mode. "Are you sorry for being cross with me?" she cooed. Her blue eyes mocked him genially.

"Oh, pshaw, Octavine," he protested, waving her away.

"That's nicer," she said, and was businesslike again. "Waiting outside is one of the biggest and best-known landlords in New York, and he wants you to be his agents. Now, there."

"Really! Who is he?"

"I don't know. Will you come in, sir?"

"Mr. Pemberwick, I believe," said a hoarse voice.

The tone was pompous, but the utterance was blurred. Mr. Peck took in with a glance the visitor's shoddy hand-me-down (*Continued on page 52*)

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"Thank God! At last I'll be able to read and write."

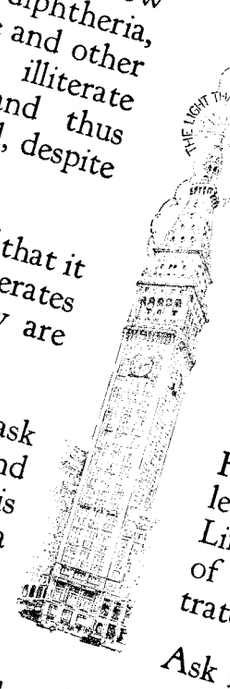
HOW would you feel if you could not read the news of the world? No newspapers, magazines, books, letters, not even a danger sign or a warning notice?

Somewhere near you is a grown person groping in the dark, in many ways helpless as a child, because he cannot read or write. You can bring sunlight into his darkened life. More than that, you may be the means of bringing him better health—even of saving his life.

Today he cannot read messages on disease prevention. He does not know, unless someone tells him, the important rules of health or how to keep his family from having diphtheria, smallpox, or typhoid fever. These and other preventable diseases often make illiterate localities their breeding places and thus endanger the health of the educated, despite all their precautions.

Perhaps you share the mistaken belief that it is impossible to teach grown-up illiterates how to read and write and that they are content to be illiterate.

Get the confidence of an illiterate and ask him if he would like to be able to read and write. Tell him he can learn to write his name in 30 minutes and learn to read in a few months. In all probability his eager response will amaze you.



It may surprise you to learn that the majority of illiterate persons in the United States are native born—more than three million illiterate Americans. Many of them have never had a chance to learn and do not know where to look for instruction.

Illiterates are not hard to find—a servant, a farmhand, an employee in your own or your neighbor's shop, a laundress, a deliveryman, a laborer in your neighborhood.

There are more than 5,000,000 men and women in the United States who cannot read health messages concerning sanitation and prevention of disease—more than 400,000 of them are in the State of New York, more than 300,000 in Pennsylvania, about 150,000 in Massachusetts. You can find them in every State of the Union—in cities, in towns and in country districts.

Will you give someone a present that he would not exchange for hundreds of dollars—the ability to read and write—a present which costs you nothing?

Find *your* illiterate. If you will help him to learn to read and write, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send you, free of cost, grooved writing pads and illustrated lessons for beginners.

Ask for Booklet 99-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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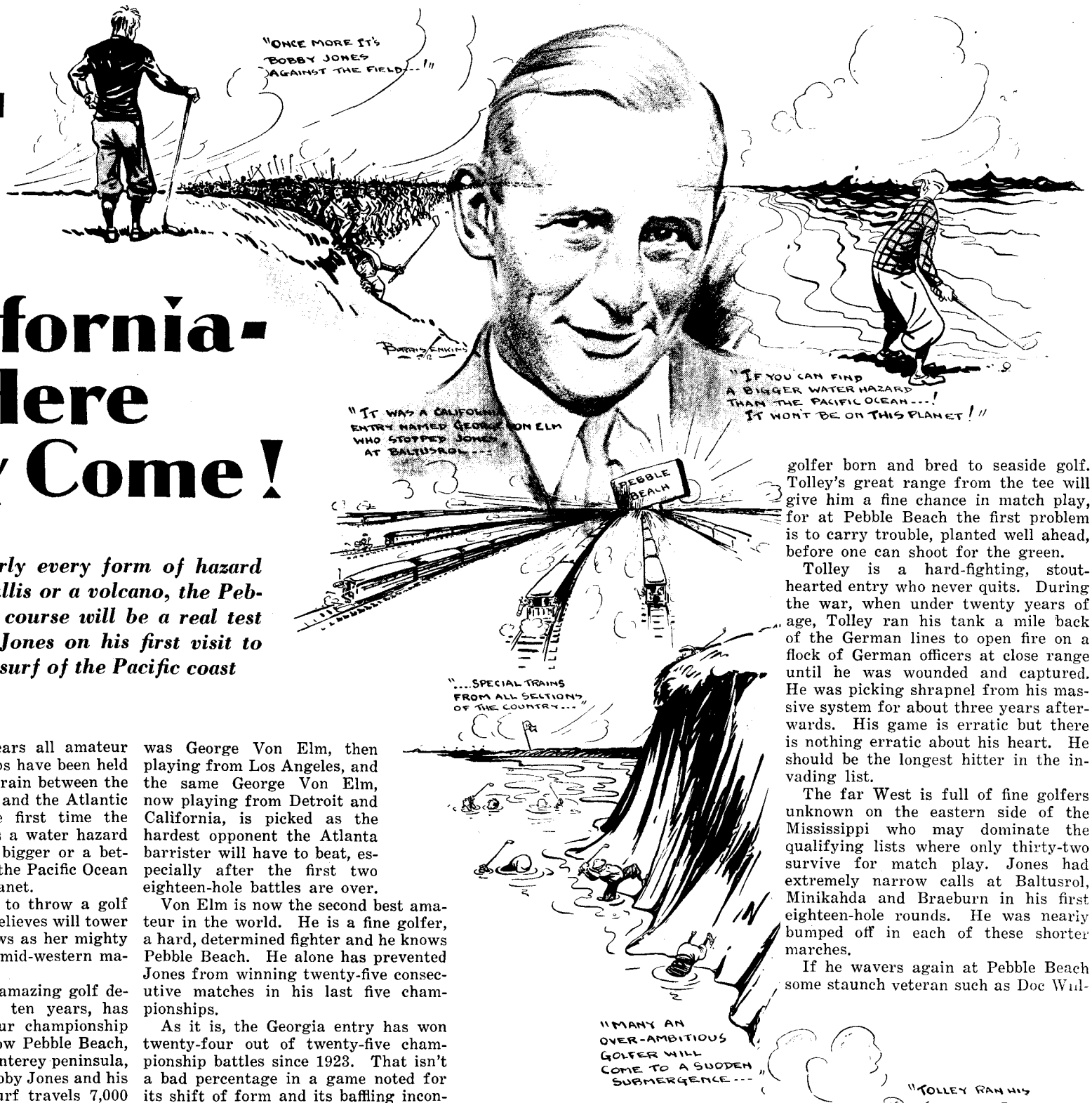
By Grantland Rice

California-Here They Come!

Presenting nearly every form of hazard except a portcullis or a volcano, the Pebble Beach golf course will be a real test for Champion Jones on his first visit to the turf and surf of the Pacific coast


"ONCE MORE IT'S BOBBY JONES AGAINST THE FIELD...!"
"IT WAS A CALIFORNIA ENTRY NAMED GEORGE VON ELM WHO STOPPED JONES AT BALTUSROL..."
"IF YOU CAN FIND A BIGGER WATER HAZARD THAN THE PACIFIC OCEAN...! IT WONT BE ON THIS PLANET!"
PEBBLE BEACH
"...SPECIAL TRAINS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY..."
"MANY AN OVER-AMBITIOUS GOLFER WILL COME TO A SUDDEN SUBMERGENCE..."
"TOLLEY RAN HIS TANK A MILE BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES..."

FOR thirty-five years all amateur golf championships have been held over bunkered terrain between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean. Now for the first time the Pacific is coming in as a water hazard and if you can find a bigger or a better water hazard than the Pacific Ocean it won't be on this planet.

California is all set to throw a golf party that California believes will tower over all other golf shows as her mighty redwoods tower above mid-western maples and eastern oaks.

California, with an amazing golf development in the last ten years, has been after the amateur championship for a long time, and now Pebble Beach, at Del Monte on the Monterey peninsula, is ready to welcome Bobby Jones and his pursuers where the surf travels 7,000 miles to lash the fairway and engulf any flying white ball that gets out of control.

The Pebble Beach course at Del Monte is some ninety miles south of San Francisco and a longer distance north of Los Angeles. It will not only have two of the big coast cities to draw on when the championship opens but there will be an invasion from the entire coast, which happens to be one of the keenest sporting sections of the nation, from Seattle to San Diego.

Westward Ho!

This marks Bobby Jones' first visit to the turf and surf and winds of the Pacific coast, and California has spared nothing in the way of welcome, even to the point of bringing on the best talent she can find to give the Georgian a trimming.

This Pebble Beach party will be an important spot in Jones' career, for he stands on the edge of an American record. In 1913 Jerry Travers won his fourth U. S. Amateur crown. Travers won in 1907, 1908, 1912 and 1913. Last September at Braeburn, Bobby Jones tied up the old Travers mark. Jones won in 1924, 1925, 1927 and 1928.

It was a California entry who stopped Jones at Baltusrol in 1926. His name was George Von Elm, then playing from Los Angeles, and the same George Von Elm, now playing from Detroit and California, is picked as the hardest opponent the Atlanta barrister will have to beat, especially after the first two eighteen-hole battles are over.

Von Elm is now the second best amateur in the world. He is a fine golfer, a hard, determined fighter and he knows Pebble Beach. He alone has prevented Jones from winning twenty-five consecutive matches in his last five championships.

As it is, the Georgia entry has won twenty-four out of twenty-five championship battles since 1923. That isn't a bad percentage in a game noted for its shift of form and its baffling inconsistencies.

California, always noted for its hospitality, intends to make them all talk about this next championship for years to come.

The Pebble Beach links, remodeled under the direction of Chandler Egan, an ex-champion, may prove to be the hardest test the amateurs have ever faced, not even barring the hazards of Oakmont. It is the first seaside battlefield the amateur championship has yet known, and a seaside links is the true test of golf.

Pebble Beach was no cream-puff setup when Chandler Egan and his aides began tinkering with it. But now it is a seething mass of dunes and bunkers, ocean winds and ocean waves, long carries, long approach shots to greens that are trapped with everything but a portcullis and a volcano. It calls for straight and mighty hitting from the tee and for iron control of surpassing quality to reach and hold the greens.

On the eighteenth hole the tee has been shoved back to a ledge extending into the Pacific where the surf churns up a raging foam around the rocky base below. And the long hitter here can pick any range he may elect to face as he bites off as much of the Pacific as he can swallow in attempting to cut down distance to the far-away green. Many an over-ambitious golfer will come to a sudden submergence on this long hole where all the forces of nature have been marshaled to protect the sanctity of par.

Pebble Beach will give them all trouble, from R. T. Jones, Jr., on down through the list.

Under the Native Sun

Special trains are being run from all sections of the country and those who have never seen Pebble Beach and Cypress Point will get an eyeful.

What about the championship, apart from California hospitality, California scenery and California climate?

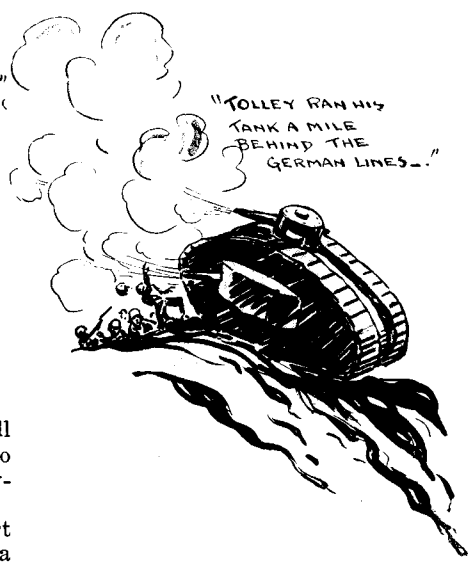
It all gets down to a matter of Bobby Jones against the field. It has been that way now for five years and the field has run second in four out of five starts. Jones will arrive wearing two crowns, the U. S. Open and the U. S. Amateur, the test of medal and match play. It will be the case of the world's greatest golfer tackling one of the world's hardest battlefields in the way of golf, and that will be something to look at.

The golfer with the best chance to beat Jones is Von Elm. Then there is Cyril Tolley, a slashing hitter and a golfer born and bred to seaside golf. Tolley's great range from the tee will give him a fine chance in match play, for at Pebble Beach the first problem is to carry trouble, planted well ahead, before one can shoot for the green.

Tolley is a hard-fighting, stout-hearted entry who never quits. During the war, when under twenty years of age, Tolley ran his tank a mile back of the German lines to open fire on a flock of German officers at close range until he was wounded and captured. He was picking shrapnel from his massive system for about three years afterwards. His game is erratic but there is nothing erratic about his heart. He should be the longest hitter in the invading list.

The far West is full of fine golfers unknown on the eastern side of the Mississippi who may dominate the qualifying lists where only thirty-two survive for match play. Jones had extremely narrow calls at Baltusrol, Minikahda and Braeburn in his first eighteen-hole rounds. He was nearly bumped off in each of these shorter marches.

If he wavers again at Pebble Beach some staunch veteran such as Doc Wil-



ing or some youngster on his game might put a large dent in the party right off the reel. But if the champion can only switch his eighteen-hole philosophy and get by these shorter marches he will be a hard man for anyone to beat at Pebble Beach, where one must keep on hitting the ball with the middle of the club to score at all.

Every detail is set for one of the great spectacles of golf. If this isn't a championship to be remembered and discussed it will be no fault of Roger Lapham and the rest of California who are out to show just what a sporting party ought to be.

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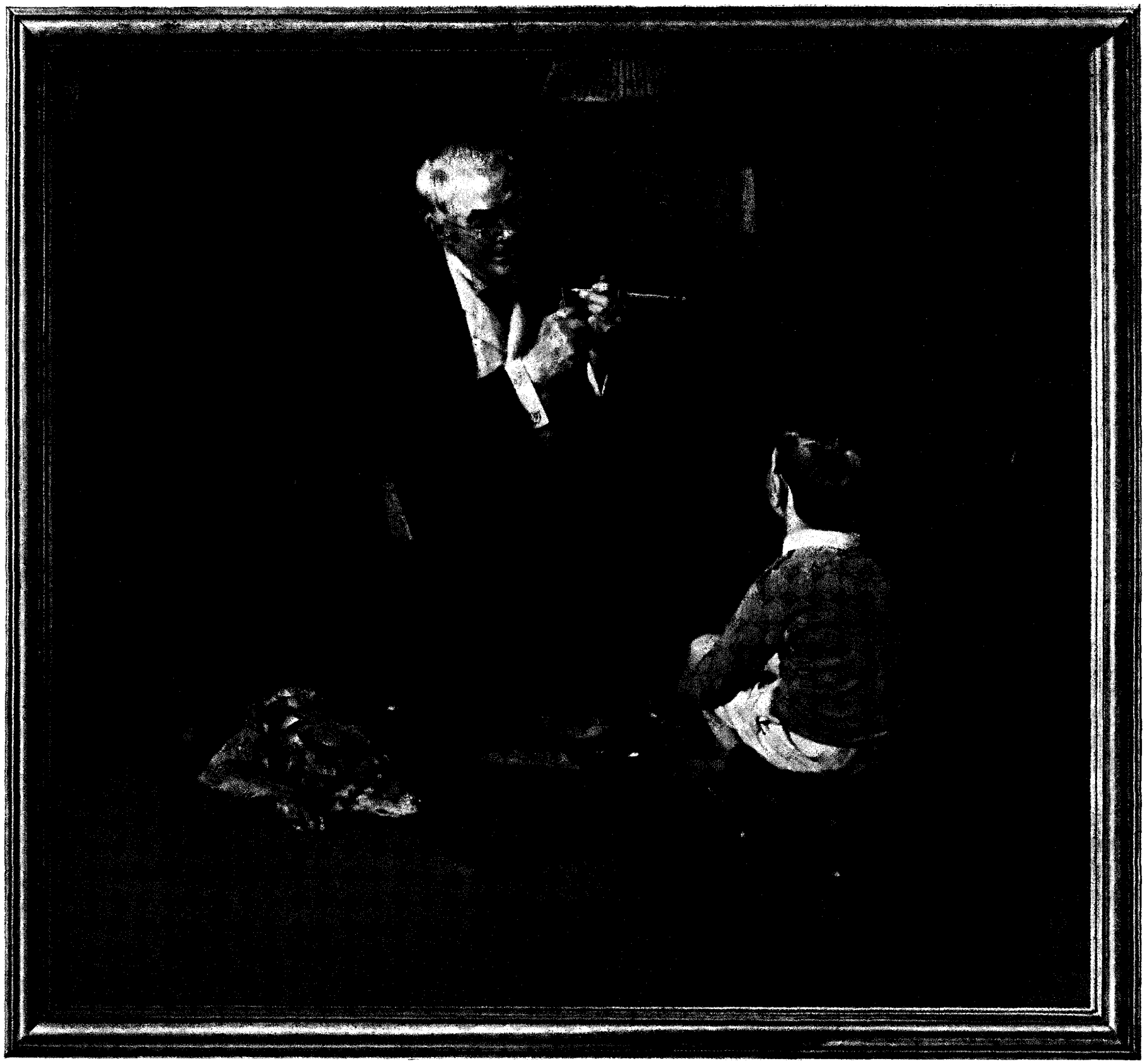

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How to know Tigers

By General William Mitchell

Why are tigers' whiskers bad luck? They are—and it's not just a silly superstition. General Mitchell, famous as the leader of America's air forces in the Great War, is almost as famous as a big-game hunter. In this article he tells of his thrilling experiences shooting tigers in central India

"TIGER! Tiger! !"

The cry resounds through the little village of mud huts in central India. During the past two months, ninety-two people from this and two near-by villages have been killed by a tiger.

At last the beast has been seen. The mail-carrier, fox-trotting down the road from the next village, with his long pole, on the end of which packages of mail are tied, almost ran into the animal as he rounded a turn at the edge of the woods. It turned toward him, but when he vigorously shook his pole, equipped with bells, the old tigress slunk into the woods. He could see her, joining two cubs which were lying down under some bushes. She looked old, gaunt and emaciated; it was easy to see that she could no longer kill the forest game or the tame cattle of the villages. And so, to feed her young, she had to have recourse to the easiest prey there is—man.

The headman of the village immediately gave the alarm and word was dispatched to the British authorities that the man-killer had been seen and that a British sportsman was wanted to rid the country of the beast.

Within a day, the hunter appeared with his heavy express rifles, a man well versed in hunting tigers. He attempted to locate the tigress in every way possible, having men carefully watch all the forest coverts, water holes and haunts of the tigers. He put out the tenderest baits in the form of tethered young buffaloes and goats, but none of these induced the tigress even to approach.

On the third day, an old woman, thinking herself safe after the coming of the English sportsman, went into the woods and was immediately killed. Her scream was heard by children who had followed her. In response to their cries, a party immediately set out in pursuit. The tigress had bitten the old woman through the chest, carried her more than a hundred yards into the woods and partially eaten her by the time that help arrived.

The villagers proposed to the Englishman that he climb into a tree over the corpse and there await the return of the tigress. At first he thought this would be a good scheme, but upon second thought decided that if he did so and was successful in killing the tigress, the report would spread throughout India that English sportsmen were using natives as bait for tigers and shooting the latter over their dead bodies. With the constantly tense political situation that exists between the English and the natives, this might have caused seri-

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ous trouble; and so he decided against the plan.

One of the relatives of the dead woman, however, proposed that he be allowed to wait in the tree with his bow and poisoned arrows. The poison is made by the natives from decomposed meat, carrion of the worst kind, liquefied by adding a little blood from a chicken. The point of the arrow is made from a bone of the buffalo, sharpened at one end, with a hole drilled through the middle in which about an ounce of the deadly liquid can be contained.

Toward sundown, the native climbed into a tree over the body and tied himself to the trunk so as not to fall out in case he went to sleep. For hours he stood upon the branches, peering through the dim light to catch any movement of an animal and listening intently for the tigress' stealthy tread.

Old but Dangerous

Gradually the bright Indian moon arose over the tree tops and shone full on the corpse. Sounds in the forest grew fainter and faded away. Finally nothing broke the heavy silence. Suddenly a feeling came over the native that the tigers were near, and, looking down, he saw that old tigress with the flesh hanging on her bones like clothes on a scarecrow. She was just lowering her head toward the body of the old woman.

The cubs were about fifteen feet away from her in the shade of some bushes. Not a sound had come to him of their approach. She was about twenty-five feet away and in the full light of the moon, entirely unsuspicious of the presence of any human being. Raising his bow noiselessly, the man pulled the string back to his ear and aimed the shaft at the middle of the body behind the left foreleg.

As the bow whanged at the discharge, the tigress jumped straight up in the air. · When she landed on the ground she began to grab at her left side with her right paw. There had been so little noise that the shock of the arrow had left her uncertain whence it came. Quick as lightning, the native adjusted another arrow and let it fly; but this time, with a prodigious leap, the tigress disappeared as noiselessly and swiftly as she had come.

After feeling the ropes and seeing that they still bound him to the tree, the native composed himself to rest, alternately falling asleep and being awakened by some forest sound, until the daylight became steady and clear. With the first rays of the sun, he could hear the sound of tom-toms, approaching from the direction of the village. These sounds were made to scare the tiger away. Soon there came into view fifteen able-bodied men, armed with spears and bows and arrows, and he related to them the happenings of the night.

Buffaloes to the Rescue

Sure enough, on looking at the place he directed them to, they found little drops of blood and some tiger hairs on the ground, which had been cut from the skin as the arrow entered the body. Nowhere could the head of either arrow be found, but a few feet away they picked up a piece of a shaft, with the feathers on it. This the archer identified as the first arrow he had fired. He indicated the course that the tigress had taken, directly into one of the large forested nullahs, or dry water-courses, that led away from the town.

After a consultation, the natives decided it would be suicidal to attempt to follow the tigress in her wounded condition, but the next day they would get a herd of tame buffaloes from the village and drive them down the nullah ahead of them. The buffaloes, being quick to scent a wounded tiger, would immediately indicate its presence by their actions, putting their heads out straight in front of them, snorting and stamping the ground.

In the afternoon of the following day, the herd was procured and driven down the nullah. About a mile and a half away, the buffaloes began to snort and charge about. Three of the natives saw the tigress and the two cubs break across a small clearing into a small circular patch of forest.

All the natives that could be rounded up, some fifty men, started into the forest from all sides. Men would get up in the trees and look as far ahead of them as possible, while the others went ahead. They in turn would climb trees and sight, while those behind caught up.

In the meantime, the Englishman, armed with his .500 caliber rifle and accompanied by a gun bearer carrying another one, proceeded directly down the small rise of ground which gave the best field of fire upon the covert. The natives had agreed to drive the tigress toward this ridge wherever she was found. Deeper into the covert they went, exercising the greatest care possible because a wounded tiger is the fiercest animal in the world. All of a sudden, the stillness of the forest was broken by tremendous shouts from a water hole. The tigress lay there dead, with two arrows in her, and the more than half-grown cubs were running up the ridge toward the Englishman's position. Before the cubs had gone far, they apparently sensed their danger, separated, and both of them broke through the line of natives and escaped.

A group gathered around the tigress and looked at her. She had killed ninety-three human beings from three small villages in that vicinity. Her flesh was so wasted away that she weighed scarcely 200 pounds. The arrows had gone true to their mark, one of them hitting squarely behind her left foreleg at the elbow and splintering on a rib, but not before it had poured its deadly poison into her veins. The second arrow, fired rapidly, had hit her in the stomach and gone halfway through to the other side. Part of the shaft of that one was still sticking up. The old tigress had died of poisoning and exhaustion. Looking into her mouth they found that her canine teeth were completely ground down to the gums and the rest were mere stubs.

A Prince's Pastime

A near-by sapling was cut down, the tigress' feet tied together and the carcass slung over the pole, which was carried on the shoulders of twenty stalwart men. They bore it back to the village, chanting their song of the tiger.

This is a not uncommon happening in central India and is actually what occurred just before Mrs. Mitchell and I went into the Nerbudda River basin in the Central Provinces to hunt tigers. Time was when it was a question whether the tiger or man would dominate this area. The Indians relate tales of various periods when tigers became so numerous that they ate up all the forest game and all the native cattle and then took to eating human beings as their only means of sustenance. A tiger's principal diet is meat, and if he cannot get cattle or game he takes people; or even, in extremity, frogs and grasshoppers. He is the most completely carnivorous of all carnivorous animals.

A single tiger may kill from three to six thousand dollars' worth of cattle in one year, which is a great fortune to the average Indian. So when autumn comes and the harvest is gathered, the Indian princes in tiger-infested districts assemble their men to hunt the beasts, in much the same way as they used to gather them for war. The old Aryan system of conscription is used, one able-bodied man has to be provided by every eight of the population. These are assembled in what amounts to military units, with their chiefs, a supply system, cooks, and all the equipment necessary for hunting.

Tigers are hunted in three or four general ways. Where the grass is very high and tigers cannot easily be seen, they are located by the shikari hunters. A circle is then made around the lair by elephants, carrying the sportsmen on their backs. These gradually close in on the tiger, until he becomes so hemmed in that he charges to free himself.

The Most Dangerous of Animals

In the jungle, where it would be difficult to use elephants, another procedure is employed. A tiger's kill is located, and the sportsman sits out overnight in a tree above this, waiting for the tiger to appear and finish it up. This is probably the least exciting method.

A third way is to tether live goats or buffaloes as a bait for the tiger and wait until he kills one and drags it away, then circle him with beaters who gradually drive him to the waiting sportsman. This is a very interesting method because the tiger usually knows what is being attempted and when he approaches the gun he is infuriated and ready to take advantage of any opening for escape that presents itself.

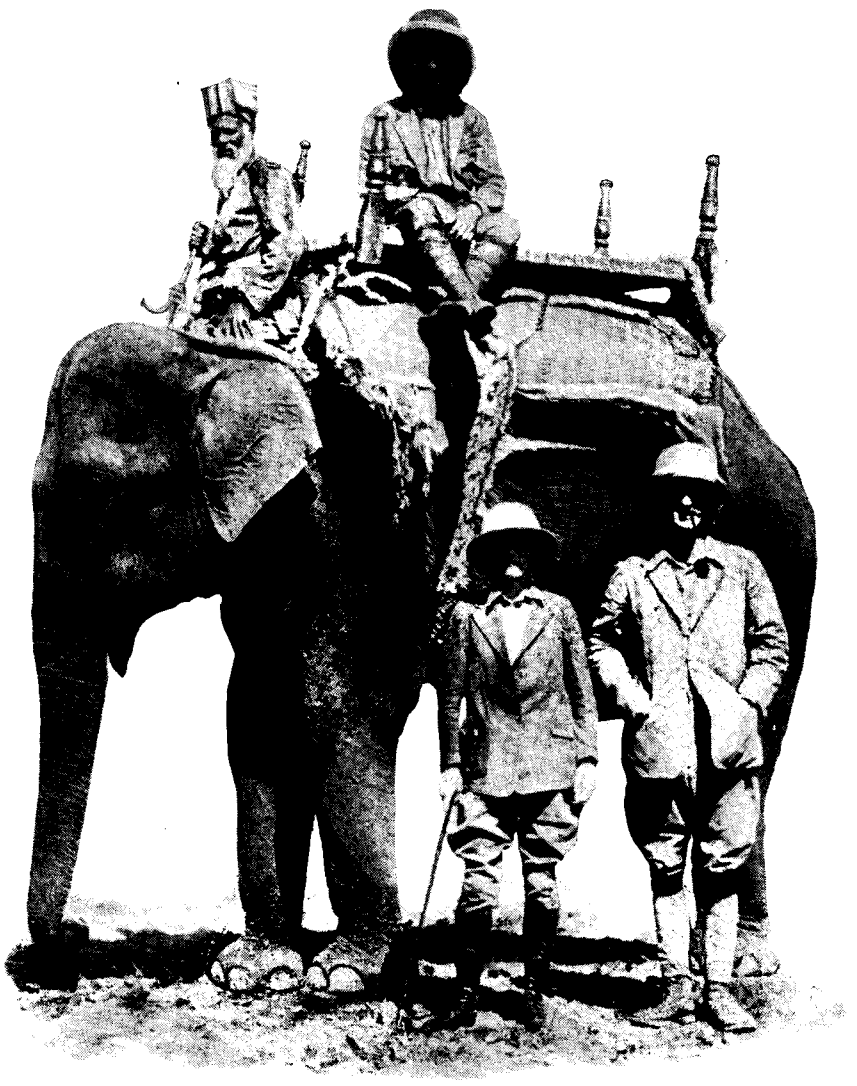
Another way, sometimes resorted to in hot weather when the water is scarce, is to stalk the water holes in the evening and early morning, when the tigers come to drink.

My first introduction to the tiger in his native haunts was dramatic in the extreme. Mrs. Mitchell and I were shooting in one of the British districts in central India. We had about eight buffaloes tethered out in the likely parts of the jungle and visited them for eight days without a single kill being reported. Often we found tiger tracks near them, but the animals were cautious and would rather feast on the abundant sambar, a deer as large as our elk, than kill the tethered buffaloes.

At last, on the eighth day, runners came in by relays from a point eighteen miles away. Reports were that a party of tigers had been found in a turn of the Dhrain River. Jollye, the English forester, and I made ready to go on our horses, while our gun bearers trotted on ahead of us at a six-miles-an-hour gait. Word had gone out to gather every available man and get them to the point nearest the tigers to help in the chase. We passed trains of bullock carts parked in a circle on the side of the road, with the shafts of the carts pointing inward and the cattle posted inside to prevent their straying or falling a prey to wild beasts. A few men and boys guarded these convoys while the majority of the men went on to the beat.

At the appointed place we were met by the head shikari. It was decided that we would take up our posts in two trees about 150 yards apart, at points where the tigers would most likely cross the dry river bed when driven from their coverts. A little native ascended the tree with me, and we laid poles across some of the branches to make a temporary platform in order to see better up and down the nullah.

Men were posted in other trees on either side of us, about fifty yards apart, so as to make a noise in case the tigers came their way (*Continued on page 55*)



General Mitchell (on elephant), Mrs. Mitchell and Humphrey Jollye, the English forester, starting on a tiger beat in Churna, India

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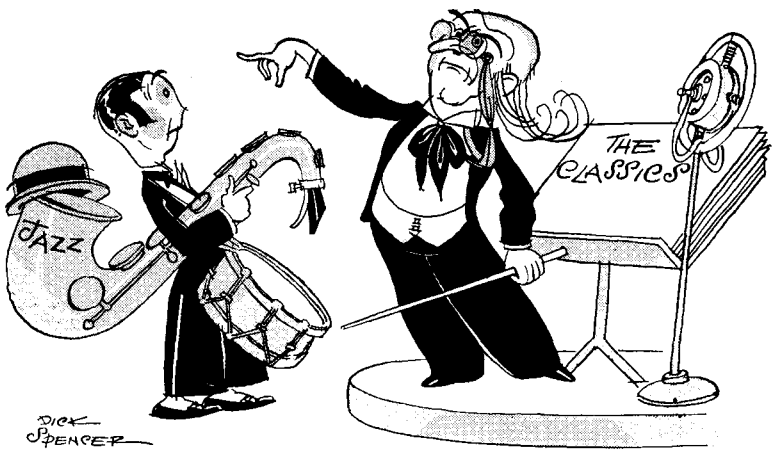

Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

ONE of the first things the new owners of station WRNY in New York City did was to banish all jazz music from its studios. This heroic act meant cancellation of some large commercial contracts for broadcast time by industrial sponsors. After announcing the sacrifice the owners received some five hundred letters from as many enthusiastic listeners praising them for their action.

Undoubtedly they are to be congratulated for their courage, but after all a steady diet is sometimes tiresome, and jazz can be quite spicy. Anyway the five hundred letters do not mean much. Just think what would happen if some station were to ban all classical music from its studios in favor of jazz exclusively. The flood of letters from jazz-enraptured fans would exceed the yearly flow that inundates all the specialists who undertake the task of advising tabloid readers on affairs of the heart.

Listen to What Blew In

Maybe the wind is responsible for some of the distant stations you occasionally bring in on your radio set as a result of much careful manipulation of the dials. That would seem to be the case, judging from the letter of a reader in Topeka, Kan., who signs himself "Radio Bug." His letter reached me shortly after I had reported the experiments of Dr. Colwell of West Virginia University which indicated a direct connection between weather conditions and radio reception. Here is Radio Bug's letter:

"It would have been very interesting to know the direction of the wind in West Virginia when those tests of KDKA's signals were made by Dr. Colwell.

"In 1926 I became interested in the effect weather conditions have on broadcast signals. The direction of the wind governs the volume of station signals here. If Canadian stations come in as loud as locals, either winter or summer, and the wind is any direction but from the north, we can make a bet, and always win, that within forty-eight hours the wind will be from a northerly direction. Never known it to fail. Our best DX reception recorded here came in with a north and northwest wind and fair weather, but all Cuban reception has been logged with a southeast wind."

Quack! Quack!

Just listen to this little story that comes in from the San Francisco studios of the Pacific Coast network:

"Dogs, cats and birds have their places in the home, but what is a fellow going to do with two fat little mallard ducks when they aren't large enough to eat? Max Dolin, musical director, wants to know. While the musician played the other night, a mother duck made her nest in the eaves of his Sea Cliff home and next morning Max was awakened by her family's quacking."

Now, Max, if you were a really enterprising director you would stick a microphone in the nest and give the dear radio audience the thrill of hearing just how two fat little mallard ducks sound when they broadcast for Mama Duck.

Musical Burglary

When Milton Cross was awarded a gold medal early this year as the best radio announcer in captivity, he very modestly declared he was gifted with a slow-working mind. Since then his mental machinery must have speeded up a great deal, because I am reliably informed the following repartee was recently overheard in the NBC announcer's room:

Graham MacNamee: "I am always so happy when I can break into song!"

Milton Cross: "Why not try getting the key so that you won't have to break in?"

Lessons between the Acts

Continued from page 15

either learn when you are very young or, if I may judge from the performances of certain society matrons whom I have seen barging into the drama in recent seasons, not at all.

Wherefore, to protect these highly special youngsters, whose cases simply do not fit the laws made for the great undistinguished average, the Professional Children's School came into existence some fifteen years ago, and ever since has wrestled with the problem of providing them with the equipment to pass the college entrance requirements.

The problem is not an especially complicated one, for the children, for the most part, are quick, responsive and apt and usually they cover their oddly placed and oddly managed Alma Mater with glory whenever they take examinations anywhere.

Wandering Scholars

The problem does grow a trifle more complicated, however, when the children are on tour and must take their lessons by correspondence as, in the entire enrollment of two hundred and fifty children, at least one hundred do all the time. Yet the method has been so perfected that there are endlessly roving undergraduates of the Professional Children's School who have never seen their teachers face to face.

I remember once sitting beside the desk of one of these teachers when the mail was coming in. From one young actor of my acquaintance, whose trousers were lengthening and whose voice was changing, there came in from Boston, where his play was booked, his carefully written report on the emotions which filled him in reading that old stand-by of the curricula, Silas Marner. From a run-down Baltimore hotel, on its dreary stationery, came the alphabet, solemnly and laboriously copied out three times by a six-year-old transient whose part in the family vaudeville act was so important that without his aid his folks would have found themselves out of work for the season.

Sometimes the small wandering minstrels are on the road even at Commencement time, and a missing prize-winner must deputize some classmate to read his essay for him and take his bow by proxy. Thus, when the school year wound up last May and the children, gay in white flannels and thin summer frocks, assembled for the Commencement festivities on the stage of the Longacre Theater, I noticed that the girl who had written the best essay on the subject My First Impressions of New York—and a mighty good essay, too—was not on hand to receive the plaudits of the audience. I inquired if she was ill, but it seems not. Far from it. At the moment she was on the road with a circus, swinging by her teeth over the heads of a gaping multitude.

On the stage that day the children were banked, tier on tier of shining faces, ranging from insufferably complacent misses of six to gloomy lads of seventeen, each of whom seemed on the verge of breaking into Hamlet. I think I never saw so many uncommonly good-looking youngsters gathered on one platform before.

Of course all their Commencement exercises were beautifully managed, from the gay gavotte trod by the younger set, to the snatches of Shakespeare into which the older children plunged unabashed.

Swarms of the kids would be from the movie lots, but in the crowd I spotted many I had seen that season on the stage. There were, for instance, the boys who had battled with the pirates in last Christmas' revival of Peter Pan. Then there was the raven-haired youngster who, for eighteen months, had been playing the misbegotten son in one of the interminable stretches of Strange Interlude. That hair of his had once been the color of spun gold but at the chance of playing the child of the brunette Lynn Fontanne he had rushed around the corner to the drug store and returned to the manager's office with his hair even darker than hers.

About the wisdom and good taste of such heroic measures, sentiment in the school was divided. One small, befrilled minx of eight (who was out of a job) eyed the changeling with positive venom.

"I wouldn't dye my hair," she shrilled at him shrewishly, "not for a hundred dollars a week, I wouldn't."

"Perhaps not," replied the little boy with hauteur, "but you would for a hundred and fifty."

Which rejoinder crushed her, as it was meant to. Upon reflection, however, I deemed it so cryptic that I looked the matter up, and found that according to the records he was really paid only seventy-five dollars a week. But under the circumstances, and actors being actors even at that tender age, I didn't blame him.

Missing from the Board of Trustees as printed in the Commencement program was any evidence that the theater itself has ever backed up the Professional Children's School. That board is largely recruited from the ranks of what are vaguely and objectionably described as "society women," and the great names of the stage are missing from its roster, unless behind the name of Mrs. Alden Blodgett you recognize the lovely daughter of Otis Skinner, who, besides being a "society woman," has been having such success here and in England along the path Ruth Draper blazed.

But for Commencement the theater did bestir itself. For instance, there was Dan Frohman—the last of the mad Frohmans—whose declining years are spent in cherishing the Actors' Home, in which shelter for aged clowns and tragediennes he solemnly promised these neophytes a refuge, if their health or their public should fail them sixty or seventy years later.

Fledgling Hamlets

Then there was Mrs. Fiske as ever was, handing out the diplomas in the grand manner and doing it charmingly, even when, as sometimes happened, I suspect, she would reward the studies of Eddie Jones with the sheepskin of Susie Swan. As she watched them file by her she must have thought with a pang of that night back in another May when, on the stage in Fourteenth Street now ruled by Eva le Gallienne, little Minnie Maddern made her first appearance in New York, repairing promptly next day to the Bowery Savings Bank to make her cross in the book there and open her first account.

And since it is the way of the theater to renew its strength from its own people, she must have wondered which of the girls of the pretty bevy there on the stage would be the great Juliet of tomorrow, which lad in the shuffling, sheepish lot before her the Hamlet who, thirty years from now, perhaps, would compel us gaffers to pipe up from the hearthstone and say: "Ah, he is good enough, but you ought to have seen John Barrymore back in 1922."

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Hired Hands across the Sea

Continued from page 9

Rumors had persisted that negotiations were under way between General Motors and Citröen, the Ford of France. But it is possible that the extreme nationalism of the French will be a barrier to such an alliance as, perhaps, the same spirit in England may stand in the way of the absorption of Morris. Oddly enough Morris, a bicycle maker of England, Citröen, the bicycle maker of France, Opel, the bicycle maker of Germany, are known respectively as the Fords of England, France and Germany —after Ford, the little bicycle repair man of Detroit. In the hands of these men and Ford and General Motors is the automobile industry of Europe.

The American automobile manufacturer waves no flags and indulges in no Main Street ballyhoo in Europe. He uses American machinery, but uses also native workers and he seeks to adapt his operations to the character and mood of the people he works with and to whom he sells. He uses American leaders and superintendents where he has to, but he employs native talent whenever he can. And now to an increasing extent he is using raw materials and parts from the countries where he assembles his cars. And this has been noticeable in our export of automobile parts. It declined forty per cent in 1926 and twenty-five per cent in 1927.

American Oil in Europe

Another great American business which is on the move in Europe with its refineries, its factories, its tank wagons and pumps, its drills, its engineers and experts is the oil industry. When an American cotton man sells cotton to Europe he puts it on a ship consigned to a foreign buyer who receives it on the other side. Not so with oil. The American oil company must have on the other side a vast organization to handle its product after it gets there. Moreover, there is a lot of oil in Europe. And there is a scramble for it there as there is in America, in South America, in the Orient.

One meets the Standard Oil and its subsidiaries in every European country, but chiefly in France, where it has some sort of alliance with the Wendell group, and where, through the Bedford Petroleum Company, it carries on the largest petroleum business in France.

At this moment the American business which is getting the lion's share of the spotlight in Europe is the moving-picture industry. We have 20,500 moving-picture theaters in America, but Europe has 27,338. And the picture she loves best is the American thriller—the comedy of Charlie Chaplin and the two-gun, horse-riding heroism of Tom Mix —this is the picture diet of which Europe seems not to tire. Last year we sent $222,000,000 worth of films abroad, a large part of them to Europe. These pictures were produced in American studios. But, like the oil industry, the film makers must maintain abroad an immense distributing machine. In France alone American film distributors employ as many as 8,000 persons. Moreover, the leading film companies have extensive interests in theaters. It is impossible to estimate how great this is. It is probably very much larger than we have supposed. The Paramount, besides its nine branches in Britain, eight in France, nine in Italy, five in Spain and others in all the countries of Europe, owns many theaters. Metro-Goldwyn, a subsidiary of Marcus Loew, operates branches and theaters in England through Goldwyn, Ltd., an English corporation, and in other countries. The Fox Film Corporation has been exceptionally vigorous in its foreign policy. It owns subsidiaries which own theaters and even chains of theaters in forty-nine countries.

What is true of these great industries is true of a great number of others. The crowd coming out of a bullfight in Barcelona is importuned to buy Coca-Cola by a score of hucksters—Coca-Cola made in a Spanish factory. You can bathe with Palmolive soap made in Europe, lock your hotel door with a Yale & Towne key made in Europe, go down to breakfast in an Otis elevator made in Europe, have a dish of Quaker Oats made in Europe and see the price of it rung up on a National cash register made in Europe, and so on through the day. The razor blade you buy will probably be an American product but manufactured in Europe. The British Army has just placed an order for all the blades for its far-flung legions and they will be supplied from the Gillette Company's factory at Slough, England.

The sign Kodak, Ltd., seen on stores all over England is the sign of Eastman, who has stores and factories in various places. And if while you are in London and you are a smoker and make a pious pilgrimage to that shrine of the British pipe devotee, Dunhill and Company, you will be buying in a shop that is owned by the David Schulte Company of New York.

A leader in European development is the sheet-glass industry. The Libby-Owens Glass Company has a company in Belgium which in turn controls subsidiaries in France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. The International Harvester Company has been a pioneer in this field. It has plants and twine mills in France and Germany and sales branches in almost every country in Europe. The rubber companies are well represented. B. F. Goodrich has a factory in Germany employing 12,000 people, and the Goodyear people have many plants.

The electrical manufacturing companies—General Electric, Westinghouse and Western Electric—have vast interests and powerful alliances in Europe. In Norway the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company supplies a million of the four million kroner capitalization of the new Norwegian Electric Company, while in France Westinghouse has just made an arrangement with Schneider et Cie. to share equally in a 100,000,000-franc company just formed to produce heavy electrical machinery. This will be the most important concern in its field in France.

The International Telephone Company owns a substantial interest in the Compagnie des Telephones Thomson-Houston. In Spain it owns a portion of the stock of the Telefonica Nacional de España which operates the entire telephone system of Spain.

Drinking in Athens

Not only in the business of manufacture but in the ancient trade of building, American firms have been doing important work. The roads of Europe, many built by the Romans upon solid rock, have served the stagecoaches and farm carts of the Continent for centuries. Now the automobile forces Europe to look with a questioning eye upon her famous roads. And strangely enough it is the American, almost alone, who has developed the modern art of road-making. American firms with American road machinery have been putting down roads in many parts of Europe.

Now Greece—little Greece—with so little arable land and with a million repatriated Greeks home again from Turkey, needs food and land. The great plain of Salonika, bogged with impenetrable swamps and subject at other points to ravaging floods which wipe out villages, is to be reclaimed and the Foundation Company of America has the task of draining these marshes and re-routing these rivers. It is building for Greece 160,000 acres of new farm land at a cost of $26,750,000. It is using 5,000 men a day and will be at this great work for five years.

In Athens, Ulen and Company, American engineers, are at work on a new water-supply system for the city of Athens. On the plains of Marathon, where, five centuries before Christ, Miltiades defended Athens against the Persians, now a great American engineering firm fights a new battle for Athens against the drought. From Marathon water is to be brought across the plains of Attica to drink, while for sprinkling the city streets, salt water is piped from the Ægean Sea. The American engineers are using as part of the system an aqueduct built by the Roman Emperor Hadrian.

The Foundation Company has branches in London, Paris, Brussels, Athens, Rome. It has been building the new London Underground and portions of the new Paris Metropolitan (subway). It, as well as other American builders, has erected apartment houses in Brussels and Paris and Rome. In Russia vast building projects are proceeding under the direction of American builders and engineers. A hundred-million-dollar hydroelectric plant in the Ukraine, steel and coal mines, costing a billion dollars, automobile and nitrogen and electrical factories, apartment houses in Moscow—these are some of the works under way in the Soviet Republic, under the direction of American firms.

Even the American chain store is in Europe. It must not be supposed that European merchants have been slow in developing the new chain idea of merchandising. In England, as well as Germany, it has been carried far. But the American merchant, too, has hung out his sign. I have already referred to Boots the Cash Chemist as a subsidiary of the United Drug Company. Woolworth has 300 stores in England and I think eighteen in Germany.

Of course all this business requires financing. Hence the American bank has planted its branches everywhere. When the Great War broke out there were four American branch banks in Europe. Today there are about forty. In Paris the Equitable Trust Company branch employs about 200 people and at times has run as high as fourth in daily clearances among the forty-seven banks in the Paris clearing house. In fact it is difficult to tell the precise extent of American banking interests in Europe. Many banks and bankers have alliances with great European banking houses. For instance, in Austria, American banks hold a large stock interest in the Austrian Discount Company of Vienna which controls fully or in part through stock ownership sixty-four important industries in Austria, including the large Skoda works of Pilsen.

Foreign Business Grants

I put together this picture not as another American boast. Americans ought to know what is taking place on these distant fringes of their business frontiers. But they will make poor use of the information if it is made an excuse for another blast of cheers for "our conquest of the world." Europe is a bit sensitive about this. If we are disposed to feel unduly cocky about it we have but to take a look at the reverse of the picture. The American who is disposed to think of a foreign business man as a babe in arms beside our domestic giants would be surprised at the extent to which these foreign innocents have set up in business in America. In a recently published book, branches in Europe of the Ansco Photo Products Company, makers of Ansco cameras, were pointed out as an instance of American enterprise there. And yet this Ansco Photo Products Company is itself a subsidiary of the German chemical trust. What could be more American than the Singer Sewing Machine Company? How many Americans know that its president is Sir Douglas Alexander, a Scotchman, and that the American corporation is owned by the English limited company? And there is our old friend Pears soap, which in turn owns Lux and Rinso and Twink and Lifebuoy. These indeed are made in America but by a company which is owned by Lever Brothers, Ltd., of England.

The American Thread Company, with its four big plants at Willimantic, Stonington, Fall River, and Milo, Maine, belongs to the English Sewing Cotton Company. The Pacific Borax Company, whose famous Twenty-Mule Team borax is looked upon as a purely American product, is owned by the great borax trust which controls 80 per cent of the product throughout the world—an Eng-

(*Continued on page 35*)

FIRING SQUAD

The story of a war tragedy that didn't happen any too soon

By PETER B. KYNE

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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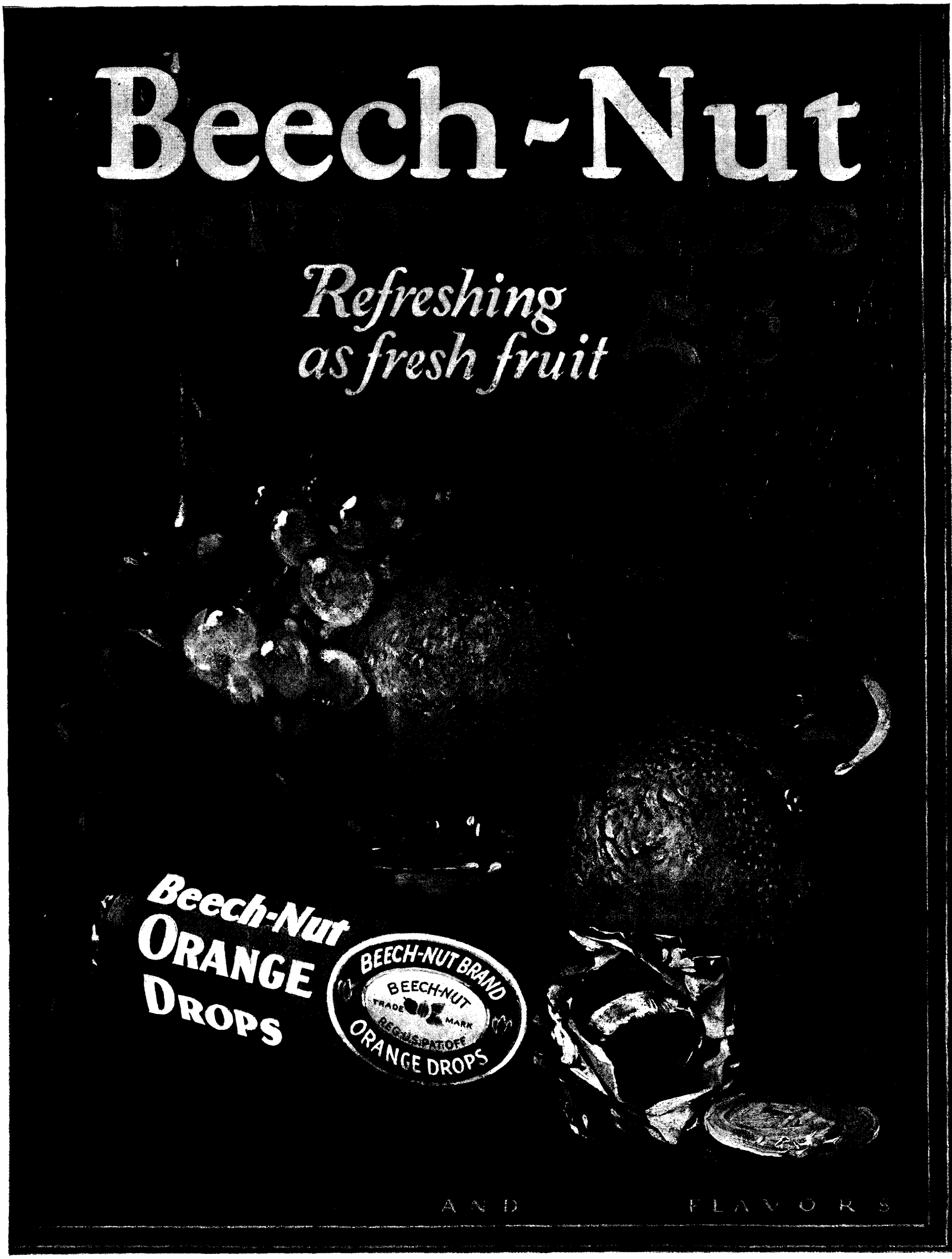
Beech-Nut

Refreshing as fresh fruit



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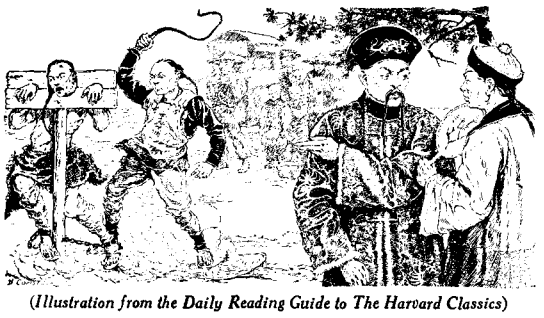

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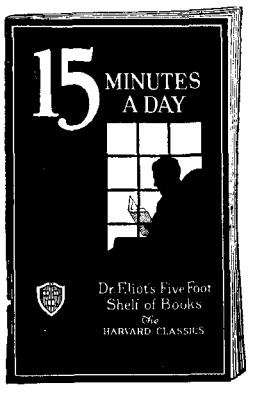

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(The Harvard Classics)

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Hired Hands across the Sea

Continued from page 32

lish company linked with other powerful concerns on the Continent in one of the great European cartels.

The United States is the greatest producer of artificial silk in the world and the greatest consumer. Yet the industry which turns out our artificial silk belongs largely to British, German and French interests. Few Americans have heard of the powerful Courtauld family which has made silk in England for 300 years, or of Samuel Courtauld, present head of the family, with his reputed income of $5,000,000 a year. This family owns the Viscose Company, largest makers of rayon in the United States. Newspaper readers surely recall the recent strike in the rayon mills at Elizabethton, Tennessee. That industry is owned outright by the Glanzstoff-Bemberg company, a German combination.

Europe Carries a Worried Look

Even our oil business has suffered a serious invasion. The Royal Dutch Shell, headed by Sir Henry Deterding, Dutch in origin but in reality an oil trust nurtured by the English government, has gotten possession of about ten per cent of our petroleum output and controls openly and secretly a large number of American oil subsidiaries.

All this gives us a map of the boundaries of trade and industry, drawn without reference to the boundaries of nations: powerful industrial organizations fighting trade wars in one place, setting up alliances in another, establishing international relations which we cannot escape and creating problems which we must face. So far as Europe is concerned she is looking with a troubled eye upon our growing interests within her limits. She is determined to oppose a resolute front to what she calls our ambition to dominate her.

An example of this attitude is to be found in the film war now being waged against American moving pictures. European film makers have determined to drive out their American rivals. And they have been making an impression. We gave England 81 per cent of her pictures in 1927 but only 71 per cent last year. In England theater owners must include in their programs five feet of British film out of every 100 feet shown and this quota of home-grown pictures, under the law, is to increase one per cent a year until 20 per cent is reached.

In France the restriction is unique. Each French producer who makes a film is given seven permits to bring in foreign pictures. These are called censor visas. No American or other foreign producer can send a film into France without one of these visas. The American producer cannot show his picture in France without getting one of these visas and he can get one only by buying it from the French producer. Thus the American producer is forced by law to subsidize his French rival.

This year the French producers demand more drastic requirements. And the Cinema Control Commission has fixed the quota at four American pictures for one French production instead of seven to one. American film men protest to the government. They suggest a frontier tax. The French theater owners also protest. Fourteen hundred of them tell the ministry solemnly that their patrons demand American thrillers. Will Hays says if the new regulation is adopted the American cinema distributors must leave France. Some 8,000 French employees of American film distributors petition the government to reject the new proposals. Secretary of State Stimson has protested to the Ministry of Fine Arts. But all to no purpose.

In the midst of it the international congress of theater owners meets at the Sorbonne and Herr Scheer, the German delegate, tells the congress that America is trying to enslave Europe, that this quota plan is Europe's only hope of escape from the Yankeefication of her people by American pictures, and he points to the example of Germany. Germany permits 210 foreign films to enter her borders. Of these 160 are issued to German distributors—one permit for each 2½ films made in Germany. The remaining fifty are given to German film makers who achieve the greatest success in exporting their film. This restriction on the American film if continued will practically paralyze the industry in Germany. In one way or another this quota system has been introduced in Italy, Poland, Hungary and other countries to drive the American films from their picture houses.

The automobile industry too has had to face all sorts of restrictions. Czechoslovakia needs American cars and trucks—about 6,000 a year, says Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce. No other country can supply these cars. But the Czechoslovakian government will not permit more than 800 American cars to come in in a year. This is called the contingent system and it has been adopted in Poland and Austria also.

"Hope Mary has pork chops tonight!

Tariffs, however, and nationalistic propaganda are the two most powerful weapons used against our automobile manufacturers. Even free-trade England has a tariff but she calls it "safeguarding." I do not very well see how we can object to other countries having tariffs. I merely put the fact in to complete the picture. Also it explains why our auto makers have set up so many plants in Europe—to get on the other side of the tariff walls. That is why, for instance, there are so many American automobile factories in Canada. Great Britain has what are called dominion preferential tariffs. Goods shipped from one British dominion to another enjoy a lower rate. Last year, for instance, India imported about 1,350 cars from the United States. She got about 1,950 from British countries. Over 1,300 of these went from Canada and practically all of them from American plants there. They went as Canadian products.

Yet there is no other course open to the American manufacturers. Not only must they scale the tariff walls; they must overcome the intense nationalistic propaganda opposed to them. In England this has been especially vigorous and successful. A few years ago we sent England 85 per cent of her cars. Now we export to her but a small share. But Mr. Ford has formed a huge British corporation and will soon be making twice as many cars as the whole English industry combined. But his enterprise will be a British enterprise. "Buy British Goods Only" is the slogan of the English motor makers. "Native Labor and Materials Only" is Mr. Ford's reply.

These alliances of American corporations with foreign companies and the heavy purchases of stock by Americans in foreign corporations have profoundly disturbed all European nations. A serious effort has been made to check the domination of the American stockholder by the system of plural voting. Take for instance the case of the Swedish match trust. This amazing organization, having a monopoly of match making and selling in numerous European countries and exercising a large control in this country, has recently turned to America for capital. It has 55,000,000 Class B shares sold at 100 kroner and 10,000,000 Class A shares sold at 100 kroner. The Class A shares are limited to Swedish owners. They have one vote each. The Class B shares may be owned by foreigners. But it takes 1,000 of these shares to cast a single vote. In many French companies stock has been traded in heavily until a large volume has passed into the hands of American investors. The control is brought back into the hands of the French by the expedient of plural voting. Thus the Credit Lyonnaise in 1927 issued 10,000 new shares of 500 francs each—5,000,000 francs—not a very large sum. But each new share was given three votes in ordinary meetings and six votes in extraordinary meetings. Another scheme is to issue new shares enough to control the corporations and to provide that they are to be sold only to those approved by the directors. Something like this has been done in the aluminum industry by the Pichney Company and in the chemical industry by the great establishment of Kuhlman. There has been some question as to the right of French corporations to do this but legislation is now pending to legalize it.

American companies have also been harassed by the tax on corporations, which has been manipulated to handicap them. Thus in Paris when the National City Bank opened its branch it was confronted with this tax. A corporation doing business in France is compelled to pay taxes on its total capital whether it is all in France or not. Thus the branch of the National City in Paris was compelled to pay taxes on its whole capital of $100,000,000, comprising its numerous banks all over the world. Its Paris branch was comparatively small. The Société Générale has 603 branches in France, twenty-seven agencies and 600 seasonal offices. Its capital, too, is $100,000,000. Yet the National City has to pay the same tax on its one branch as this great French bank. American branch banks have evaded this by incorporating in Europe as separate companies. This is the reason why American factories are reincorporated separately in Europe and why you read of the Fox Film Société Anonyme in France, the Fox Film Gesellschaft in Germany, the Deutsch Vereins Fox Film Corporation, the Hispana Fox Film Corporation and so on throughout the Continent.

Reinforcing these expedients is the cartel movement, which Dr. Klein has pronounced an international effort to curb the advance of American industry in Europe and throughout the world. First we must understand Europe's attitude toward business. Here we insist on its private character. The government interferes chiefly to prevent combinations. In Europe the government encourages combinations and supports them. The cartel is a deliberate device to limit competition. It is not a merger but a combination of independent concerns to restrict competition among themselves and to act together. There are innumerable cartels in Germany, France, Italy and every European country. But now they are developing international cartels. And in many of these we find France and Germany—these ancient enemies—acting together frequently against American rivals.

Diplomacy in Industry

It will be seen that all these devices represent points of irritation which develop where the traders of different nations cross each others' paths. They call for faultless tact on the part of our industrial leaders and our statesmen. Who could have predicted when the early tariff makers went to work that this would be one of the results of their strategy—this spreading out of the machinery of business over national boundaries, building up in every country vast industries owned by the people of other countries—German industries in France employing thousands of Frenchmen, French industries in Germany and England employing thousands of Germans and Englishmen, European industries in America giving work to millions of Americans, American factories in Europe employing millions of Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen? Who can foresee what is to be the effect of all this upon the minds of these millions of workers whose interests are thus caught up in this international mesh of business? Sousa once wrote a march which he called Hands Across the Sea to signalize the extension over the ocean of the spirit of understanding between two great nations. Can it be that, after all, this understanding is to be forced by these other hands across the sea—these hired hands across the sea—who will teach their employers and their rulers—and compel them, too—to be at peace?

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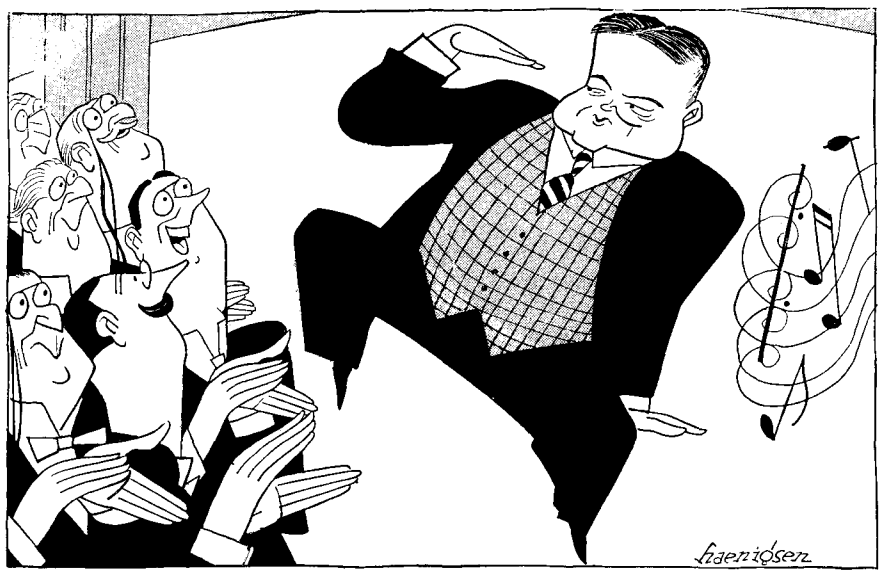

Gay Mr. Hoover

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

AN OLD friend of President Hoover who has been staying at the White House reported that he could not talk to Mr. Hoover at length on any serious subject; "Mr. Hoover was so gay."

Thus is introduced a new Mr. Hoover early in his Administration, so new a Mr. Hoover that his old friends hardly know him. Mr. Hoover grows mellow, as Mr. Coolidge did—only more quickly than Mr. Coolidge did—under the satisfactions of public life. It took the dry New Englander nearly six years in the Presidency to soften. Mr. Hoover in private at least is more genial and light-hearted after only about six months in the White House.

Seriously Speaking

Mr. Hoover never had the reputation for being dour and silent that his predecessor had. But he has never been a conversationalist. There was never anything light and airy about what he had to say. When the talk ran to casual things, sudden sallies, witticisms, surprises, in other words when its value depended upon its quality rather than anything inherent in the subject, Mr. Hoover was silent.

Let him choose the subject and he would discourse upon it freely enough and at length. But his interest was in the idea or the facts he was handling, not in the persons who were listening to him. He did not know how to play socially.

Even now he tends, when interviewed by someone other than an old friend, to sit bolt upright stiffly in his chair, not to look except occasionally at the person he is talking to, and to occupy himself when listening with drawing geometrical figures on a pad of paper. He is self-conscious and not perfectly at ease, although there is evidence even in his public appearances that a certain release and relaxation are taking place in him.

There is not any better cure in the world for that tenseness and self-consciousness from which ambitious people suffer than a term in the White House. Doctors ought to prescribe it, though just how they would get the prescription filled is hard to see.

There is a very general human desire to be recognized as important. Nothing satisfies that desire so completely as a term in the White House. Nothing else is left in the world so important as the Presidency of the United States.

Kings are few and generally have little power. None of their countries is as rich and powerful as the United States. Anyway, they do not receive that prize of virtue, an election to the highest office in their lands. They may be most of them haunted by the doubt that if it were not for the hereditary principle they would be selling ribbons somewhere or chauffeuring a trolley car. Such doubts are worms in the very hearts of their egos.

The President of the United States is assailed by no such doubts. He cannot be. Our Fathers in their ineffable wisdom provided a method of picking the wisest among us, the best fitted to rule, to be our President. That method has been in operation more than a century and it has been unfailing.

Any given incumbent of the White House has been chosen by the suffrages of a majority, or at least a plurality, of the voting element, among our 110,000,000 or so people. Millions upon millions of them have testified to his admirable fitness for office. Daily the press raises a chorus of admiration to his honor. Thus are the ambitions that make a man tense, silent and self-conscious satisfied. The office is the ultimate. Nothing beyond it can be imagined or desired.

If anything should set a man free, loose his tongue, make him light of heart, inspire him with kindly feelings toward the whole world which has exhibited such a sure sense of his personal importance, it is that office.

Our Fathers' Wisdom

Men who have never suspected themselves of a sense of humor have a try at being funny, the tongue loosens, the heart expands, the morning sun of recognition shines in upon the whole inward being. That no President under the expanding influence of a satisfied ego makes an ass of himself is a proof that the Fathers were wiser than they knew.

But other things also tend to make Mr. Hoover mellow. Being President of the United States is a good deal like being a speculator for a rise in a perpetual bull market. There is nothing permanently wrong with the United States. Today one may worry about the price of wheat in the United States, but tomorrow some bug bites the wheat crop in Canada and American wheat goes up half a dollar a bushel.

The tariff may cause its worries, but how often in the history of the country have the people remembered a tariff bill for better or worse three months after the tariff bill was enacted into law? It is almost impossible to go wrong.

Pippa passes every day down Pennsylvania Avenue by the White House singing her song.

Jantie wants a Plumber

Continued from page 11

Lansdowne Country Club, where Jantie Shields was going that night to dance.

It was just after this that George decided that he could work better if he should change his clothes. He meant to put on a dressing gown and slippers; but instead he found himself laying out a tuxedo and a dress shirt and his best shoes. George decided then to take a walk. There is nothing like walking to freshen a man up for work.

George walked a long way. He walked one block down Farragut and one block east, and then one block up Trafalgar and one block west; he repeated this ten times, making a total of forty blocks in all, and at the end he felt distinctly fresher. It happened that about midway of the block on Farragut Avenue was a house, and in the house lived Erasmus B. Shields. Mr. Shields lived quite alone, save, of course, for his butler, valet, cook, maids and niece. His niece occupied the front corner room on the second floor; George knew because every now and then a small-sized shadow with a high head flitted across the curtain. He was just passing the house on his eleventh round, when he noticed a long, green car at the curb and a light in the front corner room went out. George Plummer did not stop to think. Only suddenly he was conscious of feeling fresher than he had ever felt in his life, and the next moment his feet were going up some steps and his finger was pressing on a bell.

IMMEDIATELY after George placed his finger on that bell the door opened, and Cleves, the butler, appeared.

"I—I'd like to see Miss Shields," George gasped.

"Miss Shields is engaged," said Cleves severely.

"Oh, I know that." George spoke quickly. "To Mr. Drew, I understand. I just wanted to see her."

"If you are a reporter," said Cleves, "Miss Shields has directed me to say that she is not seeing reporters."

"But I'm not—" George began.

It was just then that there was a little rustling in the hall behind them; the sound of steps and voices. "Stand aside, please," added Cleves. "Miss Shields and Mr. Drew wish to pass out."

George Plummer wished devoutly that he could pass out also. He moved a step backward just as Cleves swung the door wide open.

What happened next was partly the fault of the door, which was heavy; and partly the fault of Cleves, who swung it too hard; and partly the fault of the top Shields' doorstep, which was not quite as wide as George had thought it.

The next instant George was clinging to the gatepost at the bottom of those steps, watching Jantie Shields—just a flash of gold coat and gold heels and high gold head—sweep past him to the curb.

There must have been a great many people at the Lansdowne Country Club that night. But to George Plummer there was only one person present—a small person all in white, who twinkled past on high gold heels to the strains of music that played for her alone.

"So you're here," said Larabee suddenly beside him.

"I want you to introduce me to Miss Shields," said George just as suddenly back again.

So presently George Plummer found himself standing face to face with Jantie Shields and holding her by the hand. "Shall—shall we dance?" he blurted. "I wanted to talk to you about ... pipes."

Dancing with Jantie Shields was, as George had suspected it would be, very much nicer than bumping into her in a corridor. She tipped her head back, looking up at him.

"What did you say you wanted to talk to me about?" she asked him.

"About . . . pipes," said George.

She laughed at him then. "You're good," she murmured. "I thought I'd had all the kinds of lines there are tried on me, but I've never had a pipe line."

George executed two double half turns that brought him out of range of Carlon Drew, and danced Jantie Shields right out through one of the French doors onto the terrace. Even the terrace seemed very public, what with the moon and all. And so George drew Jantie around a corner and down a path behind a boxwood hedge.

"What kind of pipe did you say you wanted to talk about?" Jantie reminded him.

"Parkaway," said George huskily.

Jantie Shields shook her head. "Don't know it. I know T. D. and meerschaum and brier and corncob. . . ."

"This is a water pipe," said George.

"Well, what about it?"

"It will not rust," said George desperately. "It will not break, burst, clog or wear out. It keeps the water clean. Clean water means pure water. Pure water means health. Health means beauty. . . ."

After that they sat together on a white stone bench, and he told her all about it: pipes and tanks and valves and dies and working pressures; even a little bit about himself; Stilson wrenches, calking irons; everything.

"Oh," said Jantie. "Of course, I think plumbing is an awfully entertaining subject. But how did you happen to come here to talk about it?"

"I wanted to see you." George saw from her quick flush that he had been too bold, and added instantly, "I thought you might know whether they use Parkaway Pipe here at the Club."

"I really couldn't say," said Jantie. She rose, and he could see that she meant to go right away and find out. He did not want her to go. And he certainly would have taken measures to prevent it, if Carlon Drew had not come hurrying down the walk.

He took Jantie's wrist possessively and pulled her to her feet. "Don't you know this is our dance? What are you doing down here, anyway?"

"Just having a little business talk," said Jantie. She waved her hand lightly to George in parting and did not address him further. George saw that she had already dismissed him from her mind, as one dismisses a radio when he turns the current off.

This was the harder to bear, because George was now forced to admit that in spite of being very, very, very, very careful, he had fallen in love with Jantie Shields.

THAT night, on the white bench under the moon, it had not seemed so crazy. But afterwards, when George had gone home, it all seemed very crazy indeed. It was not only that Jantie Shields was rich—though that was bad enough. It was not even that she was engaged to Carlon Drew—though that of course was final. The really bad part of it was that Jantie Shields was not aware of him at all—not as a person.

An unreasoning anger shook George; anger and pride and—love. He'd *show* her.

George was still intending to show

(*Continued on page 38*)

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To the man who buys Buick miles . . .
. . . a BUICK *is always a* BUICK

THERE is only one fundamental class of Buick motor cars . . . *they are all Buicks* . . . and the man who buys the second ten—or twenty—or fifty thousand Buick miles—does so because he knows they'll be the kind of miles that Buick alone can give.

He invariably is a man who combines keen judgment of values with a true appreciation of the fine things of life. He selects Buick, out of the entire field of possible purchases, because of the high character of those Buick miles.

He knows that Buick builds into every car *scores of thousands* of miles of joyous, reliable, uninterrupted service. He knows that he and his family will experience that extra measure of comfort, safety and roadability which only a car of Buick size and stamina can provide.

He knows his Buick will be no more a "used car" in the ordinary sense of the term than the home he lives in is a "used house." He knows, as a positive fact, that Buick will prove a gratifying and satisfying investment.

And so he buys a Buick . . . and makes doubly sure of its reliability by buying it *from the Buick-Marquette Dealer in his community*. And he *obtains* from it, dollar for dollar, the full measure of motor car value he expects to obtain—

—because Buick builds for the years—because Buick motor cars truly reflect Buick craftsmanship—because throughout the entire term of its remarkably long life, a Buick is always a Buick.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

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Jantie wants a Plumber

Continued from page 36

her when he went to work next morning. Nevertheless he was a trifle taken aback to find a memorandum on his desk; a telephone message from Shields that he was to come to the house at once. This seemed unnecessary. If Mr. Shields was going to fire him, he might have done it at the office.

Cleves did not open the door this time. Instead it was opened by a rather flustered maid.

"Come right in. I'm glad to see you," she cried, to George's astonishment. "So you're the plumber."

"I'm Plummer, all right," George admitted. "But not . . ."

She did not stop to hear him. "Here comes the plumber, Mr. Cleves."

Cleves himself appeared then. "The plumber," he said. "Good. Take him right up."

"I'm George Plummer," George began again. "I . . ."

"George the plumber, eh?" said Cleves. "Mary, take George the plumber right upstairs." His eye rested on George's bag. "That your stuff?"

"Well, yes," said George. "I thought I'd bring it. Where's Mr. Shields?"

"You'll see him soon enough," said Cleves.

This seemed only too probable. Cleves disappeared and George followed the maid up the stairs and down the hall to a closed door. "Right this way. . . ."

"You mean—wait here?"

"Wait!" she repeated. "Why, do whatever is necessary, I'm sure."

GEORGE opened the door before him and went in.

Right after he opened the door, things began to happen. They happened fast.

In the first place, George received a very large, cold squirt of water full in the face; dodging this, he became instantly involved with a shower bath, which was showering with more than customary fervor. He made a dash toward the door. But the door had slammed shut behind him, and, perhaps from the action of water on the mechanism, refused to open. He tried to turn off the shower, but the knob spun idly in his hand. It was only when he had assumed an undignified position on top of a bath stool, with the curtain wound around him to keep off the shower, and his hand clapped over a hole in the water tank to keep off the squirt, that he was able to look about him. The tub was full; the foot bath was full; the bowl was full; over the edges waterfalls cascaded to the floor.

It was just then that he heard a noise behind him, and craning his neck to see what was going to break loose next, he was confronted by a vision. On the opposite side of the room three steps led up to what appeared to be a mirror; this mirror now swung, revealing itself as a door; and just inside the door, poised on the top step, stood Jantie Shields.

Jantie Shields wore a pair of pajamas that were so pale a green you would have said it was only the reflection from the green tiles of the bath; a short green coat embroidered over with gold birds and little golden flowers and fruits and bumblebees. Her feet were tucked into satin mules with gold birds on the toes, and a frail gold scarf was knotted round her hair. She lifted her hands in a most enchanting gesture of dismay.

"What's all this about anyway?" George roared.

"I think," said Jantie, "that Cleves must have thought you were a plumber. And a pipe seems to have burst."

"Pipe," repeated George. "Pipe." Amid the stark confusion of his mind that word was something tangible to cling to. "If you'd had Parkaway," he muttered, "it wouldn't have happened."

And with that the door at the top of the steps, that was at the same time a mirror, swung a little farther so that it faced him. In the mirror was a very opulent bathroom, done up in green tiles and porcelain and built-in gadgets for bath salts and perfumes. Against this background appeared a full-length reflection of a tall young man on a bath stool; a young man with reddish hair plastered over his eyes and water streaming down behind his ears; a young man who clutched a bath curtain inadequately about him to ward off the shower and the squirt. The young man's eyes looked desperate; the lines of his face curved downward in a pattern of humiliation and anger and disgust. . . . Across from him a vision in green and gold lifted her hands in a most enchanting gesture of dismay.

George drew in his breath sharply. "By Jove!" he cried. "I'll show you! Telephone to the office for a photographer and get me a Stilson wrench."

When George Plummer walked up the

"Ah, but, Warden, these things spoil the view!"

Shieldses' doorstep at four that afternoon, he walked with an air possible only to a man wearing a costly new tie of a delicate and seductive shade of green, with socks to match, and a pale green handkerchief sticking out of the pocket of a new gray suit.

"Miss Shields," he said to Cleves.

Cleves opened his mouth—and shut it again. "This way, sir," he murmured.

Jantie Shields was in the library, just pouring tea. George entered boldly.

"Won't you sit down?" said Jantie.

"Thanks," said George. He took a paper from his pocket and thrust it into her hand. . . .

WHEN he had finished with the photographer that morning and had sent him away, George took the Stilson wrench that Jantie brought him and started for the cellar.

"Where is the shut-off?" he asked.

"I can't imagine," said Jantie helpfully.

It appeared upon inquiry that Cleves could not imagine either; neither could the maid Mary, nor the other maids, nor the valet, nor the cook, nor the second man, nor the third man, nor the chauffeur, nor any of the gardeners. But they all very helpfully followed George downstairs and watched him hunt for the shut-off.

Carlon Drew followed him downstairs also. He had appeared in the hall, offensively perfect in white knickers and a futuristic black-and-white sweater that matched his stockings. He disregarded George.

"Come on, Jantie, and play golf."

Jantie Shields widened her blue eyes at him. "But, Carl, I can't play golf in my pajamas."

"I didn't ask you to," said Drew sulkily—and added something unintelligible about its being more than she usually wore at that. "Hurry up and get dressed."

"But I have to hold the flashlight for Mr. Plummer," Jantie objected. That flashlight helped George more than anything. Under its inspiration he ran his head enthusiastically up a chute solid full of spiders, and down an opening in the partition, and under the stairs and over the steam pipes.

"WHY don't you help him, Carl?" Jantie asked.

"*Help him!*" Carlon Drew repeated, flicking a speck of dust that George had raised from his sleeve. "I don't know anything about shut-offs."

George did not know anything about them either; but intuition told him that the function of a shut-off was to be shut off. And in the end, by following all pipes to their logical conclusions, he found it. It was situated just beyond the coal hole and the dust bin, wedged in between an unexcavated bank of earth and a beam full of splinters. It could be approached only in the position known in coasting as belly-bump. George finally reached it. He did not look pretty when he climbed down again. He and Drew stood staring at each other with Jantie Shields between them. George was covered with dust and earth and soot and smut and iron rust and ashes; there was a spider's web on his chin. But it was Carlon Drew who looked annoyed.

"I'll show you," muttered George. And he went out and slammed the door behind him.

George went home first for repairs, and then he went to the Shields Agency. He heckled the photographer until he got a print; he heckled the art department until he had the print touched up with green and gold; he pasted it to the dummy he had prepared, with the copy ready on it. It was not a very long piece of copy:

AVOID DANGER! USE PARKAWAY!
PLUPERFECT FOR PLUMBING!

After that George Plummer took the dummy and stamped straight up the stairs to the solid mahogany office where Mr. Shields and Mr. Parkaway were having their daily quarrel. He thrust it on the desk between them. . . .

With something the same expression of mingled triumph and terror, he now thrust it into the hands of Jantie Shields.

"They liked it," he gasped. "I'm not fired. I'm going to get seventy-five a week."

"That's very nice," said Jantie.

"Mr. Parkaway wants a lot more," George rushed on. "Twelve, anyway. I thought if we took your bathroom from different angles, and used different colors in the prints. . . ."

Jantie Shields interrupted him. "And what exactly had you planned for the subject matter?"

"You," said George. "Of course I haven't got them all planned yet. But I thought in one—you might wear just what you've got on—you could be staggering toward the tank, with your arms thrown up across your face. . . ."

George Plummer never finished describing the excellencies of this picture. For Jantie Shields did fling up her arm across her face; and a tremor, a curious little shudder, ran through her, like a cold wind sweeping a field of flax. "I won't do it," she burst out. "I just *won't!*" And he saw that she was crying.

"Why, Jantie. . . ." George put out his hand. He meant to lay it on her shoulder just to reassure her. Truly that was all he meant to do. But somehow the instant that he touched her, the instant that he felt her warm and trembling under his fingers, then everything was different.

A STRENGTH that was beyond his strength took hold of George. He was on his feet, dragging Jantie up to face him. He felt the hard little shoulder bones under his fingers. He felt the place where her hair grew in the back of her neck. He felt the catch and quiver of her breath. And the next instant everything turned dark and strange about him; he was swaying her backward, crushing her against him till the pounding of his own heart shook them both.

"I love you. I love you," he panted. And his lips were hot and fierce against her throat.

He was frightened at what he had done when the gust of it had left him, and Jantie was sobbing so brokenly into the front of his coat.

"Oh, George," she sobbed. "And all the time you didn't act as if you knew I was *alive*. I kept coming to the office and you didn't even *see* me. Not even when I threw my handkerchief at you. Not even when I threw *myself* at you in the corridor. You just acted as if you didn't care about anything but p-ipes and ad-vertising. . . ."

He stopped her then.

"Jantie . . . Jantie . . . you don't mean you *like* me?"

"I love you," said Jantie simply. "If I hadn't, would I have telephoned for you to come this morning, and unscrewed the whole bathroom and pounded a hole in the tank?"

It was quite a long time after that that Erasmus B. Shields came in to get his tea. He did not recognize George at first. "Get out of here, Drew," he shouted. "Didn't I tell you not to annoy Jantie any more?"

Jantie Shields did not move an inch from George's arms; only lifted her head so that her blue eyes met her uncle's over George's shoulder. "That's what I told him, too," said Jantie softly. "This is my plumber. And I—oh, Uncle Shields, I'm going to be the Plummer's assistant."

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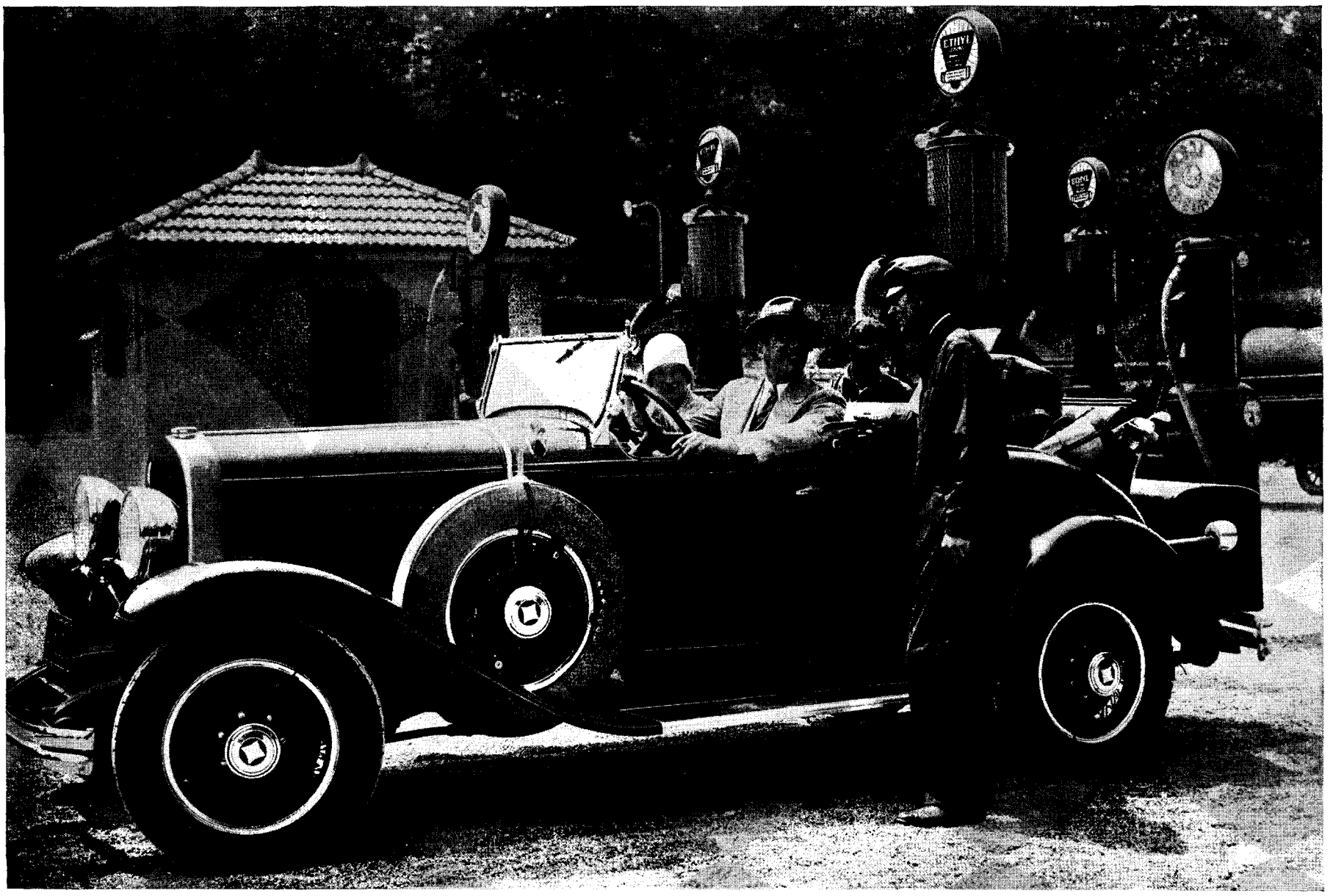
"Yes. *All* you tourists ask for Ethyl now"



STATION men say that when a "through" car stops for gasoline, they walk straight to the Ethyl pump.

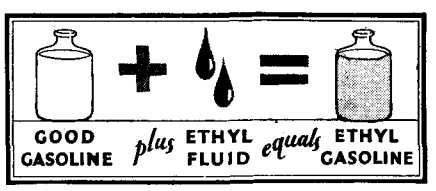
A motorist making a long trip gives a lot of care and thought to his car. Naturally. The fun of his trip depends on the way his engine behaves. And those experienced drivers ask for Ethyl Gasoline.

They know that no matter where they buy Ethyl, or under what brand name, it must be up to—or above—a certain standard. Even if they drive from San Francisco to New York or from Montreal to New Orleans they need not change the quality of their gasoline if they stick to Ethyl—now on sale everywhere.

Ethyl is good gasoline *plus*. To it has been added Ethyl fluid, the anti-knock compound developed by automotive science to improve gasoline as a motor fuel.

Start riding with Ethyl today. You will understand why so many thousands of motorists want nothing but Ethyl in their tanks—wherever they go and in all seasons of the year.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York City; 56 Church Street, Toronto, Can.; 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, England.



Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE

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indignant and says, "A kiss in a picture means nothing to an actress."

"Listen, honey," I says, "I've kissed them. I know."

"That's because you are not a real actor and you do not lose yourself in the portrayal of your part."

"Be yourself," I says. "I do not see no movie magazine interviewers around. If I was the greatest actor in the world ask me whether I would rather kiss Clara Bow or shake hands and ask her is she well. My tough breaks is that they do not put any of them hot babies in Westerns."

"What right have you to insult me then," she glares, "if you are having such a good time kissing actresses?"

"That's different," I answers.

"It is not different," she snaps, "and you have a vulgar mind. You are just an uncouth cow puncher sadly lacking in the elements of refinement."

That did not sound like her regular words so I says quick, "Who says so?"

"Lots of people."

"Van Dyke, hey? I'll knock his block off."

"And prove that he is right," she says.

I was at the Southern California Athletic Club one night and he was in a poker game.

"Here's the great lover himself," he says. "Sit down and tell us how you won all the medals."

Well I knew right away, Mr. Tiffenmeister, he was trying to be funny because I already had told about it to most everybody in the game at one time or another. I said I guessed not.

"That's a good idea," he answers. "Save your money. You'll need it."

"Is that so?" I replies and sits in the game.

Well, he was nasty all the time making remarks about me and the others would laugh and I wanted to get up and sock him.

FINALLY I found myself with four aces and everybody had dropped out but Van Dyke. It was a sweet pot and after raising back and forth I bet everything I had and called him.

"Five hundred more," he says, tossing five yards in the pot.

"I called you," I answers. "I ain't got no more."

"Think you got a good hand?" he says, kind of belittling. "Think you are a good poker player?"

"Pretty good," I says, modest like, knowing that I had four aces.

"Then bet your teeth against the five hundred."

Of course I would not do a silly thing like that, Mr. Tiffenmeister, but he kept making insulting remarks and the other fellows was laughing at me so I knew I had him licked and I took out the plate and threw it in and put down the four aces.

"Too bad," he says. "I am deep in sorrow," and shows a straight flush in hearts to the king.

Everybody thought it was very funny except me and without my plate I could not have smiled if I had wanted to, which I did not.

I kind of mumbled that I would be going so I did.

When I wore my whistling plate at breakfast the next morning my little Wonder Girl wanted to know what had happened and I told her and she laughed and said it served me right.

I took $500 out of the savings bank and went to Van Dyke's dressing-room that morning to get the plate back but he said no he had won it and not the money so I went down to the dentist and he said it would take a week to get a new one.

The next morning I went down to drive the Curtesy Car and since me and my little Wonder Girl had done con-

Take Your Time!

Continued from page 17

siderable talking about the situation she did not kiss me goodby. But it turned out that soon after I left that a friend of hers called up and said did you hear what Van Dyke is saying that he stacked the deck in a poker game and framed Jack and took his eye teeth which he is showing all around ain't that a joke.

Now that you know about this dirty dog, Mr. Tiffenmeister, I will return to Hollywood Boulevard where I was chasing him in the Curtesy Car.

Van Dyke seen me coming and he was going fast, too.

"I hope I did not hurt anything," I says to my Wonder Girl as I turned out of the way of a kid on a bicycle and knocked over a Salvation Army clothes-collecting wagon.

Van Dyke swung right around the corner at Vine street on two wheels and I followed. I did not swing so clean, on account of the trailer which jerked loose and rolled over and over squealing on every note and hit a man's telescope that stands on the corner and you pay a dime to look up to the top of Mount McKinley, or whatever the mountain is.

Van Dyke swung out of Vine onto Sunset and I was catching up with him. I dodged a police dog and run up on the curb and knocked off the top of a water plug but that did not stop me.

We got in the clear since cars seen us coming and run up on the sidewalks to give us room and was hitting sixty or seventy and we had a string of motor cops behind us like it was a parade.

"He is waving a white flag," my Wonder Girl says.

Sure enough, he was holding a handkerchief out the window, but white flags meant nothing in my life.

He crumpled it up in a knot and tossed it out and I run over it with a funny crunch that did not sound like a handkerchief.

"Oh, golly!" she gasps. "I think he put the teeth in that handkerchief!"

WELL that made me so mad that I decided that I did not care what happened, Curtesy Campaign or no Curtesy Campaign, and I got reckless and pushed her all the way down and passed Van Dyke and cut in ahead of him and made him slow down and run off the road and we both stopped. I jumped out and pulled him out of the car before the sixteen motor cops could get to me and you can imagine my surprise, Mr. Tiffenmeister, when he socked me on the jaw. I jumped up and slammed him a couple that blacked both his eyes and one on the chin so he could not work for weeks and then the cops grabbed us.

I started to explain but my little Wonder Girl pushed me back and says, "My husband Oklahoma Jack Gilligan was merely putting on a demonstration for the Los Angeles Curtesy to Motorists and Pedestrians Week."

"Such as what?" a copper asks.

"To show," she answers politely, "the evils of reckless driving." She smiles at all the cops and boy when she smiles, she smiles and the cops just stood around and kind of grunted.

The news-reel car caught up and a fellow I knew jumped out and said, "Great stuff, Jack. We got it all."

The cops said we better go to the police station and my little Wonder Girl allowed that it would be good to go by a back way and I said I thought so too.

Well, Mr. Tiffenmeister, you would hardly believe your eyes how many mad people got into the police station and some of them talked about lynching me. The agent for the Cedric car was my only friend and he said it was a wonderful demonstration of what a Cedric could do being not hurt much except for needing new fenders and a bumper.

He finally got me out on bail and I promising to fix up everything and there was a lot of reporters around and the next day the papers was full of the story how I put over Curtesy week by showing what a reckless driver could do.

You ask for a detailed account, Mr. Tiffenmeister, for the contribution to religious, charitable etc. and here it is:

Religious—To Rev. Hiram Higginbottom, getting knocked down	$ 74.35
Charitable—Salvation Army Wagon all bust up	168.90
Scientific—Fixing telescope	345.30
Literary—O. O. Overholt, scenario writer, getting run over	150.00
Musical—Fixing calliope	95.40
Educational—Fixing car belonging to Prof. Nelson Nottingham	67.85
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—Los Angeles Water Company, new water plug and wasted water, caused by dodging police dog	276.44
Prevention of Cruelty to Children—Results of miscellaneous dodging	400.00
And so forth and this and that including $100 fine	1,068.08
Total	$2,646.32
Deducting reward paid to me for hitting bakery wagon which turned out to be loaded with booze and driven by noted bootlegger that had escaped from Atlanta	500.00
Total deduction under Item 15	$2,146.32

So you see, Mr. Tiffenmeister, you and Hoover just got yourself worked up over nothing at all.

IF YOU still do not believe me, Mr. Tiffenmeister, you and Hoover go see The Wild Ride starring Oklahoma Jack Gilligan in which they used the news-reel stuff which they wrote a story around and which shows me making my demonstration for the Los Angeles Curtesy to Motorists and Pedestrians Campaign. That is the picture I made after the one where I played the comedy cowboy where I made such a big hit in talking pictures which was a super special called The Bitterness of Broadway.

If you saw the Bitterness of Broadway, Mr. Tiffenmeister, you can guess how my test came out that afternoon with the whistling teeth. I thought I was a flop and did a terrible test even though my little Wonder Girl tried to find me a piece to recite that did not have any S in it which could not be done but I recited Gugga Din Din Din which which was not so bad as if I had recited The Bells, Bells, Bells.

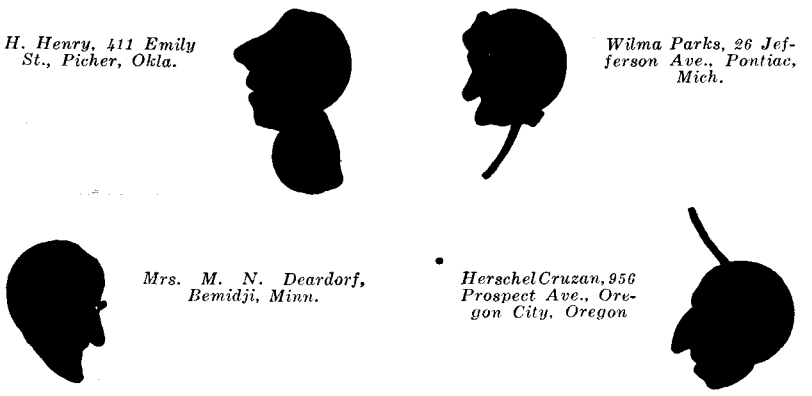
Well, on the playback it was something awful but Charley Stone and Art Jenkins, that directed the picture, let out a yell and said I was a riot and that I would get the part providing I did not lose the whistling plate. So I got the comedy part and if you read the notices all over the world you saw how they praised my fine acting as the lisping bad man from the West.

So everything now is all right and you and Hoover need not bother me no more.

Yours sinc'ly,
OKLAHOMA JACK GILLIGAN.

In the Dark

YOU may think you're groping in the dark at first, trying to make these little black shapes look like something. But in no time you will see the most intriguing heads, flowers, animals, and goodness knows what, coming out under your fingers. Read the directions below and join in the fun.



H. Henry, 411 Emily St., Picher, Okla.

Wilma Parks, 26 Jefferson Ave., Pontiac, Mich.

Mrs. M. N. Deardorf, Bemidji, Minn.

Herschel Cruzan, 956 Prospect Ave., Oregon City, Oregon

Here are the pieces-cut them out

CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published.

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No. 7. *Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground*

Martyrs to Science

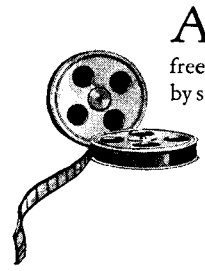
Tests at the Proving Ground involve speed, power, endurance, braking, riding comfort, handling ease, fuel and oil economy, body style—every phase of car construction and performance.

MILLIONS OF MILES of testing lie ahead of this group of cars. They might be called "martyrs to science."

They are some of the cars which are being tested at General Motors' 1268-acre Proving Ground, near Milford, Michigan. They include representative makes, both American and European; every type of engine; every type of body. They are being driven night and day, while engineers scientifically record their performance and separate opinion from fact.

The facts determined, studied with Open Mind, help General Motors to carry out its policy of continuous improvement and to give the public, year after year, still better values—in performance, design, comfort and style.

* * *



A MOTION PICTURE showing the Proving Ground in actual operation is available in lengths of one, two, or four reels, free of all charges except those of transportation. It may be borrowed by schools, clubs, churches, and other organizations. Please specify whether the 35 or 16mm width is desired and give several weeks' notice in advance of showings. Write to Institutional Advertising Dept., General Motors, Detroit.

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK LASALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES · FRIGIDAIRE—*The Automatic Refrigerator*
DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants* · ℞ WATER SYSTEMS · GMAC *Plan of Credit Purchase*

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday Evening. 9:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 37 other stations associated with N. B. C.

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One of the Best

Continued from page 22

table in the corner, his bag between his feet. He was drunk. Very drunk.

So Crews thought he had done a smart trick by firing him, did he? Well, a lot that had got Crews! He had made more in one month than Crews could make in a year. Wouldn't that give you a laugh? Say, that's a thought: Go over and rub the jack under Crew's nose. Yes, and if he tried out any back talk, poke him one. Sure, that's a swell idea—go over and rub the whole bundle right under his nose! Teach him something, the bum; teach him not to fool with Ribberson.

Ribberson got up, chuckling happily, paid the waiter and staggered out. His bag was light. But he hailed a taxi. Plenty money—why walk?

The nine-o'clock edition had just gone. Crews was clearing his desk of papers and was about to go home. Ribberson made his way between the rows of desks and leaned over him.

"Hello, you cheap bum!" Ribberson said.

Crews looked up.

"Oh," he said, quietly. "Don't talk that way, Ribberson. I don't like it. Roll your hoop."

"No," said Ribberson. "Oh, no. I got something to show you, baby. Something pretty."

Crews suddenly saw a huge sheaf of bank notes, clutched in Ribberson's hand, waving before his eyes.

"Very pretty," he said calmly. "Now, suppose you run along."

Ribberson snarled.

"Take a look at it," he said. "*You* handed me that, d'ye know it?"

CREWS smiled patiently and rose to get his hat. "Come on, Ribberson," he said. "Don't be foolish. Put that away before you lose it, and go on home."

Ribberson clung to the desk. "I'm telling you I got this just because you thought you were so smart," he insisted.

"Remember that diamond story you handed me? Remember? Well, that's where this came from. Yes, and a swell trip, too. Ocean voyage, Crews. How you like that, huh?"

Crews laughed. "Don't kid me, Ribberson," he said.

Ribberson's rage rose. He turned to glance around the room. Men had stopped work, at the sound of his angry voice, and were looking curiously toward him. He saw Thorley—Thorley, the man who had been at the pier that day. He beckoned to him angrily. Thorley got up and came towards him, grinning.

"Where'd you get it, Ribberson?" he asked. "Bring it ashore with you?"

Ribberson looked at him craftily. "I'll tell the world I did," he crowed. "You remember Big Nick, down there? Say, those dicks are a bunch of fatheads, huh, Thorley? Take a look at this!"

And he shook the sheaf of bills, chuckling.

There was a silence. Then Crews said crisply:

"Sit down here, Ribberson, old man. Tell Garr to quit what he's writing, Thorley, and come here."

Hazily Ribberson saw men grouping themselves around him. They all doubted him, doubted his word!

"What do you suppose I got m' bag fix' this way for?" he demanded, breathing heavily and angrily. He threw the light satchel on the desk, and, swaying unsteadily, pointed at it. The leather of the sides was soiled with travel; the leather bottom was bright and fresh.

"Tha's *my* idea—Big Nick never had brains for *tha'* idea! 'S only safe place. Beat 'em easy, huh, Thorley? 'F you don' believe it, go look, up at that back room. 'Give you address, 'f you wan' it. Fin' old bottom bag up there."

The men around him glanced at each other. Crews drew Garr to one side.

"This sounds like the real thing, Garr," he whispered. "Call up the Customs House. Who's in charge of the diamond squad?"

"Robards. But he won't be there at this time of night. I'll have to call his house. It's not listed, but I've got it."

"Well, get him," said Crews impatiently. "And hang on to him till we get this address from Ribberson. Tell him we've got a straight tip but that we're not at liberty to disclose the tipster's name."

He turned back to Ribberson.

"What's that address?" he asked sharply.

Ribberson told him.

Crews scribbled the numbers; an awed copy-boy ran with the bit of paper to the telephone booth in which Garr was calling the Customs operative. Ribberson pushed angrily against the men grouped around him.

"Wha's big idea?" he demanded thickly. "Get out m' way, you." He lurched forward and collapsed into a chair.

Oh, Parker, the ash tray, please

Crews looked at him. "Thorley, you'd better take him home," he said. "He's all in."

Ribberson felt a tug at his sleeve. A copy-boy, eager, was holding out an envelope. "Say, Mr. Ribberson," he cried, "here's a letter for you. It's been here a coupla weeks!"

Ribberson looked at it dully. Stupidly he tore the envelope open and gazed with heavy eyes at the sheet of paper he took from it.

"My dear Son," he read, uncomprehending. "Could you possibly send me a little money? I know you have a great many expenses, and I would not ask this if I had anyone else to whom I could turn. I am afraid I am not so strong as—"

Ribberson crumpled the sheet in his hand and threw it to the floor. He walked on, uncertainly.

CREWS picked up the crumpled letter, glanced at it, took a step after Ribberson, hesitated, and stopped. "I'll send somebody over tomorrow," he told Garr, "and see what we can do about it. No use arguing with him tonight."

Garr nodded. "Who are you sending up to Big Nick's house?" he asked.

"Beat it up there," said Crews, briefly. "We'll hold the story till the city edition. It's all ours."

The cab which Thorley had hired came to a stop, twenty minutes later, in front of the unlighted building in which Ribberson lodged. Thorley got out and told the driver to wait. "Wait till I get this bird upstairs," he said. "I'll be back in a minute."

The driver chuckled. "He's got a-plenty, I'll say," he observed.

THORLEY got an arm under Ribberson's shoulders and supported him to the door. "Where's your key?" he demanded. Ribberson fumbled in his pocket, and at last produced it. They entered. Thorley, still clutching the man, propelled him laboriously to his room. He released his hold to strike a match; and Ribberson, lurched forward, collapsed on a disordered bed and was silent. His hand still clutched his bag.

"You all right, now?" asked Thorley, panting from his exertions. "All right, Ribberson?"

There was no answer, except for Ribberson's heavy breathing. Thorley grunted disgustedly, shut the door behind him and went back to the cab.

The two men who had been crouching in the dark room remained listening for several minutes. Then, they crept forward. It was not until, in attempting to wrest the bag from Ribberson's drunken clutch, they awakened him and found that he was about to make an outcry, that they struck.

The room was a long one: and the iron cots in it, ranged side by side, each with its wretched burden, were so numerous that the nurse on duty had no time to linger at any one of them. But if, at rare intervals through the long night, she found herself with a moment of leisure, she went instinctively to the last cot in the long row; not because of anything that she could do for its occupant—for she knew that there was no hope for him—but because she pitied the old lady who had been sitting there beside the cot for so many hours and so patiently.

"Isn't there something I can do for you, Mrs. Ribberson?" she would say gently. And the old lady, glancing up at her, would thank her with a smile of such serenity and peace that the nurse wondered at it. And the old lady seemed grateful, too, and proud.

"Everybody is so nice," she whispered. "It's because of my son, of course."

"Of course," whispered the nurse.

"You know, they sent me the money for my railroad ticket, the newspaper did," went on Ribberson's mother. "Wa'n't that nice of them? But I guess I told you that before. I'm dreadful forgetful. And they was all so nice, meetin' me there at the railroad station, and everything. My gracious, I don't know what I'd have done, if they hadn't! All those automobiles and everything! I don't see how you folks ever go anywhere. You know, I was dretful wicked, thinking all the way on the train about that taxicab that run over my boy. I was thinking there ought to be a law to punish folks that was so careless. But that editor, he was awful nice, he said it was just an accident. I've been ashamed of myself, ever since. Everybody is just so nice. It's account of my son, of course."

"Of course it is," agreed the nurse, gently.

"You know," said the little old lady confidentially, with a glance at the still figure on the cot, "he's an awful good boy, but he just never has been any hand at writin' letters to me. And he's too modest, too. He wouldn't ever write to his mother, to let on as how proud they was of him. 'Guess I wouldn't *ever* have found out, if it hadn't been for this accident, and their sendin' for me! That editor, that nice Mr. Crews, he told me—said my son was one of the best men they ever had. Wa'n't that nice?"

The nurse nodded silently and turned away.

Ribberson's mother sighed happily and took up again the book that she had brought with her. She looked again at the motionless figure lying beneath the gray blankets, straightened the sheets, and then, finding her place on the page, began once more to read.

"And there came unto me one of the seven angels," she read, "and he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city. . . ."

OUTSIDE the hospital, the sounds of the city went on through the night. Ribberson's mother listened a moment, wondering at them; then read on:

". . . that great city . . . descending out of heaven . . . and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high . . . and the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. . . . And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there. . . ."

The roar of an elevated train's passing shuddered through the hospital walls, but the old lady went on reading:

". . . And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the . . . book of life."

She looked from the book to her son; and the look within her tired old eyes was very peaceful and very proud.

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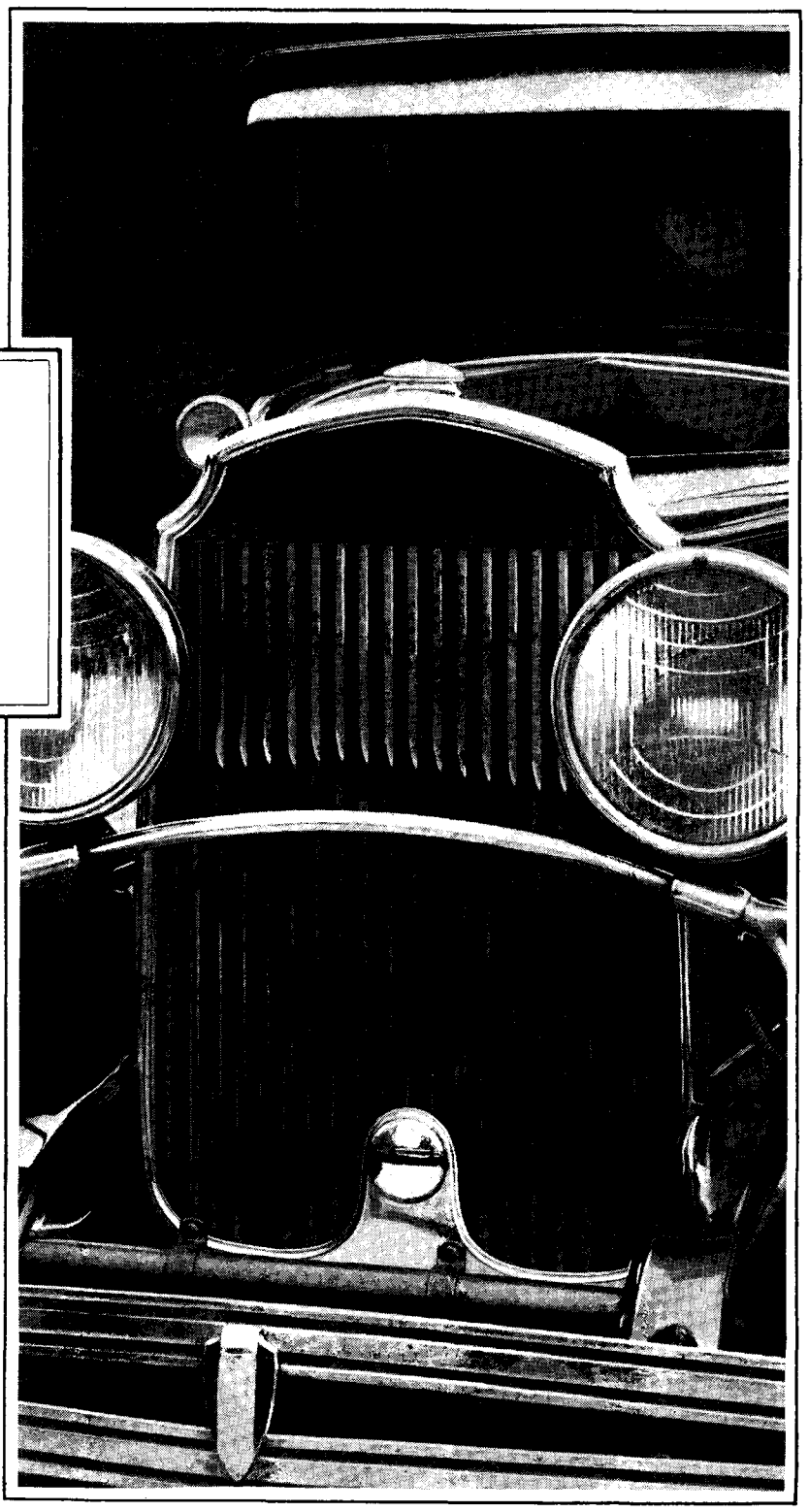
Look at the front end of the automobile you buy today

for this mark of engineering progress



ONE engineering achievement above all others commands the attention of new car buyers today. It's an improvement you can *see* — one whose vital principle of protection is known to millions.

"Look at the front end," say the engineers of America's leading cars. On more than 20 of them you will see this unmistakable evidence of engineering progress — Pines Automatic Winterfront.

Fluctuating, uncertain temperature has had its last fling at the motors within these up-to-the-minute cars. No longer do these manufacturers leave the vital matter of motor protection to the memory of the car owner.

They have taken into their own hands this problem of keeping the motor at the *right* operating temperature — and relieved their owners of repair expense that engineers say has reached a staggering total in the past.

Look at the names of these manufacturers. Leaders—all of them—in every department of motor car manufacture—but most important—trail-blazers in engineering development.

Each has proved—within his own laboratories and upon his own testing grounds—that Pines Automatic Winterfront is an engineering necessity. All have found that motor protection *must* be over the radiator, *must* be automatic and *must be there* when temperature changes require—not just when the motorist happens to think of it.

Are you buying a new car?

If you are—look for the Pines Automatic Winterfront over the radiator. It is unmistakable evidence of engineering progress.

True — Pines Automatic Winterfront has brought a degree of beauty to the front end of the motor car,

IF the new car you are considering is not already equipped with an Automatic Winterfront assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may then purchase a detachable type shutter which gives you the same advantages as the built-in type.

impossible to attain with the radiator exposed — as well as warmth and freedom from front end drafts inside the car.

But its vital function is one of absolute protection to the motor and all its parts. It has won its enviable place in the automotive industry because it definitely prevents the damage that results from operating an underheated motor. Damage — experts agree—which is responsible for 50 to 75% of all repair costs.

Do you own a car?

If you do—watch the thermometer — and equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront at temperatures ranging 60° Fahrenheit and below.

No car is immune. No more tangible evidence of the necessity for this vital protection could be offered you than the fact that these leading manufacturers take this vital precaution into their own hands — and make Pines Automatic Winterfront an integral part of their cars.

Bring *your* car up-to-date. And remember — there is only one automatic radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 430 No. Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

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GRAHAM-PAIGE 621, 827, 837
GARDNER 130
DODGE SR. SIX
CHRYSLER 75
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
DURANT 60 and 70
BRADFIELD CAB (Kissel)
CHECKER CAB
BLACKHAWK

and others—names on request

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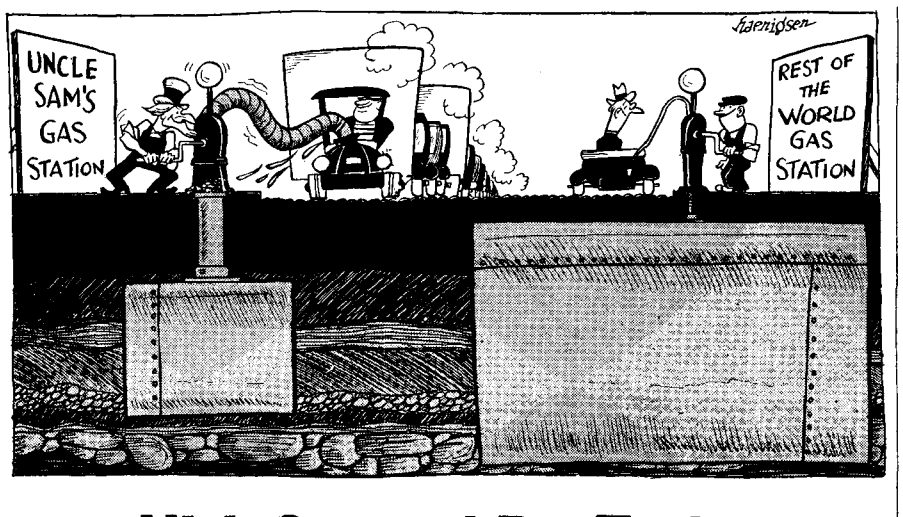


High Gas and Dry Tanks

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

MOTOR-CAR owners are fine fellows for figuring. Ask any one of your friends how much longer he can run on the gas he has left in his tank and he can probably tell you to a mile. But it would be well for him to turn his mathematical mind for a moment from his personal problem to the larger problem of which his is a part.

This problem was recently put upon the blackboard of the American people by the Federal Oil Conservation Board in the form of two facts and two questions.

Fact 1: The United States is producing 72 per cent of the world's output of petroleum. Fact 2: The United States possesses not over 18 per cent of the total petroleum resources of the world. Question 1: How much longer will our supply last? Question 2: What shall we do about it?

Nobody can answer the first question now. But everybody can help to answer the second question.

The board put the question to the class recently. The earliest response came from one of the quickest boys in the school, and the one who next day was seated at the head of the class. He raised his hand, snapped his fingers and spoke out plainly: "If oil is going to get scarce before long, I will keep in the ground all that Uncle Sam has now." This made some of the Western boys mad and they said they would not let him interfere.

BUT even if the President should succeed in checking the leasing of oil fields on the public lands, it will not do much to solve the main problem. For the government has no control over the owners of the private claims, who keep pumping out petroleum as fast as they can, and often faster than they want to, because if they do not get it, their next-door neighbors will.

When a man takes up a claim he gets a chunk of earth in the form of a square-topped pyramid four thousand miles deep. If it contains gold or coal he can save it till it suits him to take it out. But oil is liquid and liable to be drained away.

Obviously it would be for the best interests of all the owners of any oil field to come to a common agreement and regulate their output. But that may be contrary to the anti-trust laws and anyhow it is apt to be impossible, for if one man stays out of the agreement he is rewarded for his contumacy by getting more than his fair share of the pool.

At first sight Question 1 seems easy to answer. In 1928 the petroleum output of the United States was in round numbers 900,000,000 barrels. According to the government geologists the total known supply of petroleum remaining in the ground and obtainable by present methods is about 9,000,000,000 barrels. Now any of us, without being mathematicians or geologists, can divide the second figure by the first and get ten; so we conclude, not being mathematicians or geologists, that by the year 1939 the last drop of oil will be drained from the ground.

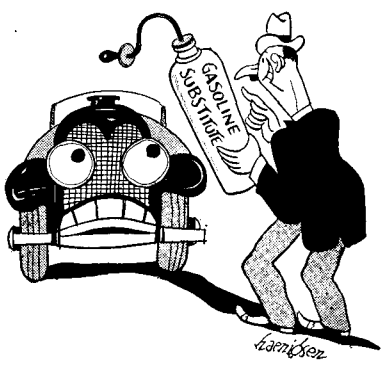
BUT this answer is wrong. The supply of petroleum will never be suddenly shut off, for its products will gradually rise in price as substitutes come into use. The automobile will have to be weaned to live on other liquids than its natural gasoline. We will import more—so long as we can.

Then, too, we must remember that geologists are conservative, the best of them are, and that even the best of them can not tell exactly how much oil remains undiscovered.

In 1920 the chief geologists of the U. S. Geological Survey ventured the prophecy that "the production of natural petroleum in the United States must pass its peak at an early date—probably within five years and possibly within three years—though the long sagging production curve may be carried out beyond the century." But petroleum production has continued to increase year by year since then, and we cannot tell yet if 1928 was the peak.

If the peak has not been passed, we may safely say that we are getting nearer to it every year. The boy in the fable who cried "Wolf, wolf!" was not wrong but merely premature.

Question 1 can be answered accurately only by the course of events, for it depends in part upon unknown factors in nature, and in part upon the unpredictable actions of man. But whether we can solve Question 1 in advance or not, we know that Question 2 will, sooner or later, be put to us for solution, and it is time we began to think about what answer we can give. There is so far no satisfactory answer in sight.



April Escapade

Continued from page 19

you talking about?" he asked her again. But without the confident note now, and in a rougher tone.

"I'm trying to tell you!"

A pause. Then Cass said in a puzzled tone:

"Who is he?"

"He's a New York man," Mary Kate answered unhesitatingly. The joy of speaking of him flowed through her fevered heart and soul like the waters of a cool river.

"Say, listen, are you kidding me, Mary Kate?"

"Kidding you!" she echoed, in patient scorn. She was silent a moment. "No, I'm not kidding you," she said simply.

Cass twisted about, to try to see the expression on her face. But the room was too dark.

"Where'd you meet him?"

"In Mr. Rountree's office."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Steynes. Christopher Steynes."

"The polo player, who shot a burglar the other day?"

She had forgotten that. She had forgotten everything but Chris. Her heart leaped with instinctive fear, but she answered carelessly enough:

"That's the man."

"And you met him in the office?"

Mary Kate's head jerked an assent against his shoulder.

"What'd he do? Try to make love to you?"

"No; he never touched me. He never said a word—like that, I mean."

"O-h-h?" Cass said, in a different, a lighter, tone. Whatever dawning suspicions he had entertained were allayed. "How often did you see him?" he asked.

"Three times," Mary Kate answered, after a moment's consideration. "Twice in the office," she thought, "and once more to cover all that other time."

Cass laughed.

"You saw him three times, and he never said a word about love," he summarized it.

"Well, yes—he did say something about love," she remembered. "He even said something about—well, falling in love with me. But it wasn't serious. It was sort of—about how funny it would be—something like that—"

"And you got a sort of crush on him?" Cass asked, amusedly.

"I suppose that's it."

"But you don't know one thing about him, Mary Kate!"

"I know."

"Look. You might hate him."

"I might." There had been moments, she remembered, when she had thought that she already hated him.

"BUT then what makes you think you have a crush on him?"

"The—the way I feel, Cass," Mary Kate said earnestly. She had to tell somebody, she couldn't tell anyone else. "If I hadn't met him, I'd think I was sick," she resumed, with a shamed laugh. "Because most of it is just feeling sick—hot and dry and cold and shaky and—well, just mad with restlessness, all the time. I'd not think it had anything to do with—with him, except that it's worse when I think of him—the way his voice sounds—the way he looks—"

Cass had squared about to face her in the dark. Now he said, in an altered voice, a speculative, deliberate voice:

"Say, you *have* got it!"

"I've got—something," Mary Kate confessed, with an unhappy laugh.

"You've felt like that before?" the man questioned.

A silence. Then she said simply: "Never in my life before."

Cass fell silent now, too. He got up from the davenport, and went to the light, and turned it higher. A flickering half-hearted illumination wavered on the ugly walls, shabby chairs and curtains. The man lighted a cigarette.

He came back to the davenport, but sat apart from her now, twisted about so that he faced her, the cigarette in his fingers.

"Mary Kate," Cass said, in what, considering his young confidence in his masculine power to handle all her problems as well as his own, was a new strangely uncertain voice, "you didn't—I mean when we were so happy last week—when I was so crazy about you—as God knows I am now—you didn't feel that sort of feeling then?"

HER passive hand lay in his; she raised her troubled eyes, spoke apathetically.

"I think that's what I'm trying to tell you, Cass."

"That's the way I feel about you," he said humbly.

"I know." Mary Kate's voice was almost inaudible.

"Every telephone means you, to me," the man went on.

"Oh, I know!"

Cass was speaking. She could hear his voice, but not the words.

"Where's he staying, Mr. Steynes?"

"I didn't hear you."

"Is this Mr. Steynes, or whatever his name is, staying in San Mateo?"

"Burlingame."

Then there was a long silence. Mary Kate had closed her eyes again, and was leaning back, looking spent and limp. But there was a sudden narrowing, a sudden speculative light, in Cass' eyes.

"Did you go to Sacramento?" he asked suddenly, in a level voice.

Her eyes flashed open; color rushed into her face.

"No—" she whispered, fearfully, slightly shaking her head. She was sitting erect now, and as Cass did not speak, but continued to regard her, with a sort of horrified astonishment in his look, she put her two hands to her head, and disordered her brilliant crushed hair with frantic fingers.

"My God—" Cass breathed, whispering in return, his unmoving eyes glued upon her face.

Silence. Silence. It spread and rose and deepened between them like the noiseless waters of a swollen river.

"Oh, not the way you think!" Mary Kate presently said, impatiently, indifferently. "I didn't do anything—wrong. I'm not a kid, to be led astray. I know the Commandments. I went down there on business for Mr. Rountree."

"But why didn't you tell us?"

She spoke apathetically.

"I knew Mother'd raise the roof."

"Why should she?"

"I thought she might."

"But if there was nothing wrong—?"

Mary Kate shrugged, sighed, and made no answer. There was infinite indifference, infinite weariness in her averted eyes.

"When I went into the kitchen, a while back, to give your mother a quarter for the gas meter," Cass said, "I didn't have a quarter. So I picked up your purse, and took it from that. And I saw a return ticket from Burlingame there."

She remembered now. Chris had

(*Continued on page 46*)

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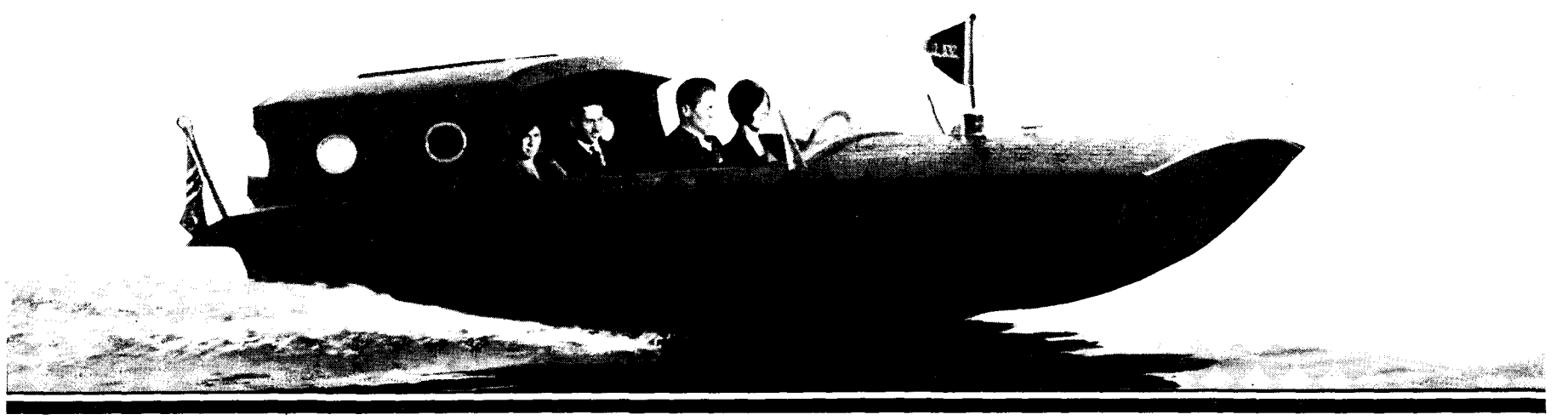
Come Outdoors and *Play*



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bought her a return ticket on Saturday afternoon, not knowing that she already had such a ticket in her purse. It hadn't seemed to matter, then—

"It kind of surprised me, because in all the months I've known you you've never been to Burlingame that I knew of," Cass pursued.

"They wanted me to go to a dinner, and pretend to be somebody, that was all there was to it!" Mary Kate presently volunteered.

"I see. Well, your mother wouldn't have minded that!"

"She might have."

"Where'd you stay?"

"Oh, at one of their houses."

"Other people there?"

A second's pause. Then she said:

"Yes."

"DID Mr. Rountree ask you to do it, Mary Kate?"

"Oh, yes; as a favor to him." It was all beginning to seem natural and simple. Her nerves steadied.

"I don't see why you shouldn't do that," Cass mused. "Was Steynes staying with him?"

"No, he's taken a Spanish house, a little way off. The Bersinger place, I think they called it."

The name stirred Cass' memory.

"Were they talking about the burglar—no, it was before the burglar," he thought aloud. "When were you—let's see—"

"It was that night, it was when I was there," she confessed, fearfully, yet with sudden relief in her voice, too.

"My God!" Cass said, not irreverently, as he glanced at this slender, crushed, anxious girl with the deep blue eyes, who was one day to be his wife. "You might have let yourself in for something!"

"I did," Mary Kate admitted, raising her steady look to his.

"You weren't in Steynes' house!"

"I was—as it happened."

"How'd that happen?"

"The arrangement was made that way."

"He had a house party, eh? Mart would skin you, Mary Kate," Cass said, off on a tack.

"I know it. And Mother, too."

"But why, in the name of all that's holy, did you do it?"

"They wanted to pay me for it, Cass. And you know how I wanted to help Mart."

"To go to Germany, you mean?"

"With Doctor van Antwerp."

"H'm!" Cass mused. "Why, but look," he said, brightening, after a moment's thought, "*that's* what's been the matter with you, you poor little thing! You've gotten yourself all wrought up over nothing, and you think it's a crush on Mr. Steynes. Don't you see? It was the excitement and the risk—how much did you see of the man?"

"Of Chris—topher Steynes?" She had to add the last three syllables to the name as an afterthought.

"No. The burglar."

"Oh, I heard voices—and the gun—" She covered her face with her hands.

"Gosh!" Cass ejaculated youthfully. "They got the police, huh?"

"Immediately."

"Didn't get your name?" He was agitated. The fears of the boy who has worked his own way up, through newspaper deliveries, street gangs, messenger service, were in his voice.

"They got everyone's name—the servants, everyone." Mary Kate had thought this answer out before.

It caused Cass to fall into long thought, his lips pursed, the cigarette dead in his hand.

"Rotten break," he finally commented. "But you don't have to tell me," he went on, patting her hand, "that you didn't do anything wrong."

April Escapade

Continued from page 44

"No; I didn't do anything wrong."

He went on absently patting her hand.

"Lucky thing for you Mart was away!"

"Oh, wasn't it!" she breathed fervently.

"None of the names got into the paper," Cass said, visualizing a large house party. "Were the women crazy?" he asked.

"What women?"

"The women in the house?"

"Oh—? Well, the butler's wife, a nice sort of middle-aged woman called Peters, came and slept the rest of the night with me. Everyone was pretty well wrought up."

"I should think so! What did—you didn't tell me—what did Mr. Rountree want you to do? I mean who were you supposed to be?"

"Oh? Oh, yes! Well, you see, an unscrupulous sort of Russian countess was rather—taking it for granted, do you see?—that he was engaged to her daughter," Mary Kate began, feeling the ice crackle under her, trying to keep her thoughts policing her words in ten directions at once.

"She was probably in with a gang of thieves," Cass opined, with some recent thrilling movies in mind. "Most of those titled Russian women seem to be."

"Oh, no—she was a countess, she was probably genuine enough," Mary Kate defended her. "I mean, she *had* jewels, she looked like all those ugly women with dog collars and crowns on," she explained. "In the Sunday pictorials, you know?"

"But he didn't want to marry her daughter?"

"No. He hates the daughter!" Mary Kate answered, with satisfaction.

"And so he was supposed to be engaged to you?"

Even now she dared not be quite truthful.

"That was it."

"Yes, but where did Steynes come in?"

"Oh, it was to Mr. Steynes. He was the one."

"Oh—?" Cass said, on a long-drawn note. "I *see!*"

FOR an interval there was silence. Then suddenly the man said, in a definite voice:

"Now, I'll tell you, dear. That was an awful experience, and of course it shook you all up. Your nerves are shot to pieces, and no wonder. He goes away on Sunday, doesn't he?—and that will end it. And next week, very quietly, you and I'll be married. Then you can tell your mother, and everything will be all cleared up."

"Cass, nobody'd believe that I was down there, and yet that nothing wrong went on—nothing wrong was even thought of."

"But you know who does believe you, don't you, baby?"

"If *you* do—" she said, wistfully, with an affectionate and grateful smile.

"If I do!" He was close to her again, he had his arm about her.

Mary Kate nudged her fragrant, soft young face, and the tossed cloud of her silky hair, child fashion, against his cheek.

"And what—what good will our getting married right away do?"

"Now is that a nice question?" he asked tenderly.

The girl laughed a little guilty laugh, but made no other answer.

"Why, in the first place," he said, holding her firmly, "in the first place, dear, it'll mean that you have someone to look after you. You can't get into this sort of scrape, if I'm running you. And then, your mother and Mart, if they ever hear the story, will look at it as just—just nonsense. And then—I hope, anyway, you'll be so happy, and so busy, taking care of your boy, that you won't know there's anyone else in the world."

She was suffocating again. She sat quietly resting against his shoulder, rubbing his hand with the firm little thumb of the hand he held in his, and made no reply.

They were silent for a while, and to Cass at least it was the silence of absolute content. The curtains continued to move fitfully to and fro across the window sill, and from the street came angles and slits of light, and the occasionally sweeping brilliance of a motor car's lamps, as it turned the corner.

"Want to take a little walk, now?"

"Want to go to bed. I'm dead, Cass. You'll have to go."

THEY got up, and while Cass emptied the ash tray into the air-tight stove, Mary Kate shoved and dragged at the couch, with knees and hands, and straightened out the bedding that was always strapped in place inside it, for Tom. She plumped a soggy pillow, and left a light burning behind her, when she and Cass went into the kitchen.

The place was deserted now. The children had finished their home work, and vanished; Mrs. O'Hara was nowhere to be seen. The kitchen windows were open, and a cool draught of air was blowing through the room; into a speckless sink a faucet dripped a few occasional drops that stood like gray pearls against the carefully wiped zinc. From the stove came a wheaten smell; tomorrow's cracked wheat was already steaming in the double boiler.

The linoleum on the floor was worn in circles, down to its ugly brown warp, at stove and sink, but under the table and in the corners its pattern of red and white and egg-yellow discs and squares was still visible. On the sill of the open window was a tumbler with a score of long-stemmed sweet dark violets in it, and a dozen varnished buttercups on jointed stems.

"Kiss me—" Cass said, holding her slender shoulders in one strong arm, as in a vise, tipping back her chin with his free hand. Her tumble of soft hair fell back; she shut her eyes.

"Don't you like me to kiss you, you little darling, you?"

"I don't." She was breathing hard. "I don't like to have the breath squeezed out of me!"

"Ah, you're such a darling!" His lips were tight and hard against hers again. "Are you a darling?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Are you a little idiot that can't mind her own business?"

"Maybe I am."

"Baby," he breathed. "Baby, I love you!"

"Mary Kate!" her mother called, from the bedroom that adjoined the kitchen. "Did Cass go?"

"Going, Mother!"

He was gone, and Mrs. O'Hara came to the kitchen door, brushing her thick, short, curly black hair, that was silvering at the temples, with a disreputable old wire brush. She wore a worn old gray wrapper; her feet were in black felt slippers.

"He's the salt, that one," she said simply, of Cass.

"I'm awfully glad you like him," Mary Kate said, feeling that she would fly into pieces.

"The girls did the kitchen for me—Tess is worth as much to me as any woman ever would be!" the mother said, regarding the ordered room with pride.

Mary Kate was standing still in the open doorway, her back turned toward the room, her eyes looking out at the backyard, and the bulk of the great apartment houses, checkered with little rising tiers of gold squares, in the spring night. The light of the cigarette advertisement flashed on her coppery hair, sank, wheeled and flashed again, aureoling her head with gold.

"I simply cannot bear it," she said to herself. "I'll die. I simply cannot bear it!"

There was a frenzy upon her. She wanted to beat her hands together, beat her head against a wall. She wanted to get away from all this familiar setting; get away into silence, and darkness, and strangeness, where she could forget.

"Tom took a bath," her mother said mildly, rubbing some homemade compound of mutton fat and lemon juice upon her hands.

"Mother, would you think I was crazy if I went out for a walk?"

"At fifteen minutes after ten o'clock at night?"

The telephone tingled, and as both women turned fearfully in its direction, Mrs. O'Hara said breathlessly:

"That's Mart! Oh, blessed Queen of the Angels—"

Mary Kate was in the passage, had snatched the receiver from the hook.

"Hello!" her mother heard her say. Then her voice changed. "Oh, yes?" she said, in the very essence—the very distillation, of her usual tones. "It isn't Mart, it's business," she said, in a reassuring aside, to her mother. "Yes, Chris," the new voice resumed. "No. It's all right. I was up—my mother and I were talking. Go on—"

AFTER a moment she put the receiver back, and laughed.

"It was some business, Mother," she explained, in a voice that sang. She went to the sink, and took a long drink of cold water; filled a second glass full, eying her mother innocently over it, as she turned about. "It was a man Mr. Rountree knows—" she explained.

"Well, it's a nice hour to get people out of their beds, not knowing but what it's a death message!" Mrs. O'Hara commented, scathingly.

"He said he'd put the call in an hour ago, but they kept telling him it was busy."

"Your aunt Julia called up. Maybe that was it."

"Maybe. Shall I close up here, Mother?"

"No; you go to bed. I'll do this!"

Mary Kate got a kiss that smelled of soap and lemon and mutton fat, and then went on her way upstairs, humming. Twice she had to stop, once on the stairs, once in the dark upper hallway, to put her hands over her face, her whole body moving in a long writhing motion of ecstatic excitement.

Oh, life! Wonderful and thrilling and satisfying. Oh, youth and beauty and hope, drawing off silk stockings, hanging up the shabby dress, stepping quietly to and fro in the stuffy bedroom gloom, kneeling at last to pray—and unable to find words!

Yet what Chris had said to her would have struck frozen terror and fear to her heart, a few short days ago.

"We aren't out of the woods yet, Mary," he had told her anxiously. "There have been some new developments in this damn' thing. Can you lunch with me tomorrow—in fact, you've *got* to. We're in trouble!"

(*To be continued next week*)

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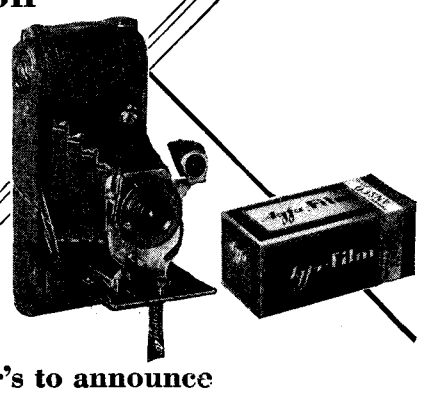

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How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. Q-8-3 H. 8-7-4-2 D. 9-8-7 C. A-Q-10	
West S. 4 H. K-Q-J-9-5 D. K-Q C. 8-7-6-4-2		*East* S. K-6-5-2 H. 10-6-3 D. 5-4-3-2 C. 5-3
	South S. A-J-10-9-7 H. A D. A-J-10-6 C. K-J-9	

THE above hand, which was published in Collier's last week, was dealt in a game of Contract. South, with four suits stopped and a No Trump count of 19, started by bidding two Spades; his singleton Ace made the two-Spade bid sounder than two No Trumps. The hand has more than the minimum strength required for a bid of two Spades, but is a little short of the strength needed for three; especially because its Spade suit is only five cards and not nearly solid.

West hated to pass, but a bid of three Hearts would be for four tricks more than his hand contains and it would be dangerous since his partner had not been heard from to make up the deficit. The only doubt of North, on the contrary, was whether he should jump to three or four Spades. He had a count of 11—8 in Clubs and 3 in Spades. The jump of a two-bid to three is authorized with a count of 8, and to four with a count of 12. North conservatively called three, South going to four. Had North bid four Spades, South, with more strength than he had shown by his original declaration, probably would have launched the partnership upon a slam career, possibly with disastrous result.

The Auction Bridge bidding would be much simpler. South would bid one Spade, West two Hearts, North two Spades, and then would come three passes.

The Play

West's first lead was the King of Hearts, which closed hand won. Desiring to finesse in both Spades and Diamonds, Declarer opened the attack by leading the Nine of Clubs, overtaking with the Ten in dummy. From dummy he then led the Queen of Spades, and East with four declined to cover an honor with an honor. South carefully played the Nine, not the Seven, under the Queen; and consequently when the Queen won and North led the Eight, South was able to underplay it also, leaving North still in the lead. It then was easy to insure every trump trick by leading through East's King toward South's A-J-10; so Declarer was able to capture East's triply guarded King of trumps at the expense of one dummy entry.

Declarer led the Jack of Clubs to trick 7, taking with dummy's Queen; and to trick 8 led dummy's Nine of Diamonds. When East played the Deuce, the Declarer placed at least one Diamond honor in the West hand. As dummy had but one more entry and South might wish to duck a second lead of Diamonds from that hand, South played the Ten on dummy's Nine. West won the trick, false-carding with the King. West then led another Heart, forcing South's last trump; and South put dummy in a third time with a Club in order to be in position for another Diamond finesse.

When East discarded on the third Club, he let go his Ten of Hearts and kept his three worthless Diamonds in the hope that this deceptive play, combined with what he imagined was a false card played by West, would induce Declarer to misplace the Diamond Queen. It would be natural for Declarer to suspect West's false card but coupled with East's Heart discard it was more apt to deceive—but it failed to accomplish its purpose in this case. North led the Eight of Diamonds to trick 11, and East played the Four; it looked very much as if East held the Queen of Diamonds and as if a finesse would produce a small slam. If a small slam had been bid, the finesse would be sound play; but Declarer had won nine tricks and by playing his Ace would cinch the game; if the finesse were tried and West had the Queen, that trick, plus the two long Hearts, would set the contract. Declarer therefore refused the finesse—he played the Ace of Diamonds. Virtue was rewarded: West's singleton Queen fell; all South's Diamonds were winners, and Declarer made an unexpected slam.

The dash and brilliancy were with East and West, the caution and conservatism with North and South; yet with cards barely good for ten tricks, Declarer made twelve. Verily the race is not always to the swift.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

	North S. 8-7-3 H. Q-10-5 D. A-K-J-7 C. A-J-9	
West S. A-Q-J-9-5 H. 8-6 D. 4-3 C. 10-8-5-2		*East* S. 10-6 H. 7-4-2 D. 9-8-6-5-2 C. K-6-4
	South S. K-4-2 H. A-K-J-9-3 D. Q-10 C. Q-7-3	

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 7

among the camp followers in Brussels!"

"Hush, that is not known here."

"I know it. I thought today Madelon had some glances that woman had taught her."

"No, no." Steffani was troubled. He gazed at the harpsichord keys; the old ivory, cracked and stained, was the color of his own long, pallid, wrinkled face under the black cap. "Madelon is brought up in the sternest honor, she has her father's sole attention now he is disgusted with the boys; Madame de Rosny stays largely because she knows how to train a gentlewoman."

Haverbeck interrupted sternly:

"Madelon is twelve today, in a few years she will understand—what then?"

"Then Madame de Rosny will go. She ages, and he is almost tired of her."

"Turned off with a month's fee in her pocket and hatred in her heart?"

"You know Neitschütz," said the Maestro uneasily. "He has no tenderness, he is devoured by this ambition—an odd passion to me—to rule Saxony, to be in Count Stürm's place—"

HAVERBECK once more interrupted: "How is Madelon to help him to that?"

"Well, the Electoral Prince has taken a violent fancy for her. When he was sick he would not eat till she was brought to him; he would not do his lessons till she helped him. It is not only the dawning passion of a youth for a maiden; It is the domination of a strong mind over a weak one."

"Does my uncle dream of a marriage?" asked Haverbeck.

"I believe he stakes on it. He knows the boys will never do anything. But she—she will be, no doubt, a wonderful creature."

"But a marriage with the Electoral Prince—it is absurd. Count Stürm would prevent it, even if the Elector was persuaded."

"I do not know," answered the Maestro wearily. "I stand apart in this house, but I cannot evade what comes before my eyes. For years have I watched the General struggling for advancement, blocked by Stürm—seen him drop deeper into difficulties; I know the shifts and economies that go on here. His estate of Gaussig is sold and that of Diemen mortgaged—all gone on flourishing at Dresden in the winter—the money spent on Madelon, too, these last few years since he saw she was to be a beauty—dresses, horses, dancing masters, jewels, even, and sometimes hardly enough on the table and the servants unpaid—"

Haverbeck interrupted:

"Madelon was a noble-minded child—has all this changed too?"

"I do not know. I cannot read her. She is very gay and courteous, but as ambitious as her father, and avid for pleasure and luxury."

"Madame de Rosny cannot have taught her honor," said Haverbeck sadly. "An ambitious woman! That has an ill sound."

Steffani explained himself, as if he feared he had been less than fair to his pupil.

"She is exceptional—clear-headed, alert-minded, full of energy and resource, born surely to rule and sway other people; she has already great control; her passions are well under—"

"You mean that Madame de Rosny has taught her duplicity?"

The Maestro had no answer to this.

"Talk of yourself," said Steffani, rising. "I hoped you would find some opening in Paris."

"I might have, through the women, but I will not succeed by favor of another man's mistress. There will be war soon and I shall do very well."

"Another war?"

"Nothing else is talked of in Paris. Everyone is tired of the peace, which gives no opportunity to a gentleman."

"You are staying here?"

"If at all, only for tonight. I must go to Dresden for my uniforms, and to join my regiment."

Steffani regarded him wistfully and regretfully; so many brilliant advantages of mind and body, a lineage so ancient, to win no more than a lieutenancy in the Life Guards . . . but the young man seemed neither disappointed nor dismayed.

"No doubt," smiled Haverbeck, "my uncle will turn you off as well as Madame de Rosny, but I will provide for you. In a few years I shall be able to do so."

"I don't deserve that," said the poor pedant, "I never did much for you."

"Everything; I never forget what I learned from you—"

"You were such an excellent pupil," Steffani sighed.

Haverbeck clasped the old, chilly fingers in his warm grasp; then said, thoughtfully and earnestly:

"Watch over Madelon—do what you can. Instruct her in honor at every opportunity. I know she has a noble heart."

Haverbeck heard, as he left the library, voices from the courtyard, glanced through a window on the stairs and saw the Electoral coach and escort preparing for departure. He joined the group in the entrance hall. Major-General von Neitschütz was taking ceremonious leave of the Elector. He had an air of exasperated triumph.

The Electoral party went into the courtyard. Neitschütz remained in respectful attitude on his own threshold until the coaches were out of sight. When he returned, heavily, to the hall, he found Madelon talking to Haverbeck by the stairs, thanking him for the gift he had brought from the Palais Royale.

"But Madame de Rosny says I am too young for fans."

Her father passed between youth and maiden.

"Everyone has gone now, Madelon. Go to bed. I'm tired—amusing fools. . . . Give me the diamonds."

THE child put her tiny hand to her throat. "Can I not keep them? Are they not mine, now?"

"No, you are too young. Take them off."

With no further protest she resigned the glittering string.

"Some day," said Haverbeck gently, "you will have many diamonds, Madelon."

Neitschütz glanced at him sharply.

"No doubt she will. Go to bed, Madelon. You have had a pleasant day?"

"Yes, my father." She curtsied. "Good night, Cousin!"

She approached Haverbeck. He would have saluted her hand, but she offered her cheek. As the youth kissed her, Neitschütz exclaimed harshly:

"What is this? Your hand was good enough for the Prince, eh?"

"Delphicus," smiled Madelon, "is my cousin."

Madelon tripped up the wide stone stairs, a gleam of lightness, of brightness. Her candid laugh was heard when she was out of sight. The Frenchwoman, discreet, silent, followed her like a shadow.

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Neitschütz turned a frowning scrutiny on the youth who remained as if waiting for some important event to take place.

"May I have five minutes of your time, sir?" asked Haverbeck.

"Not tonight. I'm fatigued—that tedious fool—how much more of it, eh? Count Stürm never came—you noticed that? No greetings, no message, no gift! A studied slight—you noticed it?"

"Yes. I must beg you to listen to me, sir. I leave early in the morning."

"What's this?" Neitschütz turned to stare down this impertinent insistence. Five years ago he had dealt sharply with a boy. But Haverbeck was of his own height and his own arrogance now, and stared back. Neitschütz laughed roughly. "So you've grown up, eh? Well, come and say what you've got to say, but I can't help anyone. Much as I can do to keep my own head above water."

"Sir, I am well aware of it."

HAVERBECK followed his ungracious host into the little cabinet where, as a child, he had never been allowed to enter.

Neitschütz dropped with a groan into a great, wide, stout chair that easily accommodated his massive weight, loosened his stiff collar and cravat, and glanced at Haverbeck through the thick fluttering candlelight; that youth had already seated himself, a fact that the elder man had sourly noted but could not resent; Haverbeck was of the higher rank.

The large hands of Neitschütz grasped the arms of his chair, his body relaxed, his chin sank on his breast. He gazed steadily at his guest.

And Haverbeck gazed at him and found little to admire.

Major-General Rudolph von Neitschütz, Lord of Diemen, Arnsdorf, Gaussig and Schlauwitz, descended from one of the most ancient families in the Empire, had a powerful, well-proportioned frame. Tall, heavy, he was yet erect and free from clumsiness. His features were good but harshly marked with lines of temper, gloom and bitterness. His face revealed that he was a disappointed man who had taken the betrayal of his hopes heavily; it revealed, too, that his intellect was superior to his character. An able, if cynic mind, a cool judgment, a keen purpose showed in those gold-brown eyes, but they were clouded with malice and shadowed by frowning shaggy brows.

He suddenly turned from staring at Haverbeck, shot out a hand and pulled toward him a bottle that stood ready on the bureau.

"You drink ratafia now, eh?" He drew the glasses from among his papers and poured out the rum arrack. "You're back, eh? Why the devil didn't you stay in Paris? There is no opening here."

"I have not come to concern you in my promotion, sir. I can look after that. I shall be a Major-General by twenty-five—or dead."

At this mention of his own rank Neitschütz flamed.

"Your damned impertinence—" Neitschütz roared, checked himself, and snapped—"I always disliked you."

"I know, sir, I was never happy in your house . . . and, I'm sorry," Haverbeck spoke with sudden softness, almost tenderness, "for I am here to ask for the hand of your daughter, Magdalena Sibylla."

To Neitschütz this was the incredible; his coarse face quivered, his lips sneered, trembling on inadequate furies; the youth continued gently:

"Consider, sir, my offer. In a few years I shall be able to afford a wife and then Madelon will be marriageable—consider that I am your superior in birth, healthy, not a fool, not vicious, well-educated and ambitious; consider, too, that I shall be content to waive the dowry you will find very difficult to provide for your daughter."

"Consider," stuttered Neitschütz, "that I have other designs for my daughter—"

"The Elector's son?"

"No less. And, if you knew, where the devil did you find the infernal impudence to put yourself forward?"

"I thought you might, sir, see reason. Madelon will never marry the Electoral Prince."

Neitschütz writhed; this struck at a secret, horrid fear.

"It was as good as promised me today."

"And Count Stürm?"

"Blast Count Stürm!"

"Exactly. But he governs the Elector and he will never permit a marriage that will put you, his enemy, in power and be his own ruin."

Neitschütz raged into bitter laughter.

"You're a cunning young rogue. Perhaps you'll get on, after all, but Madelon is not for you—that girl has cost me two estates already. And worth it. A beauty—a wit—a brain; she'll govern Saxony."

"Sir, you will never strike down this game. It flies too high. Stürm is clever—if you were to promise her to me—"

Neitschütz got clumsily to his feet.

"You fly too high. I warn you to be more moderate. Madelon! There'll be no one like her in the Empire."

"That is why I want her. But I see where your wish is set." Haverbeck suddenly spoke in hard tones. "And I warn you, Major-General von Neitschütz, your play is full of peril—this marriage will never be. Take care, then, take care, I say."

"Of what, Baron de Haverbeck?"

"You know what I mean. Your lure is delicate and easily blown upon—"

Neitschütz fumbled in the skirts of his coat.

"Take your hand from your sword," smiled Haverbeck. "If your daughter's name is so dear to you, send away Madame de Rosny."

"What do you know of Madame de Rosny?"

"Enough. She taints this house. I would not have her breathe on Madelon."

There was a passion in these last words, a pain and a sincerity that held Neitschütz silent in a second's flash of shame; Haverbeck passed him and was gone.

IT WAS dark. Small, carefully placed lights disturbed the shadows in the hall and stairs; the door yet stood open on the empty courtyard; above the low walls of the stables showed the faint pure stars.

"Farewell to Arnsdorf," thought Haverbeck, sighing. "If ever I cross this groundsill again we shall all of us be changed indeed."

He was going in search of his body-servant when he observed an elegant carriage drive into the courtyard. As it drew up at the entrance the lantern showed the arms on the harness-cloth—those of Ferdinand, Count Stürm. Haverbeck paused in the door. As a lackey pealed the bell the occupant of the coach alighted—Count Stürm himself. Haverbeck knew him at once, but Stürm did not recognize in the handsome young man who saluted him the beautiful boy he used to admire.

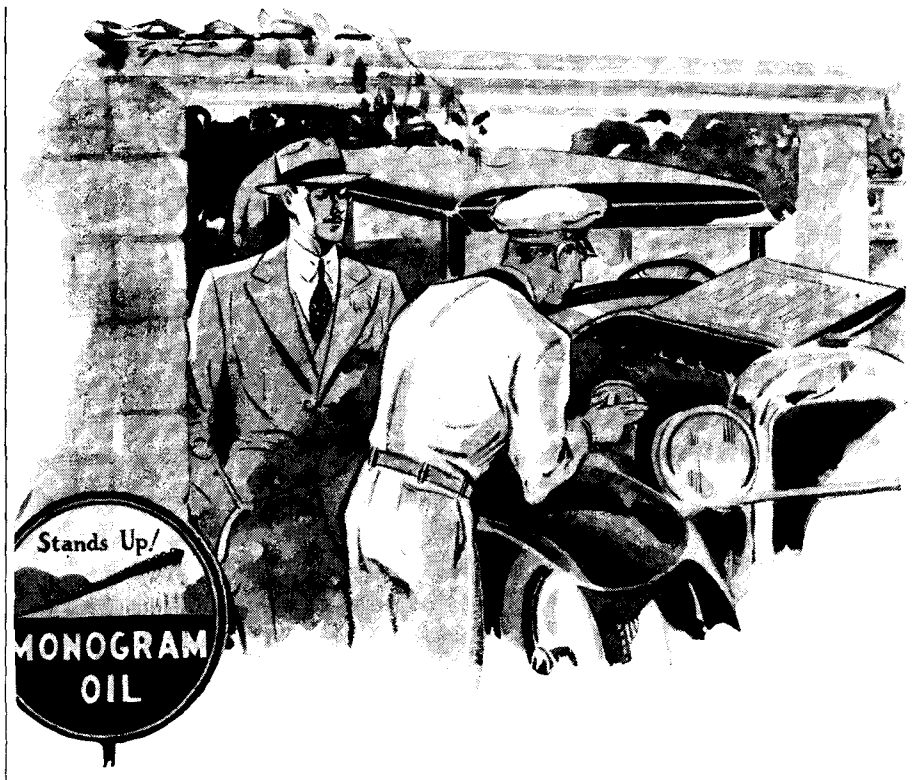
"I am Delphicus de Haverbeck, sir, immediately returned from Paris."

The Minister was delighted.

"Baron de Haverbeck! Let me observe you! My friends have written about you from Versailles. In the Life Guards, eh?"

He studied the young man with ap-

(Continued on page 50)



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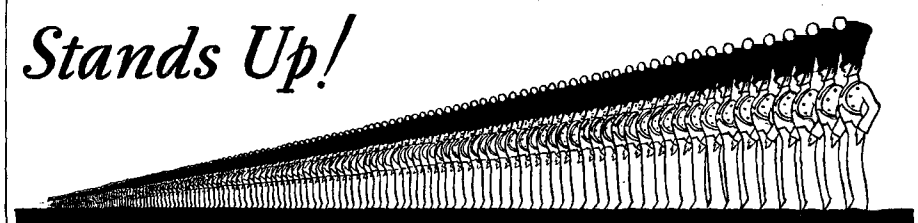

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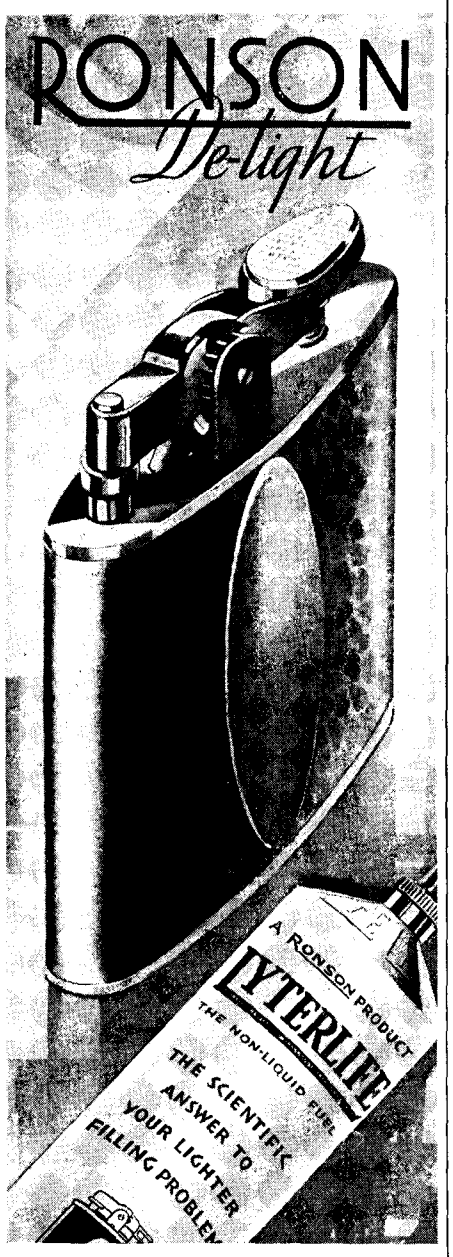

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(*Continued from page 49*)

proval. He was always keenly alert for talent and grace to attach to his party; quick and experienced as he was he saw success in Haverbeck as clearly as if it had been written on his brow—an uncommonly attractive presence, well-bred assurance, a steady glance, resolute lips—an asset to any party; with the women, invaluable.

"You are leaving for Dresden?" asked Count Stürm.

"Immediately."

"Arnsdorf impossible, eh?" The Minister lowered an already soft voice. "Between you and me, my dear Haverbeck, I think Neitschütz is not quite steady in his intellect—so morose, such a hatred for his fellows! Come back to Dresden with me—I shall be a few moments only. . . . Ah, my dear General, I throw myself on your mercy for this late visit!"

DISTURBED by the bell, Neitschütz had come from his cabinet. He was disheveled, his eyes flushed. He had difficulty in controlling his harsh voice. His repeated bows were ironic. Count Stürm brought a small case from his pocket.

"My poor gift—and my desolation that I missed your Madelon's festival."

His compliments poured out smoothly. He could afford to be amiable, for, during all this long hatred, he had always been successful; he was also, naturally, an agreeable man—accomplished, vivacious and subtle. It cost him no effort to second the mood of another. Even with Neitschütz, his enemy, his manner was smooth and soothing.

Stürm had a delicate appearance. He suffered (secretly) from ill health. His face was pale and sharp. He wore a fair, frizzled peruke. He was fifty and below the middle height—bent slightly, too, above his cane.

He was to the last degree daring, resolute, hard and unscrupulous. For twenty years he had been absolute master in Saxony. Bribes from all Europe had helped to swell his fortune; now he had been definitely bought by a yearly pension from France. Tormented, Neitschütz glowered before him, stammered over compliments, opened the case—a bracelet of black tourmalines, the most valuable present Magdalena Sibylla had received. . . . Von Neitschütz tried to smile, grinned—"A somber gift for so young a girl!"

"The stones are rare, well matched," Stürm civilly excused himself. "They show up the whiteness of the skin. Perhaps in a few years, when your daughter comes to Dresden—"

"When my daughter comes to Dresden, she'll wear diamonds." He closed his lips—"in a coronet." He was not master of himself. Haverbeck saw his mood and did not wish to exacerbate it. He went to find his servant, to order his departure.

When Haverbeck returned to the hall, the Minister offered him a seat in his coach. When the youth accepted, it seemed to Neitschütz that another had been added to his enemies. He made no comment on the sudden departure of Haverbeck.

Count Stürm sighed as he settled comfortably into the cushions of the *berline*. "A visit here is always disagreeable," and he warned Haverbeck of an invalid dog that occupied a warm place in the coach and whose smooth, fat whiteness could scarcely be perceived in the dusk.

But the young man had entered carefully; all his actions were marked by delicacy and precision. As the carriage swung to the Dresden road he asked:

"Will Neitschütz marry his daughter to the Electoral Prince?"

"Not while I live."

"Is it true that the boy is fascinated by her?"

"Yes—a willful, unstable, untrained child. He will outgrow many such passions. They are children—wait five—eight years."

"What will Madelon be like in five, eight years?" questioned Haverbeck. He looked out of the coach window and the twilight landscape, vague beneath the sparkle of the stars, gave him an extraordinary pleasure. He felt a mounting ecstasy of happiness due to his own youth, the beauty of the world, and the movement of the coach taking him swiftly on the road toward his own fortune. . . .

Neitschütz remained in his ill-lit hall. He saw Haverbeck's servant and baggage depart. When the clatter of that had died away the house was very quiet.

A valet came to close the doors. Neitschütz liked neither the fellow's faded livery nor the reminder in his unshaven, sullen face that his wages were overdue. As the bolts shot into place the master of the House of Neitschütz retired to his gloomy, disordered cabinet, replenished the coarse candles, replenished the rum arrack in the thick glass, found his pipe, drank and smoked, sunken in his massive chair.

By a convenient door near the bureau Madame de Rosny entered. The formality of her russet gown had been discarded for a robe of pink sarcenet, the bosom open on abundant if mended laces. She was perfumed with orris root. The rouge under her eyes gave her face, in the candlelight, some luster.

"Madelon behaved herself very well. I hope, Rudolph, you are pleased?"

Neitschütz pulled at his pipe without answering. Piqued by his sullenness, the governess, who had lately had much to complain of, added:

"You will admit I have taught her something?"

Neitschütz replied rudely:

"Take care you don't teach her too much."

Françoise de Rosny thought at once: "That boy, he's brought tales, he disapproved!" She shrugged and pounced:

"Too late, Rudolph. Madelon is, and always will be, exactly what you and I have made her."

The heavy man, huddled in the heavy chair, felt the wound and grinned. A flicker of his flushed eyes returned the weary detestation in her tired gaze.

Madelon's festival was over.

* * *

COUNT FERDINAND STÜRM sipped the medicine which his doctor measured out for him and when he had drunk it, gave a confection to a pampered monkey, which, belted and chained in carved silver, sat beside him on the table covered with a silk Persian carpet.

"Eh, Pug!" he smiled, "good Pug, pleasant Pug!" for he liked to see the little animal indulge in the gross delights which did not interest him personally. Although a sick man and nearly sixty years of age, Count Stürm had managed by incessant and watchful care to preserve all his mental and many of his physical activities.

Stürm knew exactly what he had to face. While the late Elector, his nominal master, had lived, it had not been so difficult for him to thwart all the frantic endeavors of General von Neitschütz to marry his daughter to the Electoral Prince. Easy, lazy, and relying entirely on his minister, who saved him all trouble and all disagreeableness, Johann Georg III, although he had promised his son's hand to Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz, yet had contrived to evade the fulfillment of the contract. . . . His sudden death from an unexpected apoplexy had altered the position. Count Stürm had to deal directly with the wayward lover, who had already petulantly announced his intention of an immediate marriage with the lady of his desire.

Count Stürm drew out of his pocket the draft of a letter and the protocol of an agreement, which had just been brought to him by his secretary. This demanded the hand of Eleanora Erdmuth Louise of Saxe-Eisenach, widow of Johann Frederic, Margrave of Anspach, for Johann Georg IV, Elector of Saxony—Archmarshal of the Empire—a score of other honors. Count Stürm was scanning and approving these documents, fine finger tapping the arm of his chair, when the elegant door opened, and an elegant valet announced:

"Major-General Luneburg de Haverbeck."

THE Minister greeted the soldier with tactful and gracious warmth, he entreated him to be seated, made humble excuses for breaking in upon his brief leisure. . . . He always maintained amiable, if not cordial, relations with the officer who, engaged in the war with the Porte on the confines of the Empire, had not seen very much of the Minister; for even when the armies went into winter quarters de Haverbeck had not spent all his leisure in Dresden. Count Stürm had neither impeded nor aided the soldier's career, which had been, owing to his own brilliant yet solid parts, his splendid gifts of character and intellect, singularly successful.

Major-General Delphicus Luneburg de Haverbeck, of the Life Guards of the Elector of Saxony, commanding that Prince's troops in Hungary, affable, generous, handsome, was one of the most popular leaders in that large army of mixed nationalities, volunteer, mercenary and imperial, who held back the Turk on the confines of Europe; easy and smiling he waited for the old man to speak. De Haverbeck was curious to know what business Count Stürm had with him in requesting this interview, yet watched with his usual patience while the Minister smilingly played with the monkey who gamboled up and down the table and pulled at the Persian drapery. While still thus idly engaged Stürm asked the soldier if he was soon to return to Vienna, or to the quarters of the Duke of Lorraine, or those of the Margrave of Baden-Baden.

"I wait the commands of the Elector," smiled de Haverbeck. "I hear that his new policies are uncertain, and that he is not yet sure of sending his auxiliaries again to His Imperial Majesty."

"Like a child with a new toy," replied the Minister, placidly, "His Electoral Highness is engaged in playing with several novel schemes. I have dispatched him to Moritzburg to cool his blood, hunting. I shall have my way with him, no doubt, but it will take time. He has been pampered, he is ill-trained, gluttoned with indolence and pleasure; yet I think there are in him some sparks of pride and enterprise. The campaign in Hungary under your tuition, my dear General, could be of considerable benefit to His Electoral Highness, could I but induce him to exert himself to that extent."

"It was not this matter," smiled de Haverbeck, "that you wished to see me about?"

"No," replied the Minister, "I wished to see you about the House of Neitschütz."

"The House of Neitschütz," said Haverbeck, "has twice declined my alliance and even my friendship. I have not been to Arnsdorf for eight years."

"I recall," nodded Stürm, "the day you and I left together, eh? Well, my dear General, I have never been able to do anything for you, you have never asked any favors and, maybe, never will; but *I* come to *you* now and ask a favor. Do you know anything of the affairs of your cousins—Captain Cas-

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imir and Captain Clement von Neitschütz?"

As Count Stürm made this request he carefully studied the agreeable, handsome face of the soldier, and he saw it harden; he therefore added immediately:

"I do not ask you—it goes without saying—to betray either a confidence or a relation."

"As I supposed," replied de Haverbeck, dryly.

"THEY are involved, I think," suggested Count Stürm, thoughtfully caressing the monkey, "with Fani von Ilten, eh?"

"I believe it probable that my cousins go to her infamous house, and gamble, and that they have borrowed money from her, but I know nothing."

"I can find that out for myself," said Count Stürm, patiently. "You have answered me, my dear General. I take it that you know nothing more and would not tell me, if you did."

"I should not feel obliged to do so," smiled de Haverbeck. "I do not know your motives in these questions—which ring unpleasantly enough."

"I did not so intend them," the Minister assured him gently. "I trust you will do me the honor to believe that I have been perfectly frank, and that I desire to be of some benefit to you. Cannot you see what I would propose?"

"No," declared de Haverbeck, roundly.

"This, then: you tell me that you have offered twice—a fact that I already know—for Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz. I may believe, therefore, that the lady has some value in your eyes?"

"You may," admitted de Haverbeck, "believe as much."

"If she does not marry the Elector," added Count Stürm, quickly, "it would be likely, would it not, my dear General, that she might marry you, especially if I were to give another flourish to your career by securing you promotion—at twenty-eight, eh? You are worthy of it. Briefly, in every possible way help me to break off the affair with the Elector, and I will help you in every possible way to secure Fräulein von Neitschütz for yourself."

"How could I help you?" asked de Haverbeck, sternly, leaning forward in his chair.

The answer came swiftly, as if it had been long prepared:

"Through those two flaunting young rakehells, your cousins. . . . Find out from them something that will disgust the Elector. No doubt they are in their sister's confidence, and she must have written to them. . . . Get hold of Fani von Ilten and discover from her the extent of their entanglement. Find me some evidence I can put before the Elector."

"Evidence as to what?" demanded de Haverbeck, rising.

"Evidence as to the gross trap being laid for him. Perhaps," added Stürm, softly, "you have had some favor—some trifling letter or note, that might show where the lady's fancy lies . . . you take me?"

(To be continued next week)

A Nice Quiet Racket

Continued from page 12

prefer to play without stockings, one of them must have an appropriate picture painted or tattooed on her shins so there will be no confusion.

4. If the members of a mixed doubles team are husband and wife and have children, the latter will be permitted to play with their toys only in the alley between the singles and doubles sidelines and not even then unless accompanied by an armed nurse.

5. In mixed doubles the man shall wear white trousers (black if his side is losing) to distinguish him from his partner.

6. Before each service, the server shall ask, "Are you ready?" To which the receiver shall reply, "I am ready's brother." And the server shall say, "Oh, then, I suppose you are rough." Spectators will be requested not to laugh until this patter is over.

After buying a racket and a ball, the aspirant for tennis honors should marry (if a woman) or acquire a catchy nickname or both. You won't get anywhere as plain Lucy Jones or Dave Smith. You must be Mrs. Gabriel Ginsberg (the former Lucy Jones) or, if single, Laughable Lucy or Little Harelip.

A pseudonym that appeals to various classes and nationalities is a big asset. The Nipponese, realizing this, call one of their Davis Cup players Abe, thus securing the support of New York City as well as Japan. The Davis Cup, tennis' richest prize, is now in possession of the French and they are equipping it with a mustache attachment as a tribute to Brugnon (the former Sophie Tucker).

Writing for publication is so notoriously easy that the large majority of tennis players prefer it to other avocations. But you must watch the regulations, for they differ from those of most sports. Take wrestling, for example. An amateur wrestler can write, but a professional wrestler can't. If a professional wrestler is caught writing anything but his name (copying the alphabet backward), he is declared an amateur and must thereafter engage only in unpremeditated bouts.

In baseball your professionalism is not questioned so long as a ghost does your literary work. Two years ago they discovered that Billy Evans, a professional umpire, was writing his own newspaper articles. Judge K. M. "Peaches" Landis immediately declared him an amateur and demoted him to the presidency of the Cleveland club.

The ruling of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, as I understand it if anybody does, is that you can remain an amateur if your writing is on general topics relating to tennis—"Is the Word 'Deuce' Salacious?" or "Love Thirty; a Plea for Promiscuity."

Big Bill's Mistake

But you can't write up a tennis match which you witnessed or in which you took part till three days have elapsed since it was played.

Thus "Big Bill" Tilden (the former Bison City Quartette) was barred temporarily a year ago because he described a match at Wimbledon or somewhere a day after it came off. He is now in good standing (I am writing this on a Monday), but he never would have been in anything else if he had used his noodle.

"Borotra beat Lacoste," he should have said, "by a score of 6-4, 5-7, 9-7, 10-8 in the finals at Wimbledon. I am unable to say when this match took place. Time passes so quickly over here that it seems like last week. But it may have been yesterday."

If your urge is toward salesmanship instead of literature, remember that amateur tennis players can't sell golf sticks or foils. But they can sell homemade doughnuts and I wish they would. I wish somebody would.

ACIDOSIS causes chronic fatigue and MENTAL DULLNESS

MUCH is heard these days of the "chronic fatigue" of tired business men and women. *Yet it is a fact that hard physical work will make neither man nor woman "chronically" tired.*

Authorities check the meals of these business men and women who are not only tired but cannot concentrate and find the answer in *faulty diet* consisting largely of good and necessary but *acid*-reaction foods such as eggs, fish, fowl, bread, meat and cereals. And, an entirely inadequate amount of the necessary *alkaline*-ash foods like Oranges, Lemons and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk.

In many cases, these authorities point out, tiredness from which one cannot rest and inability to concentrate are due to nerve cell poisoning because of pollution (mainly acid in nature) of the body fluids which bathe them.

The unbalanced diet outlined above results in the more common type of Acidosis which is responsible for many ailments such as headaches, nausea, sour stomach and indigestion.

Such conditions unquestionably affect mental ability and decrease capacity for work.

To prevent Acidosis every meal must contain sufficient alkaline-reaction foods to balance the acid-forming foods. Oranges, Lemons and other citrus fruits have been found to be particularly efficacious for this purpose.

A glass of Orange Juice should be included in every breakfast menu, even in addition to the breakfast fruit. A glass between meals is very beneficial. Citrus fruits may be used in fruit cocktails, fruit punches, garnishes and salads or desserts for luncheon and dinner.

Conserve your time and energy through the proper use of food. California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons should have a prominent place in every household. Rich in minerals, vitamins, sugars and fruit acids, these Oranges and Lemons help to meet many of the requirements of a well-balanced diet. Their alkaline reaction in the body is effective in maintaining the proper alkaline balance, thus preventing Acidosis.

Send the coupon at once for a free copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," a popular booklet discussing Acidosis, and containing many suggested menus for its prevention and correction; also Safe Reducing diets prepared by an eminent authority.

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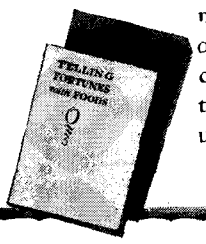

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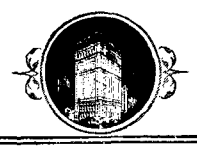
Good night

Asleep . . . at the switch. . . . The day was tough and it was long. The night is still. The bed is soft . . . and he smiled and he stretched straight out to read. Cool little friendly winds from over the waters sent satisfying summer shivers . . up . . and . . down and he pulled a wooly blanket a little higher and snuggled a little deeper. A far ferry sung its long drawn night song . . . Oooooo . . . OooOoooooo . . Oo . . Oo . . . and he listened . . . for the answer. The tale he read made him even drowsier. Quiet. Tired eyes closed . . . the book dropped . . . the light burned on. . . . *He slept* . . . and busy care turned and hung his head and rode his horses down a hill. . . . *Good night.* See you soon.

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director
DETROIT



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Galloping Pete

Continued from page 24

suit, his wrinkled and cobbled shoes, his hat of sunburnt straw; if there was a dollar at large in the vicinity of this dumpy and gap-toothed old fellow, he would give Peck & Pemberwick a lively tussle for it, thought Mr. Peck. "Take him, Pete," he said annoyedly, going out.

Pete had risen to receive his caller; he remained standing now to get rid quickly of him. The gentleman was not sensible of the lack of enthusiasm in his reception. He seated himself, dribbled a heap of limp papers on Pete's desk, and produced a new packet of cigars. On the packet, which the gentleman opened with leisure, was a statement to the effect that the cigars were pure Havanas; taking that as so, they were a thundering bargain, for the price was also stated—6 for 10 cents. The gentleman inserted one of these mottled weeds in a brown discoloration in his shaggy gray mustache, lit it, and diffused an aroma as of smoldering rubber. His brown eyes looked at Pete with sternness.

"I AM Adriance C. Noy," he said throatily. "Passing your establishment, I noted that you have five millions to loan on mortgage."

"More, on good security," said Pete largely. He did not trouble to explain that the writing on the new slate in the window outside referred to the resources of the loaning institutions of New York which Peck & Pemberwick might approach, hats in hands, as brokers.

"Ah," said Mr. Noy approvingly. "Tell me, Mr. Pemberwick—are you of the blood of that Henricus Pemberwick who was one of the originators of the Cincinnati?"

"Ohio?" said Pete, missing the reference. "Hardly a chance, sir. We hail from California."

Mr. Noy jerked his head back for a better look at Pete, and said then, with a touch of disillusionment but not without hope, "A Pemberwick married Johanna Delanoy Van Der Wort, according to the New York Gazette, a copy of which is among my family papers. The name is Dutch."

"Oh, no," said Pete sturdily. "American, Mr. Noy. But you didn't come here to talk family trees, Mr. Noy. Take it that I'm a nobody, like yourself, I suppose, and go on with the story."

"Sir!" said Mr. Noy, glaring. He swelled in his chair, pouting like a pigeon.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Pete, seeing that his breezy exaggerations had been taken amiss. "Pardon the liberty, Mr. Noy."

"Adriance," said Mr. Noy creakily, getting heavily to his feet, "is and was a great name in New York, though the family connection is remote. My second name is Cosine; look in your atlas there and learn who were the Cosines and what was the Cosine farm. I shall not, in your elegant phrase, blow of the Noys; I shall merely inform you that I, as a Noy, as the sole surviving descendant of Leonard Noy, am the lawful owner in fee simple of the very ground upon which you stand! I own it as part and parcel of a tract of ten acres of meadow land conveyed by Augustus Hancey Noy to his son Leonard, a tract 400 feet in width, and running, as roughly bounded today, from Seventy-fifth Street to Seventy-ninth. To say that the title to this tract runs through the will of Augustus Hancey Noy is a damnable falsehood. It runs"—he struck the desk violently with the mass of papers which he had just picked up with fumbling hands—"through this deed to his son Leonard, made years before the father's death."

Papers were dropping steadily from his hands to the floor; Pete followed him, picking them up and restoring them to him.

"Thinking I recognized the name as that of a man of birth and breeding," puffed Mr. Noy, snatching at the papers, "as well as that of a realtor of ample resources to establish my rights when once his sympathy and interest were enlisted, I came in and invited insult. Sir, I have received it. My right is clear as high noon; there is the deed, antedating the will by over three years! And there is a list of the properties comprised today in that ten acres of meadowland, made up from the tax books of New York County and totaling in value nearly $16,000,000."

Mr. Peck appeared in the doorway through the partition. From the sudden tumult he had inferred that some rash creditor had offered his burly young partner violence; he feared that the creditor was already sick, sore, lame and disabled, and meditating suit for heavy damages.

"Don't get so worked up, Mr. Noy," begged Pete, stooping for more papers. "You'll bring in the police. Here's an idea: leave your papers for a day or two with Mr. Peck, who is better versed in these matters than I am, and he'll tell you what he thinks of your claim."

"It is not a mere claim, sir," snapped Mr. Noy. But he turned and regarded Pete's elderly partner.

"Mr. Peck," he said then, "you seem a person of judgment and discernment, quite unlike this young whippersnapper. I shall intrust my proofs of title to you until next Monday. You may communicate with me before then at Pietrofeso's Golden Gate Club on Ninety-ninth Street. To whet your zest, you will find there a letter from the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company of this city requesting the favor of an interview."

Later in the day Pete spent a fruitless hour in delving into the chaotic heap of old deeds, wills, letters, excerpts from family Bibles and maps. Mr. Peck interrupted his inquiry.

"Park that trash in the wastebasket for safe-keeping, Pete," he said briskly, "and run over to Columbus Avenue and get a price on that lot we spoke of yesterday. When you're downtown next, stop in at the Metropolitan and ask them to sift your dust heap for you. I see they wrote Noy a letter."

PETE left the office of the county clerk, crossed City Hall Park, and walked down Broadway to the imposing building on the corner of Maiden Lane that housed the main office of the great Metropolitan Title Insurance Company. After cooling for a decorous interval on an ornate and uncomfortable bench, he was admitted to the busy desk of Assistant Solicitor Rivers. Rivers, a fair, suave and bloodless office worker whom Pete, for no good reason, disliked on sight, heard Pete out in economical silence, and then said, with a humorous intonation, "Pshaw, we know all about the Noy claim."

"Then there is something in it?"

"There is nothing in it. He's just a crank. Oh, his family history is thoroughly authenticated. A hundred years ago the Noys were a great people, owning all this land he raves about and more, but that's ancient history. A will made in 1837 disposed of the estate, and we've insured the titles under that will. Until 1903 that will was never questioned, and then your unfortunate client bobbed up. He found among family papers—and he's the sort that would pore over them—an old deed dated in 1834: isn't it? That deed was never acknowledged or recorded, but he found lawyers to take his money to fight us. We beat him all along the line, right up to the Court of Appeals. It suffices to say that the witnesses he needs to prove that deed are all in Trinity churchyard."

THE lawyer's voice fell without echo, without answer. Pete looked up reflectively at the soaring vault that was the ceiling.

"But you wrote him," he said slowly.

"We wrote to him as the sole surviving heir-at-law of Augustus Hancey Noy; for his claim by deed we won't give a dollar."

"But you said that the will gave everything to others."

"All except a tiny gore that underlay an old stone wall. Most of that strip was taken in opening Seventy-sixth Street; the remainder, two feet wide on Seventy-sixth Street, and fifteen feet long, belongs to your client. That strip separates two of the parcels devised by the will. The will bounded the parcel on the east by the east face of the wall; it bounded the parcel on the west by the west side of the wall. Careless conveyancing; the intention was undoubtedly to make those parcels contiguous. But the result was that the title to that strip remained in the testator; as to that, he died intestate, and the title went to his natural heirs—of whom, we are satisfied, your client is the sole survivor. For that strip we'll pay fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" protested Pete.

"But the strip is without value, Mr. Pemberwick. Here—I'll plot it for you on paper; go and look at it. You'll find it sandwiched in between two new buildings; since the land is zoned for residence, it can't be used during the life of those buildings, say for a hundred years. Also we hold several tax liens on it, aggregating $300; we had it put on the tax maps in 1903. We can foreclose those liens on it within three months. We're willing to buy a deed to it in pursuance of our fixed policy of curing defects in the old form titles; the Metropolitan, we think, will still be doing business a hundred years from now."

"You'll hear from Mr. Noy on Monday, I think," said Pete, rising.

"That will be too late," said Rivers, with an economical handshake. "The liens go to our litigation department Friday evening. Good day."

On his way back to the office later in the day, Pete left the subway at Seventy-second Street and walked north to Seventy-sixth Street for a look at the sadly shrunken estate of Adriance Cosine Noy. He was guided to it quickly by the sketch that Rivers had given him.

It adjoined the new Halcyon Chambers, an apartment hotel that, with a setback at the ninth floor, rose sixteen tiers into the blue. So much Pete determined from Rivers' sketch; he could not see the strip itself because of a solid fence of boards ten feet high. This fence began at the corner of Halcyon Chambers, ran along the street for about six feet, and then turned at right angles and continued toward the center line of the block.

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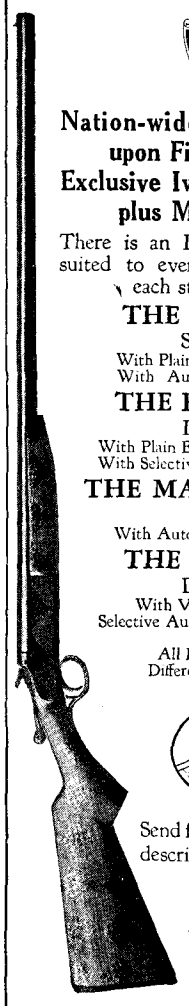
IVER JOHNSON

SHOT GUNS



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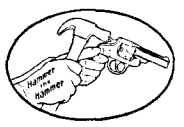

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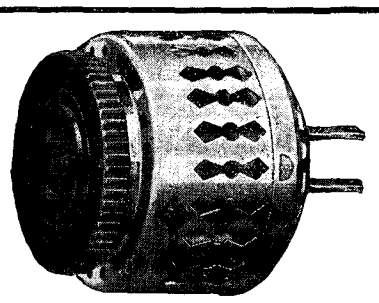

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There was a batten door in the fence. Pete tried it, found it locked, and tapped on it with his fist. It swung toward him. A runty man, with the insolent eyes and seared face of a New York gunman, stepped out and shut the door behind him. "Mason?" asked the man.

"No," said Pete.

"Iron man?"

"No. I just want a look at the property."

"Beat it," ordered the guardian, stepping through the opening and pulling the door to behind him. Pete thrust out a foot, blocking the door.

"You're not nice," said Pete, seizing hold of the door and yanking it wide open. He caught a glimpse of what was beyond. He saw massive bases of concrete upon which men in the blue of steel erectors were setting steel shoes to receive columns; cream-colored men were grouting the shoes into place with liquid cement. He caught this glimpse and then he was dodging a short and limber weapon with which the guardian had struck viciously.

Pete had had no thought of giving battle, but, having moved to repel aggression, he could not stop. Without closing his fist, he brought his right hand around in a sweeping blow that met the guardian on the neck and jaw and slapped him from his feet. The man lay on the ground, looking up at Pete with grieved surprise; the blackjack had fallen from his hand. He brought his other hand to his mouth; a whistle shrilled.

The workmen had got up and were crowding forward to see the fun. Pete heard running feet on the sidewalk outside. Not to be taken in the rear while unsure of the friendship of the hard-fisted masons and iron men before him, Pete sprang back through the doorway and away from the opening.

A companion piece to the fallen tough inside had run up from the doorway to Halcyon Chambers. In his hand was a shiny little revolver of the $4.98 sort that mail-order houses sell to Americans who insist on their Constitutional right to bear arms, State anti-pistol laws notwithstanding.

"FELLOW," promised Pete, "you shoot me with that popgun where I notice it, and I'll make you swallow it without water!"

"No shooting, ain't I told you, you loafer!" bawled a stout little gentleman who was laboring along behind Pete's new antagonist. His tone, mingling threat and entreaty, was that of an executive who suddenly felt his grip slipping. "What do you want in there, mister?"

"I want to view the property, that's all," said Pete. "I have charge of a deal for this strip. I've just come from the Metroplitan Title Insurance Company, and I wanted to see the property."

"You come from the Metropolitan, mister?"

"Yes."

"From Mr. Rivers?"

"I've just been talking with him."

"I'm Mr. Pomerance; I own Halcyon Chambers," announced the tubby gentleman. He snapped his fingers at the man with the revolver, and the latter slipped the gun into his pocket and slouched through the doorway in the fence.

"Loafers," said Mr. Pomerance, leading Pete back to the palatial entrance to Halcyon Chambers. "A painter strike we had, and private detec-a-tives we got to stop wiolence. Nice boys, them detec-a-tives; my man he got to watch they shouldn't steal the bathtubs out of the house yet. Well, young man, is the Metropolitan bought me that strip?"

"We're working on it," said Pete, alert for a lead.

"But we ain't working here, young man," said Mr. Pomerance, his gesture inviting Pete to gaze into the finished foyer of the new apartment hotel. "Give a look! You tell Rivers if he don't close that matter up quick, I will maybe slip down there and put under him what will bounce him off of that fine desk. Thousands of dollars business I give them, and I can't open my three-million-dollar building. Fifteen thousand a month interest, young fellow, eating me up. Is that business?"

"Why don't you open your house, Mr. Pomerance?"

"With the Tenement House Department sitting on me, can I open?" He cut himself short and stared at Pete. "You're from the M. T. I., ain't it?"

"Just this minute," said Pete, leaving him. "I'll get busy with Mr. Rivers right away. You'll hear from him, never fear!"

"YOU can assure Max Pomerance from me," said the tenement-house commissioner, bringing a pudgy but determined fist down on his desk, "that he'll put in his two means of egress from every apartment or he won't get his certificate of occupancy! The law is mandatory, and I have no discretion.

"We have to call a halt on these builders, Mr. Pemberwick. They took advantage of the housing shortage to violate the building laws, and since we shut our eyes to a lot, they think they can ignore us altogether. Max Pomerance may call his building a hotel, but what the law calls it is a tenement house, and it's got to comply with the Tenement House Law. Why, he has real kitchens, with sinks; my inspectors tell me he's piped them for gas, expecting to slip the ranges in later. Absolutely nothing doing. We want two means of egress, fireproof and remote from each other."

"Fire escapes?" queried Pete.

"Not on that side. He hasn't got the court space. We want a fire tower there. I've strained a point and let him enlarge his lot by buying four feet from the rear yard of that new theater that fronts on Amsterdam Avenue, and it's now only a question of a little strip in between. He can afford to buy it. He's got a mighty cheap house there; we've construed everything we could in his favor, to save him money and let him out."

"I understand the situation exactly now, sir," said Pete, rising.

From the Tenement House Department he went directly to Ninety-ninth Street and to the Golden Gate—a night club operated by one Giuseppe Pietrofeso.

Pete, surveying a grimy little brick house on Ninety-ninth Street, failed to see anything of gold about Mr. Pietrofeso's establishment; its atmosphere was not clubby, nor was the door in its dingy vestibule a gate hung on hinges oiled with hospitality. On its stoop was just such another insufficiently washed but well-dressed and perfumed gutter rat as Pete had slapped down at Halcyon Chambers.

"I wish to see Mr. Noy—Mr. A. C. Noy," announced Pete.

"What's your name?" asked the guard curtly.

"Pemberwick. I'm in the real-estate business."

"Got any letters?"

"See here, I don't want to patronize your dive. I want to talk to this man Noy. Let him come outside here."

The guard's suspicion that Pete was an honest and law-abiding man and no game for night-club hostesses was not to be allayed. His cold and unblinking eyes traveled up and down Pete's trim and powerful figure. "You look like the buttons," he said.

(*Continued on page 54*)

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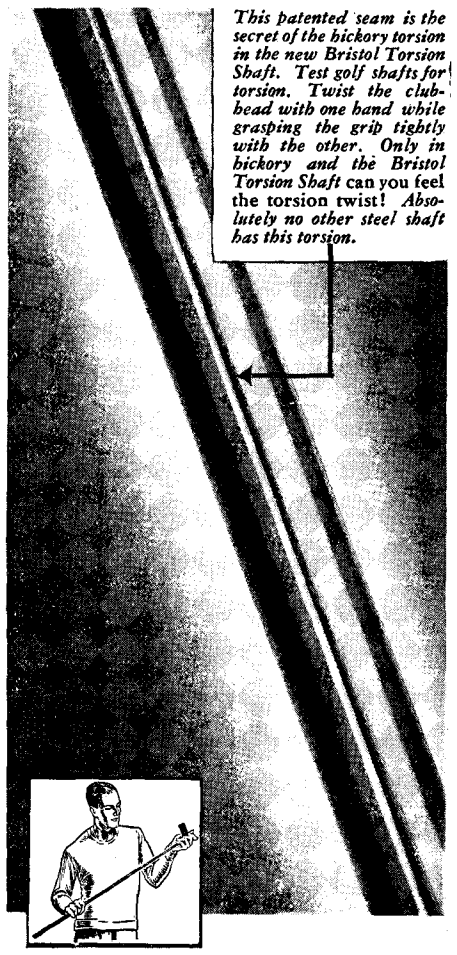
that absorbs the shock of impact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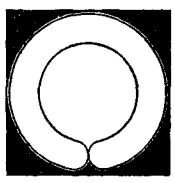

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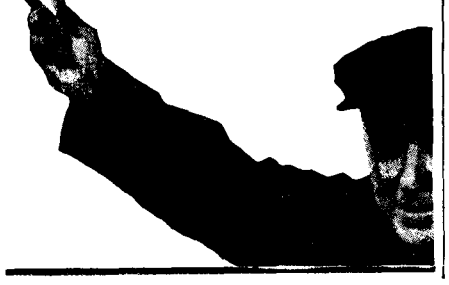

(*Continued from page 53*)

He stepped to the door, throwing a staying glance behind him, and shouted "Joe!"

The door opened, and the characteristic odor of an unaired place of congregation issued forth—an atmosphere that was heavy with perfume and languorous with carbon dioxide; it was, except for the stale fumes of tobacco, a churchlike atmosphere. A head, whose plump and paper-white face was topped by hair of black patent leather, came around the edges of the door.

"Mr. Pietrofeso?" queried Pete. "I want to see Mr. Noy. I believe he's employed here."

"Friend of yourn? We give him the air. He was nutty. He was working in the coatroom here, but the men spent their time riding him, and when the patrons began to ride him, we give him the air. Claimed he owned half New York and that the people in the other half used to work for his family."

"Where can I find him?"

"Lives with his sister on Ninety-sixth Street, next the corner of Columbus Avenue. A lamp-post in front of the house; a mayor of New York used to live there and they put up a lamp-post. She got the house now."

"Oh, she owns a house on Ninety-sixth Street?"

"Owns it?" said the head. With a look of rekindled suspicion, it vanished and the door slammed.

PETE went down to Ninety-sixth Street and found the house before which stood a special lamp-post, put there by New York to light the steps of its then chief executive. The house had been altered; it had been a fine private residence and was now cut up into several apartments. Washing down its stoop was a thin and spectacled woman with gray hair caught behind her head in a hard knot. "Does Mr. Noy live here?" asked Pete.

"Go in under the stoop and then right back," she said. She watched him going, and then abandoned her work and followed him.

Pete found Mr. Noy in what had been the kitchen of the mayor's residence and what was now an apartment for the sole use and enjoyment of the house janitor and her family and guests. Mr. Noy was at the wide window sill, painting a picture. The work was delicate and difficult and was not to be stopped instantly; Mr. Noy said "Yes, sir?" and went on rubbing blue paint.

"It's something he found in the newspaper," explained Miss Noy, hovering guardingly over her brother. "Light and artistic employment in the privacy of one's own home, you know. You pay $30 for the paints and things, and the company buys the completed work from you, if it's done right. You see, you stick the photograph on the glass, and then you scrape the paper off the back, and then you paint on the back, and it shows right through beautifully if you do tnem right. Look at this."

She lifted an oval glass that was thickly smeared with paint and turned it over to give Pete a look at the beautiful side.

"Very pretty," said Pete. "It's a—Oh, I see—it's a photograph."

"Addy," exclaimed Miss Noy in dismay, "the man's face is indigo!"

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Noy, looking. "By George, I must change that. That was only for the coat. I see how that happened."

Miss Noy sat down and glared at the $30 worth of materials wherewith her brother had proposed to employ himself artistically.

"Mr. Noy," said Pete, "I came here to know if you would care to sell part of that ten-acre tract."

"I might," said Mr. Noy.

"In 10 acres," said Pete, figuring, "there is something more than 400,000 square feet. At $1.60 per square foot, that would be something more than $664,000. Would you sell at that rate, Mr. Noy?"

"Would he sell for $664,000?" said Miss Noy with a mounting intonation.

"Not exactly, Miss Noy," explained Pete. "I speak of the rate per square foot. At present I have an offer for only thirty square feet, an offer of $50. Will you take it?"

"Oh, indeed, yes," she quavered. "Only thirty feet, Mr. Pemberwick? And Addy can have all the rest to keep too. Not but that we'd sell more, and gladly. Oh, I do hope it isn't all a mistake. Mr. Pemberwick, Addy's been telling me for twenty years about how rich we would be if we had our rights, and how we would get millions of dollars if we could only raise just a little more money; and we raised it. We raised it and we gave it, Mr. Pemberwick. Mr. Pemberwick, I had a little gold locket with a strand of our mother's hair in it. Addy had a set of studs to go down the front of a dress shirt. Well, what good were they to us, really? Oh, I know it's funny. I don't mean to smile, but—it makes me smile. Is it true that his house is against the law, Mr. Pemberwick? I heard the city was going to close it up. And what can we do then? Addy doesn't seem to get along so well."

"I?" Her brother looked at her in shocked surprise and lisped sturdily. "I get along thoroughly well, Phœbe, thoroughly well. I respect myself and my position, that is all. I shall not take impertinence from some low fellow that smells of the emigrant ship. I shall not, indeed. I asked this Pietrofeso most courteously if he were a connection of a fellow of like name who was father's kennelman at Cold Springs years ago, and he was impertinent about it. He took me aback, Mr. Pemberwick. Sit down, sir; you see that I'm occupied here."

"About the house, Miss Noy," said Pete, waiting his client's pleasure, "you can gamble that it will be closed up if it's against the law in construction. I just had a talk with the tenement-house commissioner, and he says he's going to take after the houses that break the law. You better grab this money while it's going."

"Your advice, young man," put in Mr. Noy, sneering cunningly, "is disinterested, no doubt. How much of it do you get? Let me handle him, Phœbe."

"Not a bull nickel, Mr. Noy. I'll give it all to you, and take my pay out of what I can get over and above $1.66, over and above $50. Maybe I can get more! Sign a little paper agreeing to give me half of all I can get over $50."

"Do it, Addy."

"Let me get through here, can't you?" Her brother put the wet end of the camel's-hair brush into his mouth and sucked it judicially while he looked where to paint next.

THAT Friday night Pete took Octavine down to Coney Island on one of the Iron Steamboats. They dined at Corbin's in Sea Gate, working methodically through two of that hostelry's famed shore dinners at $2.50 a plate. Pete had a 60-cent cigar and puffed it luxuriously while Octavine ate her marrons glacés.

"I hope the bank was rich enough not to miss the money, Pete," said Octavine, seeking for the tenth time to wring from him the secret of his sudden wealth. "Otherwise they will make trouble."

"'Eat, drink and be merry,' Vee," said Pete, relenting. "You remember that old crab who was in the office one day claiming he owned the whole precinct and that he was the man who gave the cops their clubs?"

"Talk sense, Pete. You mean that man Noy?"

"Him. I went down to the Metropolitan and found out he had an honest-to-goodness-gracious claim to a little gore alongside the new Halcyon Chambers on Seventy-sixth Street, a piece about big enough for somebody to take a running kick on. The Metropolitan offered $50 for it, Vee. Then I went up there and learned the builder had to have that gore to build a firetower on or the department wouldn't let him open, and it seems it was the Metropolitan's mistake and it's up to that company to protect him. Do you sight the big idea?

"I raced up to Noy's home and signed him up to give me—meaning us—half of all I could get over $50. The old fellow was easy. I took him around to a notary and swore him and sewed him up tighter than a big-league baseball. Then I brought him down to the Metropolitan and laid down my hand. It was a royal, girl; it was a royal. I got their check today. Wait till I tell Peck!"

"No! What did they give you, Pete? How much?"

"Ten thousand dollars!"

"Honest?" Octavine's eyes were starry. Her hand shot out and covered Pete's, squeezing it. Her grasp relaxed, she drew a slow, deep breath, and returned to her delicate dessert.

"What's the matter, Vee?"

"Oh, nothing. What should be? I remember the man. You mean that funny little chap that stamped around like a dwarf."

"Yes!"

Her eyes lifted to his. "Look at me, Pete."

"All right again," she said quietly. "I didn't know you for a minute, Pete. You were like a strange man sitting over there. Is that a good cigar, Pete? I love to see you enjoying the best there is, Pete. And I'm so glad when you make money. We need it to get married, Pete. And now tell me about the old crab."

PETE was late in getting to the office on the following morning, having had an engagement on Ninety-sixth Street, but Mr. Peck forgave him with a shout when he heard the story of the gore.

"Pete! Why, boy, that puts blue water under our keel. We could have scraped along a while without it, but now we're floating! $10,000. Fifty out and half of the rest leaves $4,975. Hallelujah! Pete, you're a real broker."

Pete was feeling for his money. "What's that last remark, Peck?"

"I say you're a broker!"

"I aim to be. What's for me, I get, and sentiment be hanged. Just because a client is poor and down on his luck doesn't say that I'll sacrifice a red cent of my legitimate commission. Let him apply to the Department of Charities. I took my full commission, Peck, and there it is. Look in the book."

He placed on the desk a hundred-dollar bill and then another and then a fifty, nice new money fresh from the bank that morning.

"But, Pete—weren't you to get four thousand nine hundred and—"

"Peck," said Pete, fishing out a rumpled five-cent cigar, "we're brokers, aren't we? We're not gamblers or speculators. We work for the client all the time, and we charge only an honest brokerage."

The door opened. Octavine looked in, her glance going, as always, to Pete first. "Mr. Dilbetter to see Mr. Peck. And Mr. Birnbaum for Mr. Pemberwick."

Mr. Peck squared his shoulders, reached over and caught Pete's big fist in an endorsing grasp. "Send them right in!" he said.

THE END

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How to know Tigers

Continued from page 29

and so divert them. These men are called "stops." Behind us in another tree was placed a man to watch for any tigers that got by us, to note where they went and how badly they were wounded.

Some seventy men composed the actual beat, under native foresters and their own headmen. We could hear them rapping on trees and calling to one another as they proceeded into the jungle. It takes a lot of nerve to beat for tigers in this way. Often men are killed or crippled and maimed by the great beasts. The natives, however, are very fatalistic and believe they will not be killed until their time comes.

Game to the Last

As the beaters moved forward, the clamor increased and soon peacocks, jungle fowl, deer, monkeys and many different kinds of birds emerged from the jungle and crossed the river line.

Suddenly, without any warning, a great yellow and black cat burst out of the bamboo fringe along the river bank, about a hundred yards in front of me, and made straight for my position. I had never in my life seen such an embodiment of physical force and beauty. She came on with tremendous leaps, dashing into spray the little pools of water in her path.

Standing up, I took aim with my Springfield rifle when she was within forty yards. Covering her chest with my front sight, I pulled the trigger. Down went the beast in its headlong career, but only momentarily.

Again my rifle snapped, and again the tiger went down; but with another roar she started on. At the third shot, she was scrambling up the river bank directly behind me. As I turned, she saw me and instantly faced in my direction, just as my rifle rang out for the fourth time. At this, she rolled over on her side and disappeared from view over the bank of the little creek just behind. Everything was quiet. Confident that I had hit her four times, I could not understand how she could keep going under the impact of the 180 grain bullets, fired at a velocity of 2,700 feet a second, thus hitting with an impact equivalent to a ton and a half. How little I knew of the terrific power of resistance in these cats!

Looking across, I saw another great tiger appear on the bank, threading his way slowly in and out among the bamboos. He disappeared as quickly as he came, then all of a sudden burst out of the thicket and started to cross the river bank a hundred yards to my right, going like an express train. I gave him a good lead, but the bullet apparently went under his body. Again I fired and shot behind him. He disappeared behind some bushes. I looked in his direction, and imagine my surprise to see him rushing just under the tree in which I sat, toward the little stream behind. For the third time, I fired and missed.

The natives emerged over the other bank and told what had happened on the beat. Five tigers had been there, two of which were half-grown cubs. The mother and these had broken through the beat, jumping over one of the men.

The natives were perfectly willing to go to the stream and examine the tiger, but Jollye kept them back, saying that no natives, naked and unarmed as they were, should go in ahead of two armed white men. So we proceeded toward our tiger. This time I took my .450 rifle with me, and Jollye had a .500 calibre. There lay the magnificent beast in the water. Clutched in her teeth and both front paws was the root of a tree, which she had grabbed and broken in her dying agony, game to the last. We threw a couple of stones in, but got no response from the tiger. Then I proceeded down the bank and pulled her tail. She was dead.

Lucky Bones

As none of the natives would skin the animal, it being against the tenets of their caste, a "chamar" or skinner was sent for from a village about twenty miles away. He arrived during the night, a little cringing fellow not much bigger than a good-sized monkey, with eyes that gleamed like black diamonds. He made camp between the roots of a big tree and cooked his own meals in a little pot he had brought with him. In the morning his knives were laid out on the ground, twelve or fifteen of them, all shapes and sizes and sharp as razors. In no time he had the hide off the tiger. It was staked out in the shade where no sun could touch it and cause the fat to run into the skin itself, for that would rot it.

The tigress measured eight and one-half feet in length and was in wonderful condition. After she was skinned, we counted the lobes in her liver, which

(*Continued on page 56*)

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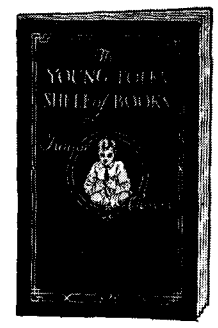

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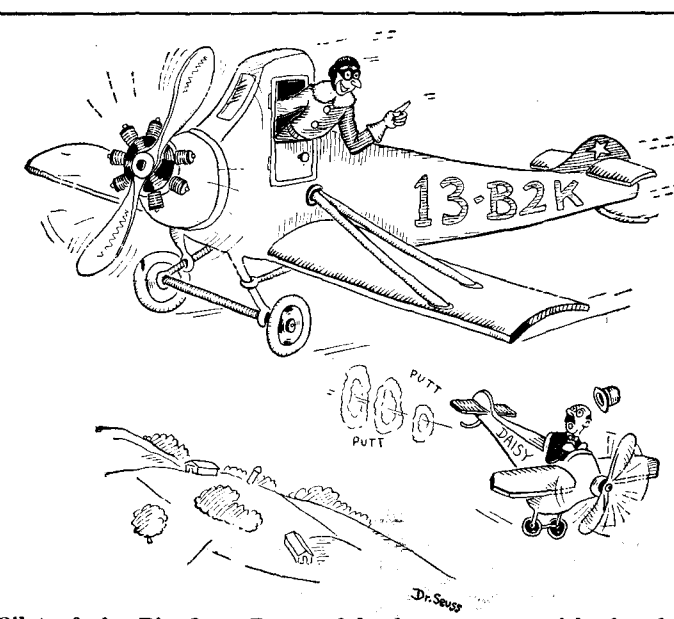

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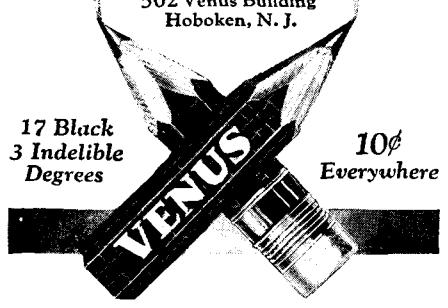

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are supposed to indicate a tiger's age, and estimated she was eight or nine years old. All the natives wanted pieces of her whiskers, to which they ascribe magic powers against their enemies. I think this belief springs from the fact that, if they are ground up and put into food, they cannot be digested by the gastric juices and they puncture the stomach and intestines, thereby causing death to the person who has swallowed them. The lucky bones in the shoulders of tigers are much sought after, too. These are little loose bones found in the shoulders of all felines, the remains, I believe, of what was once a collar bone. Special virtue is attached to the claws; in fact, every part of the tiger has some myth or legend woven about it.

After killing some of the other forest game, including two of the dangerous sloth bears, we left this jungle for one of the native principalities. A shooting trip with a native prince in India, especially such a renowned sportsman and tiger hunter as the Maharajah of Sirguja, whom we visited, is a most interesting and enjoyable affair.

Shortly before our arrival, arrangements for the tiger hunt were completed. Companies of beaters had been raised from various parts of the state. Young buffaloes were provided for baits, and the runners of the police force detailed to carry messages from place to place as to where the tigers were.

Everything was done with the precision of a military organization. Information would come that the tiger had killed one of the buffaloes at a certain place and had dragged the carcass in a certain direction into the woods. At a suitable place the gun would be stationed, either on a platform in a tree, on top of a high rock or any eminence affording a good field of fire where the tiger was supposed to come.

Not many people have seen a tiger actually kill his prey, and most of the few that have were so excited that afterward they could not tell what they saw. However, the general opinion, as substantiated by what I myself have seen and the condition of the tiger's victims, is that they approach the game upwind, using whatever cover is available to conceal their movements. They are experts in the use of cover. A great tiger can hide behind a small bush so that he will be almost invisible in spite of his bright coat. They steal upon their victim noiselessly until within springing distance, nearly always attacking from the rear.

His System

If the spring is made on the animal from the left rear, the tiger lands on its back with the right paw over the withers, the left paw slapping it in the head and the two hind paws cutting into the flesh of the hindquarters and the teeth biting into the neck. The weight of the tiger and the impetuosity of his charge knock the animal to the ground, and while he is falling or at the instant he touches the ground, the tiger lifts and twists the head with his left front paw so as to break the neck instantly. Death is immediate and the animal hardly moves. This system is used with practically every animal in India except possibly the bison or very large buffaloes where the neck is so strong and the animal so big that such an attack would not succeed. In this case, the tiger hamstrings the animal. When killed, the prey is dragged to a shady place and partially eaten, at night. The tiger then leaves the kill. If he is afraid that vultures or hyenas will eat it, he often covers it with boughs and leaves so as to conceal it. He then takes a drink of water at the nearest pool and lies in the deep shade, usually down wind from the kill so he can tell if any other animal is taking it away. The second night, he usually finishes up the carcass.

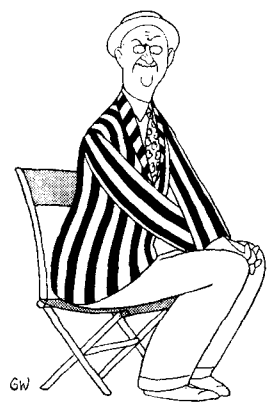
As these habits are well known to the natives, they can tell almost exactly where the tiger is and also the direction in which he will go if startled.

Which Way to Jump?

Mrs. Mitchell had been taken ill in the jungle and had not been able to kill any tigers whereas I had killed five or six, and as our time was growing short, she was afraid she would not have the opportunity of killing any before we had to leave. One day, while we were camped in an especially favorable locality, word came in that two or three tigers had been located about ten miles away. Mrs. Mitchell was still confined to bed, but I took her in an automobile for about half the distance, then we made a hand litter in which to carry her for the last few miles of the journey because the motion of an elephant's back is rather uncomfortable.

When we arrived we found all the stops and beaters in place near the bank of a large river channel which was almost dry. From the banks, the land rose toward a line of low hills. The jungle here was an open forest, almost like one of our parks. Our stand was immediately above a little dry stream bed from which the brush had been cleared out so that we could see the bottom, in case the tiger got into it. The signal for the beat was given, and we could hear the men come on. They did not make very much noise because they were afraid of irritating the tigers.

About twenty minutes passed, and we heard a low growl. Looking in that di-



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rection, we saw the tiger working its way through the jungle toward our right, then it disappeared. A moment afterward, we heard one of the stops in the trees clap his hands a little so as to turn the tiger back, then there was complete silence for a few minutes which seemed like hours. Then across a little rise, about sixty yards in front of us, walked a beautiful tigress. Her head was erect and her tail straight up.

I motioned to Mrs. Mitchell to shoot her, and at the crack of the rifle, the tigress sprang straight toward us. I hit her with each barrel of my .450 rifle and Mrs. Mitchell gave her another shot from her .405, but even at that she kept going till she was almost at our feet, where she dropped dead.

From the noise of the beat, we could tell that more tigers were there, and in a short time a tremendous roar resounded through the jungle. It was the male tiger covering the retreat of the female that we had killed. Soon he made his appearance, bounding through the trees, and we could see that he was a big one. He went up almost to where the tigress had been before, and was turned back by a stop. Then he returned but kept on the other side of the little rise of ground.

A little way back, we could see several elephants and the beaters, a couple of hundred of them, advancing through the jungle. They were within a few yards of the tiger, when a stop said, "He is sitting down like a large cat waiting for a chance to jump." There was not a moment to be lost because he would either be in the midst of the helpless beaters or would come our way. The hunters yelled to the men to get up trees.

The elephants were brought forward and were told by their mahouts to tear off branches from the trees and beat them on other trees and on the ground so as to force the tiger to come in our direction. This kept up for a couple of minutes, and then, altogether as if by a signal, the elephants dropped the limbs and lifted their trunks straight up in the air and held their ears back. At the same time, the tiger uttered a terrific roar and sprang for the nearest elephant. It was ready and avoided the leap, and the tiger was gone through the line of beaters. It was a wonderful sight to see, the turbaned beaters in the trees, the great gray elephants with bright vermilion Hindu caste marks traced on their foreheads, mounted by the shikari whose gayly colored turbans bobbed up and down with the motion of animals.

Our dead tigress was carefully inspected. Mrs. Mitchell's first shot had gone through her heart. Two other shots were through her body and one through a paw.

A Bull's Eye

Another time, the Maharajah and I were in the stand together. A tiger approached to within 100 yards of us and waited until the beaters and elephants were almost up to him, then without a sound he advanced in great leaps down the dry bed of a stream directly toward us. I fired at him as he rounded a turn. At the crack of the rifle, he seemed to crumple up in midair and when he hit the ground not a motion came from him. He lay there absolutely limp. An elephant was sent up close to him and the hunter reported that he was apparently dead, but he could not see any mark of a bullet on him, or any blood showing. Some of the beaters came up closer and and threw rocks at him, but still he did not move. We then went up to him and I pulled his tail. He was certainly dead. We looked all over him but could find no bullet mark anywhere. A little blood came out of his nostrils. At last one of the natives shouted excitedly, "Look, look, he is hit in the eye." I took a little stick, inserted it in his eye and found that was where my bullet had gone in. It had ranged back into the brain cavity, and death had been instantaneous. The leap he made when I killed him was twenty-eight feet in length. I preserved his skull and am looking at it now as I write this article. Such a shot had never been seen there before. The bullet had not even cut the skin at the edges of the eye, so exactly had it hit the eye socket.

At another time, the report came in that a tiger had killed a bullock weighing about a ton and had carried it into the middle of quite a large covert. This was immediately surrounded so as to keep him in, and word was sent to the Maharajah. This tiger was well known and was the biggest in that part of the country. He had broken through five beats formerly, and the natives thought he bore a magic life.

Maharajah Displays Bravery

Instead of building our machan in an open space in the jungle, it was erected in a thick, overgrown place, as they knew this tiger would not show himself, but would stick to the densest cover. The Maharajah himself put one of his automobiles in a fire line, which is a broad avenue cut through the forest, ordered his driver and attendant up trees, and then stood on top of the seat, rifle in hand, to shoot the tiger in case he got by Mrs. Mitchell and myself. This was a brave thing to do, for by that time we were used to shooting tigers and the chances were that if he got by us he would be a wounded and terribly dangerous creature.

Soon after we took our positions, the beat commenced and we could soon hear terrific roars of the tiger as he went from one side to the other to locate the beaters and the lay of the ground. We had been told he would do this. Then came a period of silence, then a roar that seemed almost upon us, but still we could not see the tiger. Another silence, then suddenly from the direction opposite where we had heard the roar, and in the very thickest cover, rushed the largest tiger I have ever seen, straight toward us. When he was within about ten yards, Mrs. Mitchell's and my rifle rang out simultaneously, and the great tiger crumpled. Mrs. Mitchell did not know I had shot, and I did not know she had. Absolutely motionless, the great orange-and-black creature lay stretched out on the leafy floor of the jungle. We threw sticks at him and even poked him with a pole, but he did not stir. The beaters assembled around, all showing great respect for the dead king of the forest.

His feet were as big as soup plates, and I could hardly lift his front paw and forearm. We measured him between stakes, one at his nose and one at the end of his tail, and found he was ten feet four inches long, which nowadays is a tremendous size for a tiger. He was supposed to be about eighteen years old and had killed hundreds of cattle all over that territory. One shot had hit him squarely between the eyes and gone right through his brain. Mrs. Mitchell and I are still arguing as to whose shot it was, but I think it was hers.

When we left we could truly say that the hunting of the tiger is the greatest sporting event that a man can possibly indulge in. The tiger is the biggest of the cat tribe and is the real king of beasts. His hunting and capture involve a great deal of preparation and headwork, for he is as cunning as he is strong. His skin forms one of the greatest trophies, and the memories of a tiger hunt always linger in the minds of those who have had one.

SAFELY *Erases Stubborn Stains from* Hard-to-Whiten teeth

IT IS one thing to *whiten* teeth that are hard to whiten. It is quite another to achieve this desirable result *with absolute safety.*

That's why Iodent No. 2, widely endorsed by the dental profession, continues to pile up new sales records month after month.

Swift and efficient in action, No. 2 *erases stubborn stains*, removes yellow tartar and produces a sparkling lustre without resorting to grits, bleaches, astringents or any other harmful ingredient.

Try a brushful and notice how this is accomplished. No excessive frothing or liquefying. No harshness. Simply a firm, vigorous refreshing texture that gets everywhere and clings till it thoroughly cleans.

All the while, too, the well-known tonic properties of calcium and potassium iodides in both Iodents are stimulating sluggish mouth tissues—building firm, pink gums.

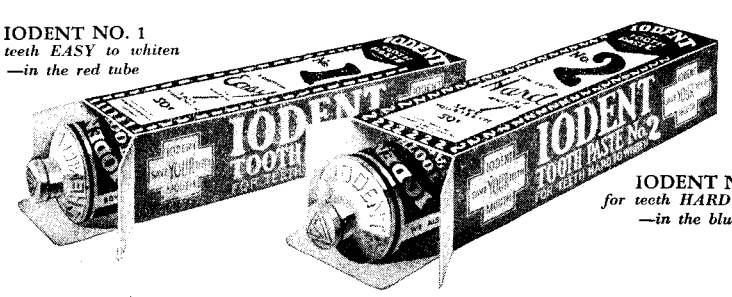
Iodent No. 1 is for teeth Easy to Whiten; and Iodent is the *only* dentifrice made in these two textures for the two recognized classes of teeth. Iodent your mouth at least twice daily.

IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY

IODENT BUILDING · DETROIT

IODENT No. 2

IODENT NO. 1
for teeth EASY to whiten
—in the red tube



IODENT NO. 2
for teeth HARD to whiten
—in the blue tube

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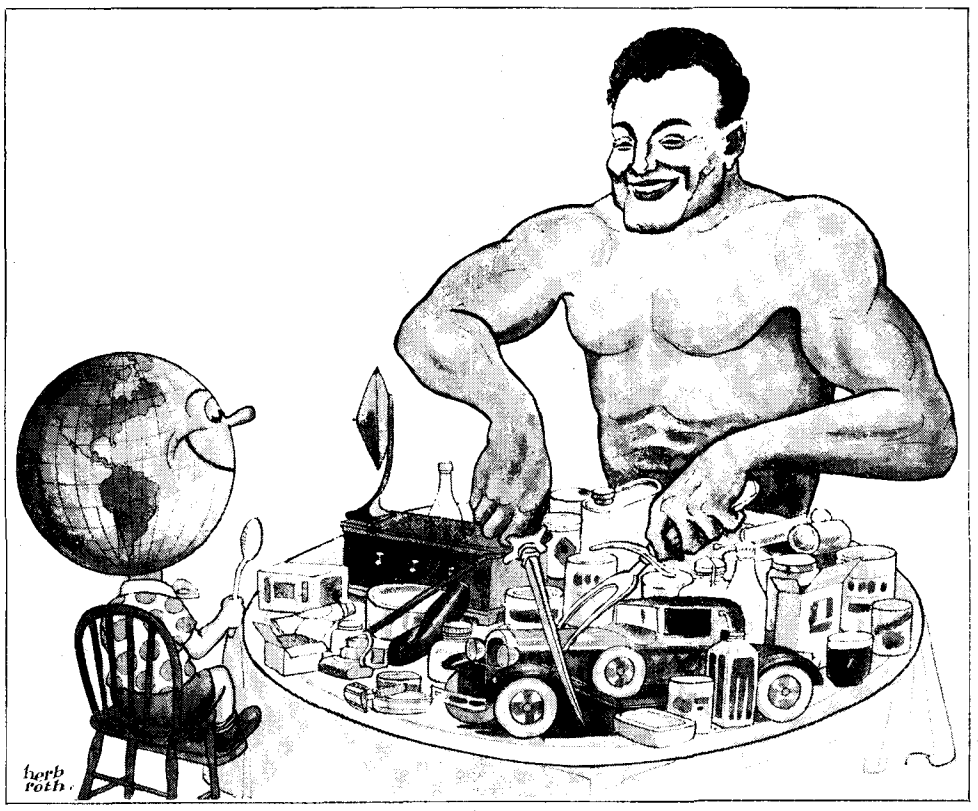
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

We have to be Told



WHY is it that even doctors and professors have abandoned their beards? Two generations ago whiskers were as common as flannel undershirts. Suddenly they vanished. Now only men whose habits are fixed by rigid religious rules wear hair upon their faces.

The answer is advertising. Soap makers and razor manufacturers wanted to sell more goods. They began to picture the advantages of clean shaving and swiftly the habits of the reading nations were changed.

Advertising is one of the subtlest and most powerful forces making our modern world. It is so simple and, historically, so new that we overlook its vast social consequences.

Once when Horace Greeley was describing the great circulations attained by the tabloids and penny newspapers of his day, a member of the British Parliament asked what good came from so much reading. Greeley replied in effect: "It makes Americans more inventive."

This was true eighty years ago and it is even more true today because of the enormously increased habit of reading. The mere picture of an attractive new machine sets other minds to work. Invention breeds invention.

The one thing that is common to all successful periodical publishing is advertising. Men and women display the wares they want to sell on the printed pages. Instantly a hundred million people are affected. An article is pictured and an idea is diffused. Our customs are changed before we know it and our minds are stimulated.

Advertising is of course as old as the habit of trading and selling. Circuses were advertised in Rome 1800 years before P. T. Barnum was born. Newspaper and magazine advertising is, however, new and this has made the difference.

If you think over the things which make your life different from that of your grandfather, you will be amazed to discover how much of the change is due to advertising.

What we eat, what we wear, the houses we live in, the cars we ride in, the work we do, the amusements we enjoy or, at least, support, are all tremendously influenced by advertising.

The influence generally has been good. We eat with more intelligence because advertisers have been compelled to teach sound dietetic principles in order to sell their foodstuffs. The American dinner table is a monument to advertising. Expansive stomachs are as old-fashioned as beards because advertisers have impressed the nation with the importance of better hygiene. The food manufacturers were not philanthropists. They are merely enterprising merchants. Incidentally the nation benefited.

New Wares and New Ways

Years ago the advertising art centered around some products such as patent medicines which had no real value. In distributing his worthless ware, however, the patent-medicine man learned something of importance. He discovered ways of attracting and of holding the attention of multitudes.

A wiser generation has refined this art and applied it to better purposes. Today nobody can successfully advertise a dishonest product. The human mind is still open to deception, but laws of the government, rules of publishers, standards of the agencies and other influences tend to discourage fakirs. In a national market today the honest commodity wins.

Advertising is at the bottom of our widely distributed prosperity. Without the mass production made possible by national and international demand, the cheapest automobile today would cost more than the most expensive. By hand methods a Ford would cost more than a Rolls or a Hispano-Suiza.

Without advertising few of us could afford watches or any other of the commonest conveniences of life. Widespread demand makes necessities of what were once luxuries.

Costs go down with mass production and advertising assembles the multitudes of buyers.

Advertising enables millions first to want and then to buy the myriad commodities which go to make up our standard of comfortable living.

So pervasive and potent is its influence that our notions of propriety, and even to some extent of right and wrong, are enormously affected.

No recent change in habits has been more spectacular than that reflected in women's new ideas of clothes and of personal adornment. Cosmetics a little while ago were counted evidences of sin. The use of powders, paints and lotions is now only the witness that a woman cares about her appearance.

Advertising tells the world what only fortune's favorites were allowed to know in other times. So it has become a great factor in the development of our social democracy.

All about us we see advertising working. Thousands of men and women eager to sell their commodities make their appeals to our tastes and to our interests.

We are attracted and we buy. Our new possessions alter our ways of living and insensibly we take on new customs and habits. We call it progress. The motive power is advertising.

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